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The Thomas Mann Reader

THE THOMAS MANN READER

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED

BY

JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL



NEW YORK

ALFRED A KNOPF



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34840.

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

SHAKESPEARE

I

SHORT NOVELS

SHORT NOVELS

THERE WERE at least six short novels to choose from — seven, if one counted *Felix Krull*. Three, I felt, need not appear here, *Tristan*, *The Transposed Heads*, and *The Tables of the Law*. *Felix Krull* is probably a different genre; besides, it remains unfinished. That left three short novels which must, it seemed, appear in the *Reader*: *Tonio Kröger*, *Death in Venice*, and *Mario and the Magician*, and I could have only two of them. *Death in Venice*, I knew, could not possibly be omitted. The choice, then, lay between *Tonio Kröger*, the earliest of the short novels, and *Mario and the Magician*, unquestionably the most attractive later example of this form.

Why have I chosen *Tonio Kröger*? Not, I am sure, as a matter of vicarious sentiment (“ . . . of all that I have written perhaps still dearest to my heart today,” Thomas Mann said a few years ago), but primarily because it is less like *Death in Venice* than *Mario and the Magician* is. The latter works are rather similar in narrative structure, setting, and effect, and each is, among other things, an outstanding example of the creation of “atmosphere.” *Death in Venice*, without exaggeration, is a story that must be *inhaled* (it was Tonio Kröger who said: “If you are possessed by an idea, you find it expressed everywhere, you even *smell* it”) and after the first sentence the atmosphere of *Mario and the Magician* is nearly suffocating. The two stories are alike in rising to foreseen yet galvanic climaxes that are moral as well as artistic finalities. They are also more intensely concentrated narratives. Essentially single episodes, their limits of time, place, and action are rigidly circumscribed, *Mario and the Magician* to an even greater degree than *Death in Venice*. In contrast, *Tonio Kröger* is a more expansive short novel. Finally, the surface style and interior structure of *Tonio Kröger* are notably different from *Mario and the Magician*. The earlier story abounds in verbal and thematic leitmotifs and is constructed to a formal musical pattern, while the later story contains less obvious leitmotifs and is a more conventional nar-

rative, at least in verbal texture and structural outline. It is important, I feel, that the opening selection in the *Reader* should be a rather good example of Thomas Mann's verbal music.

For these reasons I have chosen *Tonio Kröger* for first place in this book.

Tonio Kröger

For if anything is capable of making a poet of a literary man, it is my *bourgeois* love of the human, the living, and usual. It is the source of all warmth, goodness and humour. . . .

[All of his stories, Thomas Mann once said, "are autobiography in the guise of fable." It was not alone of himself and his own experience that Thomas Mann was writing when he composed the lyric narrative of Tonio Kröger's search for values in the declining years of the nineteenth century. Like another brief and early work, Goethe's *The Sorrows of Werther*, Thomas Mann's fable of himself embodied the thoughts and emotions of a whole generation of keyed-up minds. What is the relation of art to life? Where does the artist stand in society? How can the artist cure himself of his seeming isolation from other men? Or can he? These were the questions that artists of the word, aloof from the life around them, sick of knowledge, racked from self-examination of "the inward theatre of pain," were asking themselves at the end of the nineteenth century. Clearly *Tonio Kröger* is a period piece, and to be valued as such. For its author at least—and, I am sorry to say, this often goes by unnoticed—*Tonio Kröger* was, in the end, a confession of faith in life and of loyalty to humanity, preserved from too much dampness by a touch of tender irony. The words of promise in the last paragraphs of Tonio's lines to his friend Lisabetä Ivanovna are of course Thomas Mann's words, too.

I have mentioned the musical structure of this short novel, in particular the use of verbal leitmotifs in its pages. Although he had experimented with this device in *Buddenbrooks*, it was in *Tonio Kröger*, written three years later, that Thomas Mann first employed music as "a shaping influence" in his art. In *Buddenbrooks* the leitmotiv was handled, Mann has stated, "on a purely external and naturalistic basis," while in *Tonio Kröger* the leitmotiv "was transferred to the more lucent realms of the idea and the emotions and therewith lifted from the mechanical into the musical sphere."

Tonio Kröger is to be read, therefore, as one "listens" to a musical composition of some size and complexity. Note, for instance,

the first and subsequent appearance of the words "sun," "cloud," "dark," "black," "fountain," "walnut-tree," and "sea" (I can mention only a few examples), and of phrases such as "Danish sailor cap," "the blond and blue-eyed," "the sign on the brow," or such abstractions as "faithfulness," "isolation," and "longing" (again only a few instances). The entire composition (to speak of its musical form) is a sonata-allegro. Baldly indicated, the first section (Tonio Kröger's school days) is the exposition; the second section (the artist Tonio Kröger's conversations with Lisabeta Ivanovna) is the development; and the third section (Tonio's journey to his old home and to Denmark) is the recapitulation. There is finally a coda (Tonio's letter to Lisabeta Ivanovna), which is the summarization and resolution of all the themes introduced in the composition.]

THE WINTER sun, poor ghost of itself, hung milky and wan behind layers of cloud above the huddled roofs of the town. In the gabled streets it was wet and windy and there came in gusts a sort of soft hail, not ice, not snow.

School was out. The hosts of the released streamed over the paved court and out at the wrought-iron gate, where they broke up and hastened off right and left. Elder pupils held their books in a strap high on the left shoulder and rowed, right arm against the wind, towards dinner. Small people trotted gaily off, splashing the slush with their feet, the tools of learning rattling amain in their walrus-skin satchels. But one and all pulled off their caps and cast down their eyes in awe before the Olympian hat and ambrosial beard of a master moving homewards with measured stride. . . .

"Ah, there you are at last, Hans," said Tonio Kröger. He had been waiting a long time in the street and went up with a smile to the friend he saw coming out of the gate in talk with other boys and about to go off with them. . . . "What?" said Hans, and looked at Tonio. "Right-oh! We'll take a little walk, then."

Tonio said nothing and his eyes were clouded. Did Hans forget, had he only just remembered that they were to take a walk together today? And he himself had looked forward to it with almost incessant joy.

"Well, good-bye, fellows," said Hans Hansen to his comrades. "I'm taking a walk with Kröger." And the two turned to their left, while the others sauntered off in the opposite direction.

Hans and Tonio had time to take a walk after school because in neither of their families was dinner served before four o'clock. Their fathers were prominent business men, who held public office and were of consequence in the town. Hans's people had owned for some generations the big wood-yards down by the river, where powerful machine-saws hissed and spat and cut up timber; while Tonio was the son of Consul Kröger, whose grain-sacks with the firm name in great black letters you might see any day driven through the streets; his large, old ancestral home was the finest house in all the town. The two friends had to keep taking off their hats to their many acquaintances; some folk did not even wait for the fourteen-year-old lads to speak first, as by rights they should.

Both of them carried their satchels across their shoulders and both were well and warmly dressed: Hans in a short sailor jacket, with the wide blue collar of his sailor suit turned out over shoulders and back, and Tonio in a belted grey overcoat. Hans wore a Danish sailor cap with black ribbons, beneath which streamed a shock of straw-coloured hair. He was uncommonly handsome and well built, broad in the shoulders and narrow in the hips, with keen, far-apart, steel-blue eyes; while beneath Tonio's round fur cap was a brunette face with the finely chiselled features of the south; the dark eyes, with delicate shadows and too heavy lids, looked dreamily and a little timorously on the world. Tonio's walk was idle and uneven, whereas the other's slim legs in their black stockings moved with an elastic, rhythmic tread.

Tonio did not speak. He suffered. His rather oblique brows were drawn together in a frown, his lips were rounded to whistle, he gazed into space with his head on one side. Posture and manner were habitual.

Suddenly Hans shoved his arm into Tonio's, with a sideways look — he knew very well what the trouble was. And Tonio, though he was silent for the next few steps, felt his heart soften.

"I hadn't forgotten, you see, Tonio," Hans said, gazing at the pavement, "I only thought it wouldn't come off today because it was so wet and windy. But I don't mind that at all, and it's jolly of you to have waited. I thought you had gone home, and I was cross. . . ."

Everything in Tonio leaped and jumped for joy at the words.

"All right; let's go over the wall," he said with a quaver in his voice. "Over the Millwall and the Holstenwall, and I'll go as far as your house with you, Hans. Then I'll have to walk back alone, but that doesn't matter; next time you can go round my way."

At bottom he was not really convinced by what Hans said; he quite knew the other attached less importance to this walk than he did himself. Yet he saw Hans was sorry for his remissness and willing to be put in a position to ask pardon, a pardon that Tonio was far indeed from withholding.

The truth was, Tonio loved Hans Hansen, and had already suffered much on his account. He who loves the more is the inferior and must suffer; in this hard and simple fact his fourteen-year-old soul had already been instructed by life; and he was so organized that he received such experiences consciously, wrote them down as it were inwardly, and even, in a certain way, took pleasure in them, though without ever letting them mould his conduct, indeed, or drawing any practical advantage from them. Being what he was, he found this knowledge far more important and far more interesting than the sort they made him learn in school; yes, during his lesson hours in the vaulted Gothic classrooms he was mainly occupied in feeling his way about among these intuitions of his and penetrating them. The process gave him the same kind of satisfaction as that he felt when he moved about in his room with his violin—for he played the violin—and made the tones, brought out as softly as ever he knew how, mingle with the plashing of the fountain that leaped and danced down there in the garden beneath the branches of the old walnut tree.

The fountain, the old walnut tree, his fiddle, and away in the distance the North Sea, within sound of whose summer murmurings he spent his holidays—these were the things he loved, within these he enfolded his spirit, among these things his inner life took its course. And they were all things whose names were effective in verse and occurred pretty frequently in the lines Tonio Kröger sometimes wrote.

The fact that he had a note-book full of such things, written by himself, leaked out through his own carelessness and injured him no little with the masters as well as among his fellows. On the one hand, Consul Kröger's son found their atti-

tude both cheap and silly, and despised his schoolmates and his masters as well, and in his turn (with extraordinary penetration) saw through and disliked their personal weaknesses and bad breeding. But then, on the other hand, he himself felt his verse-making extravagant and out of place and to a certain extent agreed with those who considered it an unpleasing occupation. But that did not enable him to leave off.

As he wasted his time at home, was slow and absent-minded at school, and always had bad marks from the masters, he was in the habit of bringing home pitifully poor reports, which troubled and angered his father, a tall, fastidiously dressed man, with thoughtful blue eyes, and always a wild flower in his buttonhole. But for his mother, she cared nothing about the reports—Tonio's beautiful black-haired mother, whose name was Consuelo, and who was so absolutely different from the other ladies in the town, because father had brought her long ago from some place far down on the map.

Tonio loved his dark, fiery mother, who played the piano and mandolin so wonderfully, and he was glad his doubtful standing among men did not distress her. Though at the same time he found his father's annoyance a more dignified and respectable attitude and despite his scoldings understood him very well, whereas his mother's blithe indifference always seemed just a little wanton. His thoughts at times would run something like this: "It is true enough that I am what I am and will not and cannot alter: heedless, self-willed, with my mind on things nobody else thinks of. And so it is right they should scold and punish me and not smother things all up with kisses and music. After all, we are not gypsies living in a green wagon; we're respectable people, the family of Consul Kröger." And not seldom he would think: "Why is it I am different, why do I fight everything, why am I at odds with the masters and like a stranger among the other boys? The good scholars, and the solid majority—they don't find the masters funny, they don't write verses, their thoughts are all about things that people do think about and can talk about out loud. How regular and comfortable they must feel, knowing that everybody knows just where they stand! It must be nice! But what is the matter with me, and what will be the end of it all?"

These thoughts about himself and his relation to life played

an important part in Tonio's love for Hans Hansen. He loved him in the first place because he was handsome; but in the next because he was in every respect his own opposite and foil. Hans Hansen was a capital scholar, and a jolly chap to boot, who was head at drill, rode and swam to perfection, and lived in the sunshine of popularity. The masters were almost tender with him, they called him Hans and were partial to him in every way; the other pupils curried favour with him; even grown people stopped him on the street, twitched the shock of hair beneath his Danish sailor cap, and said: "Ah, here you are, Hans Hansen, with your pretty blond hair! Still head of the school? Remember me to your father and mother, that's a fine lad!"

Such was Hans Hansen; and ever since Tonio Kröger had known him, from the very minute he set eyes on him, he had burned inwardly with a heavy, envious longing. "Who else has blue eyes like yours, or lives in such friendliness and harmony with all the world? You are always spending your time with some right and proper occupation. When you have done your prep you take your riding-lesson, or make things with a fret-saw; even in the holidays, at the seashore, you row and sail and swim all the time, while I wander off somewhere and lie down in the sand and stare at the strange and mysterious changes that whisk over the face of the sea. And all that is why your eyes are so clear. To be like you . . ."

He made no attempt to be like Hans Hansen, and perhaps hardly even seriously wanted to. What he did ardently, painfully want was that just as he was, Hans Hansen should love him; and he wooed Hans Hansen in his own way, deeply, lingeringly, devotedly, with a melancholy that gnawed and burned more terribly than all the sudden passion one might have expected from his exotic looks.

And he wooed not in vain. Hans respected Tonio's superior power of putting certain difficult matters into words; moreover, he felt the lively presence of an uncommonly strong and tender feeling for himself; he was grateful for it, and his response gave Tonio much happiness — though also many pangs of jealousy and disillusion over his futile efforts to establish a communion of spirit between them. For the queer thing was that Tonio, who after all envied Hans Hansen for being what he was, still kept on trying to draw him over to his own side; though of

course he could succeed in this at most only at moments and superficially. . . .

"I have just been reading something so wonderful and splendid . . ." he said. They were walking and eating together out of a bag of fruit toffees they had bought at Iverson's sweet-shop in Mill Street for ten pfennigs. "You must read it, Hans, it is Schiller's *Don Carlos* . . . I'll lend it you if you like. . . ."

"Oh, no," said Hans Hansen, "you needn't, Tonio, that's not anything for me. I'll stick to my horse books. There are wonderful cuts in them, let me tell you. I'll show them to you when you come to see me. They are instantaneous photography — the horse in motion; you can see him trot and canter and jump, in all positions, that you never can get to see in life, because they happen so fast. . . ."

"In all positions?" asked Tonio politely. "Yes, that must be great. But about *Don Carlos* — it is beyond anything you could possibly dream of. There are places in it that are so lovely they make you jump . . . as though it were an explosion —"

"An explosion?" asked Hans Hansen. "What sort of an explosion?"

"For instance, the place where the king has been crying because the marquis betrayed him . . . but the marquis did it only out of love for the prince, you see, he sacrifices himself for his sake. And the word comes out of the cabinet into the ante-chamber that the king has been weeping. 'Weeping? The king been weeping?' All the courtiers are fearfully upset, it goes through and through you, for the king has always been so frightfully stiff and stern. But it is so easy to understand why he cried, and I feel sorrier for him than for the prince and the marquis put together. He is always so alone, nobody loves him, and then he thinks he has found one man, and then *he* betrays him. . . ."

Hans Hansen looked sideways into Tonio's face, and something in it must have won him to the subject, for suddenly he shoved his arm once more into Tonio's and said:

"How had he betrayed him, Tonio?"

Tonio went on.

"Well," he said, "you see all the letters for Brabant and Flanders —"

"There comes Irwin Immerthal," said Hans.

Tonio stopped talking. If only the earth would open and

swallow Immerthal up! "Why does he have to come disturbing us? If he only doesn't go with us all the way and talk about the riding-lessons!" For Irwin Immerthal had riding-lessons too. He was the son of the bank president and lived close by, outside the city wall. He had already been home and left his bag, and now he walked towards them through the avenue. His legs were crooked and his eyes like slits.

"'lo, Immerthal," said Hans. "I'm taking a little walk with Kröger. . . ."

"I have to go into town on an errand," said Immerthal. "But I'll walk a little way with you. Are those fruit toffees you've got? Thanks, I'll have a couple. Tomorrow we have our next lesson, Hans." He meant the riding-lesson.

"What larks!" said Hans. "I'm going to get the leather gaiters for a present, because I was top lately in our papers."

"You don't take riding-lessons, I suppose, Kröger?" asked Immerthal, and his eyes were only two gleaming cracks.

"No . . ." answered Tonio, uncertainly.

"You ought to ask your father," Hans Hansen remarked, "so you could have lessons too, Kröger."

"Yes . . ." said Tonio. He spoke hastily and without interest; his throat had suddenly contracted, because Hans had called him by his last name. Hans seemed conscious of it too, for he said by way of explanation: "I call you Kröger because your first name is so crazy. Don't mind my saying so, I can't do with it all. Tonio — why, what sort of name is that? Though of course I know it's not your fault in the least."

"No, they probably called you that because it sounds so foreign and sort of something special," said Immerthal, obviously with intent to say just the right thing.

Tonio's mouth twitched. He pulled himself together and said:

"Yes, it's a silly name — Lord knows I'd rather be called Heinrich or Wilhelm. It's all because I'm named after my mother's brother Antonio. She comes from down there, you know. . . ."

There he stopped and let the others have their say about horses and saddles. Hans had taken Immerthal's arm; he talked with a fluency that *Don Carlos* could never have roused in him. . . . Tonio felt a mounting desire to weep pricking his nose

from time to time; he had hard work to control the trembling of his lips.

Hans could not stand his name — what was to be done? He himself was called Hans, and Immerthal was called Irwin; two good, sound, familiar names, offensive to nobody. And Tonio was foreign and queer. Yes, there was always something queer about him, whether he would or no, and he was alone, the regular and usual would none of him; although after all he was no gypsy in a green wagon, but the son of Consul Kröger, a member of the Kröger family. But why did Hans call him Tonio as long as they were alone and then feel ashamed as soon as anybody else was by? Just now he had won him over, they had been close together, he was sure. "How had he betrayed him, Tonio?" Hans asked, and took his arm. But he had breathed easier directly Immerthal came up, he had dropped him like a shot, even gratuitously taunted him with his outlandish name. How it hurt to have to see through all this! . . . Hans Hansen did like him a little, when they were alone, that he knew. But let a third person come, he was ashamed, and offered up his friend. And again he was alone. He thought of King Philip. The king had wept. . . .

"Goodness, I have to go," said Irwin Immerthal. "Good-bye, and thanks for the toffee." He jumped upon a bench that stood by the way, ran along it with his crooked legs, jumped down, and trotted off.

"I like Immerthal," said Hans, with emphasis. He had a spoilt and arbitrary way of announcing his likes and dislikes, as though graciously pleased to confer them like an order on this person and that. . . . He went on talking about the riding-lessons where he had left off. Anyhow, it was not very much farther to his house; the walk over the walls was not a long one. They held their caps and bent their heads before the strong, damp wind that rattled and groaned in the leafless trees. And Hans Hansen went on talking, Tonio throwing in a forced yes or no from time to time. Hans talked eagerly, had taken his arm again; but the contact gave Tonio no pleasure. The nearness was only apparent, not real; it meant nothing. . . .

They struck away from the walls close to the station, where they saw a train puff busily past, idly counted the coaches, and waved to the man who was perched on top of the last one

bundled in a leather coat. They stopped in front of the Hansen villa on the Lindenplatz, and Hans went into detail about what fun it was to stand on the bottom rail of the garden gate and let it swing on its creaking hinges. After that they said good-bye.

"I must go in now," said Hans. "Good-bye, Tonio. Next time I'll take you home, see if I don't."

"Good-bye, Hans," said Tonio. "It was a nice walk."

They put out their hands, all wet and rusty from the garden gate. But as Hans looked into Tonio's eyes, he bethought himself, a look of remorse came over his charming face.

"And I'll read *Don Carlos* pretty soon, too," he said quickly. "That bit about the king in his cabinet must be nuts." Then he took his bag under his arm and ran off through the front garden. Before he disappeared he turned and nodded once more.

And Tonio went off as though on wings. The wind was at his back; but it was not the wind alone that bore him along so lightly.

Hans would read *Don Carlos*, and then they would have something to talk about, and neither Irwin Immerthal nor another could join in. How well they understood each other! Perhaps — who knew? — some day he might even get Hans to write poetry! . . . No, no, that he did not ask. Hans must not become like Tonio, he must stop just as he was, so strong and bright, everybody loved him as he was, and Tonio most of all. But it would do him no harm to read *Don Carlos*. . . . Tonio passed under the squat old city gate, along by the harbour, and up the steep, wet, windy, gabled street to his parents' house. His heart beat richly: longing was awake in it, and a gentle envy; a faint contempt, and no little innocent bliss.

Ingeborg Holm, blonde little Inge, the daughter of Dr. Holm, who lived on Market Square opposite the tall old Gothic fountain with its manifold spires — she it was Tonio Kröger loved when he was sixteen years old.

Strange how things come about! He had seen her a thousand times; then one evening he saw her again; saw her in a certain light, talking with a friend in a certain saucy way, laughing and tossing her head; saw her lift her arm and smooth her back

hair with her schoolgirl hand, that was by no means particularly fine or slender, in such a way that the thin white sleeve slipped down from her elbow; heard her speak a word or two, a quite indifferent phrase, but with a certain intonation, with a warm ring in her voice; and his heart throbbed with ecstasy, far stronger than that he had once felt when he looked at Hans Hansen long ago, when he was still a little, stupid boy.

That evening he carried away her picture in his eye: the thick blond plait, the longish, laughing blue eyes, the saddle of pale freckles across the nose. He could not go to sleep for hearing that ring in her voice; he tried in a whisper to imitate the tone in which she had uttered the commonplace phrase, and felt a shiver run through and through him. He knew by experience that this was love. And he was accurately aware that love would surely bring him much pain, affliction, and sadness, that it would certainly destroy his peace, filling his heart to overflowing with melodies which would be no good to him because he would never have the time or tranquillity to give them permanent form. Yet he received this love with joy, surrendered himself to it, and cherished it with all the strength of his being; for he knew that love made one vital and rich, and he longed to be vital and rich, far more than he did to work tranquilly on anything to give it permanent form.

Tonio Kröger fell in love with merry Ingeborg Holm in Frau Consul Hustede's drawing-room on the evening when it was emptied of furniture for the weekly dancing-class. It was a private class, attended only by members of the first families; it met by turns in the various parental houses to receive instruction from Knaak, the dancing-master, who came from Hamburg expressly for the purpose.

François Knaak was his name, and what a man he was! "*J'ai l'honneur de me vous représenter,*" he would say, "*mon nom est Knaak.* . . . This is not said during the bowing, but after you have finished and are standing up straight again. In a low voice, but distinctly. Of course one does not need to introduce oneself in French every day in the week, but if you can do it correctly and faultlessly in French you are not likely to make a mistake when you do it in German." How marvellously the silky black frock-coat fitted his chubby hips! His trouser-legs

fell down in soft folds upon his patent-leather pumps with their wide satin bows, and his brown eyes glanced about him with languid pleasure in their own beauty.

All this excess of self-confidence and good form was positively overpowering. He went trippingly — and nobody tripped like him, so elastically, so weavingly, rockingly, royally — up to the mistress of the house, made a bow, waited for a hand to be put forth. This vouchsafed, he gave murmurous voice to his gratitude, stepped buoyantly back, turned on his left foot, swiftly drawing the right one backwards on its toe-tip, and moved away, with his hips shaking.

When you took leave of a company you must go backwards out at the door; when you fetched a chair, you were not to shove it along the floor or clutch it by one leg; but gently, by the back, and set it down without a sound. When you stood, you were not to fold your hands on your tummy or seek with your tongue the corners of your mouth. If you did, Herr Knaak had a way of showing you how it looked that filled you with disgust for that particular gesture all the rest of your life.

This was deportment. As for dancing, Herr Knaak was, if possible, even more of a master at that. The salon was emptied of furniture and lighted by a gas-chandelier in the middle of the ceiling and candles on the mantel-shelf. The floor was strewn with talc, and the pupils stood about in a dumb semicircle. But in the next room, behind the portières, mothers and aunts sat on plush-upholstered chairs and watched Herr Knaak through their lorgnettes, as in little springs and hops, curtsying slightly, the hem of his frock-coat held up on each side by two fingers, he demonstrated the single steps of the mazurka. When he wanted to dazzle his audience completely he would suddenly and unexpectedly spring from the ground, whirling his two legs about each other with bewildering swiftness in the air, as it were trilling with them, and then, with a subdued bump, which nevertheless shook everything within him to its depths, returned to earth.

"What an unmentionable monkey!" thought Tonio Kröger to himself. But he saw the absorbed smile on jolly little Inge's face as she followed Herr Knaak's movements; and that, though not that alone, roused in him something like admiration of all this wonderfully controlled corporeality. How tran-

quail, how imperturbable was Herr Knaak's gaze! His eyes did not plumb the depth of things to the place where life becomes complex and melancholy; they knew nothing save that they were beautiful brown eyes. But that was just why his bearing was so proud. To be able to walk like that, one must be stupid; then one was loved, then one was lovable. He could so well understand how it was that Inge, blonde, sweet little Inge, looked at Herr Knaak as she did. But would never a girl look at him like that?

Oh, yes, there would, and did. For instance, Magdalena Vermehren, Attorney Vermehren's daughter, with the gentle mouth and the great, dark, brilliant eyes, so serious and adoring. She often fell down in the dance; but when it was "ladies' choice" she came up to him; she knew he wrote verses and twice she had asked him to show them to her. She often sat at a distance, with drooping head, and gazed at him. He did not care. It was Inge he loved, blonde, jolly Inge, who most assuredly despised him for his poetic effusions . . . he looked at her, looked at her narrow blue eyes full of fun and mockery, and felt an envious longing; to be shut away from her like this, to be forever strange — he felt it in his breast, like a heavy, burning weight.

"First couple *en avant*," said Herr Knaak; and no words can tell how marvellously he pronounced the nasal. They were to practise the quadrille, and to Tonio Kröger's profound alarm he found himself in the same set with Inge Holm. He avoided her where he could, yet somehow was forever near her; kept his eyes away from her person and yet found his gaze ever on her. There she came, tripping up hand-in-hand with red-headed Ferdinand Matthiessen; she flung back her braid, drew a deep breath, and took her place opposite Tonio. Herr Heinzelmänn, at the piano, laid bony hands upon the keys, Herr Knaak waved his arm, the quadrille began.

She moved to and fro before his eyes, forwards and back, pacing and swinging; he seemed to catch a fragrance from her hair or the folds of her thin white frock, and his eyes grew sadder and sadder. "I love you, dear, sweet Inge," he said to himself, and put into his words all the pain he felt to see her so intent upon the dance with not a thought of him. Some lines of an exquisite poem by Storm came into his mind: "I would

sleep, but thou must dance." It seemed against all sense, and most depressing, that he must be dancing when he was in love. . . .

"First couple *en avant*," said Herr Knaak; it was the next figure. "*Compliment! Moulinet des dames! Tour de main!*" and he swallowed the silent *e* in the "*de*," with quite indescribable ease and grace.

"Second couple *en avant!*" This was Tonio Kröger and his partner: "*Compliment!*" And Tonio Kröger bowed. "*Moulinet des dames!*" And Tonio Kröger, with bent head and gloomy brows, laid his hand on those of the four ladies, on Ingeborg Holm's hand, and danced the *moulinet*.

Roundabout rose a tittering and laughing. Herr Knaak took a ballet pose conventionally expressive of horror. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he cried. "Stop! Stop! Kröger among the ladies! *En arrière*, Fräulein Kröger, step back, *fi donc!* Everybody else understood it but you. Shoo! Get out! Get away!" He drew out his yellow silk handkerchief and flapped Tonio Kröger back to his place.

Everyone laughed, the girls and the boys and the ladies beyond the portières; Herr Knaak had made something too utterly funny out of the little episode, it was as amusing as a play. But Herr Heinzelmann at the piano sat and waited, with a dry, business-like air, for a sign to go on; he was hardened against Herr Knaak's effects.

Then the quadrille went on. And the intermission followed. The parlourmaid came clinking in with a tray of wine-jelly glasses, the cook followed in her wake with a load of plum-cake. But Tonio Kröger stole away. He stole out into the corridor and stood there, his hands behind his back, in front of a window with the blind down. He never thought that one could not see through the blind and that it was absurd to stand there as though one were looking out.

For he was looking within, into himself, the theatre of so much pain and longing. Why, why was he here? Why was he not sitting by the window in his own room, reading Storm's *Immensee* and lifting his eyes to the twilight garden outside, where the old walnut tree moaned? That was the place for him! Others might dance, others bend their fresh and lively minds upon the pleasure in hand! . . . But no, no, after all, his

place was here, where he could feel near Inge, even although he stood lonely and aloof, seeking to distinguish the warm notes of her voice amid the buzzing, clattering, and laughter within. Oh, lovely Inge, blonde Inge of the narrow, laughing blue eyes! So lovely and laughing as you are one can only be if one does not read *Immensee* and never tries to write things like it. And that was just the tragedy!

Ah, she *must* come! She *must* notice where he had gone, must feel how he suffered! She must slip out to him, even pity must bring her, to lay her hand on his shoulder and say: "Do come back to us, ah, don't be sad — I love you, Tonio." He listened behind him and waited in frantic suspense. But not in the least. Such things did not happen on this earth.

Had she laughed at him too like all the others? Yes, she had, however gladly he would have denied it for both their sakes. And yet it was only because he had been so taken up with her that he had danced the *moulinet des dames*. Suppose he had — what did that matter? Had not a magazine accepted a poem of his a little while ago — even though the magazine had failed before his poem could be printed? The day was coming when he would be famous, when they would print everything he wrote; and *then* he would see if that made any impression on Inge Holm! No, it would make no impression at all; that was just it. Magdalena Vermehren, who was always falling down in the dances, yes, she would be impressed. But never Ingeborg Holm, never blue-eyed, laughing Inge. So what was the good of it?

Tonio Kröger's heart contracted painfully at the thought. To feel stirring within you the wonderful and melancholy play of strange forces and to be aware that those others you yearn for are blithely inaccessible to all that moves you — what a pain is this! And yet! He stood there aloof and alone, staring hopelessly at a drawn blind and making, in his distraction, as though he could look out. But yet he was happy. For he lived. His heart was full; hotly and sadly it beat for thee, Ingeborg Holm, and his soul embraced thy blonde, simple, pert, commonplace little personality in blissful self-abnegation.

Often after that he stood thus, with burning cheeks, in lonely corners, wither the sound of the music, the tinkling of glasses and fragrance of flowers came but faintly, and tried to dis-

tinguish the ringing tones of thy voice amid the distant happy din; stood suffering for thee — and still was happy! Often it angered him to think that he might talk with Magdalena Vermeiren, who always fell down in the dance. She understood him, she laughed or was serious in the right places; while Inge the fair, let him sit never so near her, seemed remote and estranged, his speech not being her speech. And still — he was happy. For happiness, he told himself, is not in being loved — which is a satisfaction of the vanity and mingled with disgust. Happiness is in loving, and perhaps in snatching fugitive little approaches to the beloved object. And he took inward note of this thought, wrote it down in his mind; followed out all its implications and felt it to the depths of his soul.

"Faithfulness," thought Tonio Kröger. "Yes, I will be faithful, I will love thee, Ingeborg, as long as I live!" He said this in the honesty of his intentions. And yet a still small voice whispered misgivings in his ear: after all, he had forgotten Hans Hansen utterly, even though he saw him every day! And the hateful, the pitiable fact was that this still, small, rather spiteful voice was right: time passed and the day came when Tonio Kröger was no longer so unconditionally ready as once he had been to die for the lively Inge, because he felt in himself desires and powers to accomplish in his own way a host of wonderful things in this world.

And he circled with watchful eye the sacrificial altar, where flickered the pure, chaste flame of his love; knelt before it and tended and cherished it in every way, because he so wanted to be faithful. And in a little while, unobservably, without sensation or stir, it went out after all.

But Tonio Kröger still stood before the cold altar, full of regret and dismay at the fact that faithfulness was impossible upon this earth. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went his way.

He went the way that go he must, a little idly, a little irregularly, whistling to himself, gazing into space with his head on one side; and if he went wrong it was because for some people there is no such thing as a right way. Asked what in the world he meant to become, he gave various answers, for he was used to say (and had even already written it) that he bore within

himself the possibility of a thousand ways of life, together with the private conviction that they were all sheer impossibilities.

Even before he left the narrow streets of his native city, the threads that bound him to it had gently loosened. The old Kröger family gradually declined, and some people quite rightly considered Tonio Kröger's own existence and way of life as one of the signs of decay. His father's mother, the head of the family, had died, and not long after his own father followed, the tall, thoughtful, carefully dressed gentleman with the field-flower in his buttonhole. The great Kröger house, with all its stately tradition, came up for sale, and the firm was dissolved. Tonio's mother, his beautiful, fiery mother, who played the piano and mandolin so wonderfully and to whom nothing mattered at all, she married again after a year's time; married a musician, moreover, a virtuoso with an Italian name, and went away with him into remote blue distances. Tonio Kröger found this a little irregular, but who was he to call her to order, who wrote poetry himself and could not even give an answer when asked what he meant to do in life?

And so he left his native town and its tortuous, gabled streets with the damp wind whistling through them; left the fountain in the garden and the ancient walnut tree, familiar friends of his youth; left the sea too, that he loved so much, and felt no pain to go. For he was grown up and sensible and had come to realize how things stood with him; he looked down on the lowly and vulgar life he had led so long in these surroundings.

He surrendered utterly to the power that to him seemed the highest on earth, to whose service he felt called, which promised him elevation and honours: the power of intellect, the power of the Word, that lords it with a smile over the unconscious and inarticulate. To this power he surrendered with all the passion of youth, and it rewarded him with all it had to give, taking from him inexorably, in return, all that it is wont to take.

It sharpened his eyes and made him see through the large words which puff out the bosoms of mankind; it opened for him men's souls and his own, made him clairvoyant, showed him the inwardness of the world and the ultimate behind men's words and deeds. And all that he saw could be put in two words: the comedy and the tragedy of life.

And then, with knowledge, its torment and its arrogance, came solitude; because he could not endure the blithe and innocent with their darkened understanding, while they in turn were troubled by the sign on his brow. But his love of the word kept growing sweeter and sweeter, and his love of form; for he used to say (and had already said it in writing) that knowledge of the soul would unfailingly make us melancholy if the pleasures of expression did not keep us alert and of good cheer.

He lived in large cities and in the south, promising himself a luxuriant ripening of his art by southern suns; perhaps it was the blood of his mother's race that drew him thither. But his heart being dead and loveless, he fell into adventures of the flesh, descended into the depths of lust and searing sin, and suffered unspeakably thereby. It might have been his father in him, that tall, thoughtful, fastidiously dressed man with the wild flower in his buttonhole, that made him suffer so down there in the south; now and again he would feel a faint, yearning memory of a certain joy that was of the soul; once it had been his own, but now, in all his joys, he could not find it again.

Then he would be seized with disgust and hatred of the senses; pant after purity and seemly peace, while still he breathed the air of art, the tepid, sweet air of permanent spring, heavy with fragrance where it breeds and brews and burgeons in the mysterious bliss of creation. So for all result he was flung to and fro forever between two crass extremes: between icy intellect and scorching sense, and what with his pangs of conscience led an exhausting life, rare, extraordinary, excessive, which at bottom he, Tonio Kröger, despised. "What a labyrinth!" he sometimes thought. "How could I possibly have got into all these fantastic adventures? As though I had a wagonful of travelling gypsies for my ancestors!"

But as his health suffered from these excesses, so his artistry was sharpened; it grew fastidious, precious, *raffiné*, morbidly sensitive in questions of tact and taste, rasped by the banal. His first appearance in print elicited much applause; there was joy among the elect, for it was a good and workmanlike performance, full of humour and acquaintance with pain. In no long time his name — the same by which his masters had reproached him, the same he had signed to his earliest verses on the walnut

tree and the fountain and the sea, those syllables compact of the north and the south, that good middle-class name with the exotic twist to it — became a synonym for excellence; for the painful thoroughness of the experiences he had gone through, combined with a tenacious ambition and a persistent industry, joined battle with the irritable fastidiousness of his taste and under grinding torments issued in work of a quality quite uncommon.

He worked, not like a man who works that he may live; but as one who is bent on doing nothing but work; having no regard for himself as a human being but only as a creator; moving about grey and unobtrusive among his fellows like an actor without his make-up, who counts for nothing as soon as he stops representing something else. He worked withdrawn out of sight and sound of the small fry, for whom he felt nothing but contempt, because to them a talent was a social asset like another; who, whether they were poor or not, went about ostentatiously shabby or else flaunted startling cravats, all the time taking jolly good care to amuse themselves, to be artistic and charming without the smallest notion of the fact that good work only comes out under pressure of a bad life; that he who lives does not work; that one must die to life in order to be utterly a creator.

"Shall I disturb you?" asked Tonio Kröger on the threshold of the atelier. He held his hat in his hand and bowed with some ceremony, although Lisabeta Ivanovna was a good friend of his, to whom he told all his troubles.

"Mercy on you, Tonio Kröger! Don't be so formal," answered she, with her lilting intonation. "Everybody knows you were taught good manners in your nursery." She transferred her brush to her left hand, that held the palette, reached him her right, and looked him in the face, smiling and shaking her head.

"Yes, but you are working," he said. "Let's see. Oh, you've been getting on," and he looked at the colour-sketches leaning against chairs at both sides of the easel and from them to the large canvas covered with a square linen mesh, where the first patches of colour were beginning to appear among the confused and schematic lines of the charcoal sketch.

This was in Munich, in a back building in Schellingstrasse, several storeys up. Beyond the wide window facing the north were blue sky, sunshine, birds twittering; the young sweet breath of spring streaming through an open pane mingled with the smells of paint and fixative. The afternoon light, bright golden, flooded the spacious emptiness of the atelier; it made no secret of the bad flooring or the rough table under the window, covered with little bottles, tubes, and brushes; it illumined the unframed studies on the unpapered walls, the torn silk screen that shut off a charmingly furnished little living-corner near the door; it shone upon the inchoate work on the easel, upon the artist and the poet there before it.

She was about the same age as himself — slightly past thirty. She sat there on a low stool, in her dark-blue apron, and leant her chin in her hand. Her brown hair, compactly dressed, already a little grey at the sides, was parted in the middle and waved over the temples, framing a sensitive, sympathetic, dark-skinned face, which was Slavic in its facial structure, with flat nose, strongly accentuated cheek-bones, and little bright black eyes. She sat there measuring her work with her head on one side and her eyes screwed up; her features were drawn with a look of misgiving, almost of vexation.

He stood beside her, his right hand on his hip, with the other furiously twirling his brown moustache. His dress, reserved in cut and a soothing shade of grey, was punctilious and dignified to the last degree. He was whistling softly to himself, in the way he had, and his slanting brows were gathered in a frown. The dark-brown hair was parted with severe correctness, but the laboured forehead beneath showed a nervous twitching, and the chiselled southern features were sharpened as though they had been gone over again with a graver's tool. And yet the mouth — how gently curved it was, the chin how softly formed! . . . After a little he drew his hand across his brow and eyes and turned away.

"I ought not to have come," he said.

"And why not, Tonio Kröger?"

"I've just got up from my desk, Lisabeta, and inside my head it looks just the way it does on this canvas. A scaffolding, a faint first draft smeared with corrections and a few splotches of colour; yes, and I come up here and see the same thing. And

the same conflict and contradiction in the air," he went on, sniffing, "that has been torturing me at home. It's extraordinary. If you are possessed by an idea, you find it expressed everywhere, you even *smell* it. Fixative and the breath of spring; art and — what? Don't say nature, Lisabeta, 'nature' isn't exhausting. Ah, no, I ought to have gone for a walk, though it's doubtful if it would have made me feel better. Five minutes ago, not far from here, I met a man I know, Adalbert, the novelist. 'God damn the spring!' says he in the aggressive way he has. 'It is and always has been the most ghastly time of the year. Can you get hold of a single sensible idea, Kröger? Can you sit still and work out even the smallest effect, when your blood tickles till it's positively indecent and you are teased by a whole host of irrelevant sensations that when you look at them turn out to be unworkable trash? For my part, I am going to a café. A café is neutral territory, the change of the seasons doesn't affect it; it represents, so to speak, the detached and elevated sphere of the literary man, in which one is only capable of refined ideas.' And he went into the café . . . and perhaps I ought to have gone with him."

Lisabeta was highly entertained.

"I like that, Tonio Kröger. That part about the indecent tickling is good. And he is right too, in a way, for spring is really not very conducive to work. But now listen. Spring or no spring, I will just finish this little place — work out this little effect, as your friend Adalbert would say. Then we'll go into the 'salon' and have tea, and you can talk yourself out, for I can perfectly well see you are too full for utterance. Will you just compose yourself somewhere — on that chest, for instance, if you are not afraid for your aristocratic garments —"

"Oh, leave my clothes alone, Lisabeta Ivanovna! Do you want me to go about in a ragged velveteen jacket or a red waistcoat? Every artist is as bohemian as the deuce, inside! Let him at least wear proper clothes and behave outwardly like a respectable being. No, I am not too full for utterance," he said as he watched her mixing her paints. "I've told you, it is only that I have a problem and a conflict, that sticks in my mind and disturbs me at my work. . . . Yes, what was it we were just saying? We were talking about Adalbert, the novelist, that stout and forthright man. 'Spring is the most ghastly time of the year,' says he,

and goes into a café. A man has to know what he needs, eh? Well, you see he's not the only one; the spring makes me nervous, too; I get dazed with the triflingness and sacredness of the memories and feelings it evokes; only that I don't succeed in looking down on it; for the truth is it makes me ashamed; I quail before its sheer naturalness and triumphant youth. And I don't know whether I should envy Adalbert or despise him for his ignorance. . . .

"Yes, it is true; spring is a bad time for work; and why? Because we are feeling too much. Nobody but a beginner imagines that he who creates must feel. Every real and genuine artist smiles at such naïve blunders as that. A melancholy enough smile, perhaps, but still a smile. For what an artist talks about is never the main point; it is the raw material, in and for itself indifferent, out of which, with bland and serene mastery, he creates the work of art. If you care too much about what you have to say, if your heart is too much in it, you can be pretty sure of making a mess. You get pathetic, you wax sentimental; something dull and doddering, without roots or outlines, with no sense of humour — something tiresome and banal grows under your hand, and you get nothing out of it but apathy in your audience and disappointment and misery in yourself. For so it is, Lisabeta; feeling, warm, heartfelt feeling, is always banal and futile; only the irritations and icy ecstasies of the artist's corrupted nervous system are artistic. The artist must be unhuman, extra-human; he must stand in a queer aloof relationship to our humanity; only so is he in a position, I ought to say only so would he be tempted, to represent it, to present it, to portray it to good effect. The very gift of style, of form and expression, is nothing else than this cool and fastidious attitude towards humanity; you might say there has to be this impoverishment and devastation as a preliminary condition. For sound natural feeling, say what you like, has no taste. It is all up with the artist as soon as he becomes a man and begins to feel. Adalbert knows that; that's why, he betook himself to the café, the neutral territory — God help him!"

"Yes, God help him, Batuschka," said Lisabeta, as she washed her hands in a tin basin. "You don't need to follow his example."

"No, Lisabeta, I am not going to; and the only reason is that

I am now and again in a position to feel a little ashamed of the springtime of my art. You see sometimes I get letters from strangers, full of praise and thanks and admiration from people whose feelings I have touched. I read them and feel touched myself at these warm if ungainly emotions I have called up; a sort of pity steals over me at this naïve enthusiasm; and I positively blush at the thought of how these good people would freeze up if they were to get a look behind the scenes. What they, in their innocence, cannot comprehend is that a properly constituted, healthy, decent man never writes, acts, or composes — all of which does not hinder me from using his admiration for my genius to goad myself on; nor from taking it in deadly earnest and aping the airs of a great man. Oh, don't talk to me, Lisabeta. I tell you I am sick to death of depicting humanity without having any part or lot in it. . . . Is an artist a male, anyhow? Ask the females! It seems to me we artists are all of us something like those unsexed papal singers . . . we sing like angels; but — ”

“Shame on you, Tonio Kröger. But come to tea. The water is just on the boil, and here are some *papyros*. You were talking about singing soprano, do go on. But really you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If I did not know your passionate devotion to your calling and how proud you are of it — ”

“Don't talk about ‘calling,’ Lisabeta Ivanovna. Literature is not a calling, it is a curse, believe me! When does one begin to feel the curse? Early, horribly early. At a time when one ought by rights still to be living in peace and harmony with God and the world. It begins by your feeling yourself set apart, in a curious sort of opposition to the nice, regular people; there is a gulf of ironic sensibility, of knowledge, scepticism, disagreement, between you and the others; it grows deeper and deeper, you realize that you are alone; and from then on any *rapprochement* is simply hopeless! What a fate! That is, if you still have enough heart, enough warmth of affections, to feel how frightful it is! . . . Your self-consciousness is kindled, because you among thousands feel the sign on your brow and know that everyone else sees it. I once knew an actor, a man of genius, who had to struggle with a morbid self-consciousness and instability. When he had no rôle to play, nothing to represent, this man, consummate artist but impoverished human being,

was overcome by an exaggerated consciousness of his ego. A genuine artist — not one who has taken up art as a profession like another, but artist foreordained and damned — you can pick out, without boasting very sharp perceptions, out of a group of men. The sense of being set apart and not belonging, of being known and observed, something both regal and incongruous shows in his face. You might see something of the same sort on the features of a prince walking through a crowd in ordinary clothes. But no civilian clothes are any good here, Lisabeta. You can disguise yourself, you can dress up like an attaché or a lieutenant of the guard on leave; you hardly need to give a glance or speak a word before everyone knows you are not a human being, but something else: something queer, different, inimical.

“But what is it, to be an artist? Nothing shows up the general human dislike of thinking, and man’s innate craving to be comfortable, better than his attitude to this question. When these worthy people are affected by a work of art, they say humbly that that sort of thing is a ‘gift.’ And because in their innocence they assume that beautiful and uplifting results must have beautiful and uplifting causes, they never dream that the ‘gift’ in question is a very dubious affair and rests upon extremely sinister foundations. Everybody knows that artists are ‘sensitive’ and easily wounded; just as everybody knows that ordinary people, with a normal bump of self-confidence, are not. Now you see, Lisabeta, I cherish at the bottom of my soul all the scorn and suspicion of the artist gentry — translated into terms of the intellectual — that my upright old forbears there on the Baltic would have felt for any juggler or mountebank that entered their houses. Listen to this. I know a banker, grey-haired business man, who has a gift for writing stories. He employs this gift in his idle hours, and some of his stories are of the first rank. But despite — I say despite — this excellent gift his withers are by no means unwrung: on the contrary, he has had to serve a prison sentence, on anything but trifling grounds. Yes, it was actually first *in prison* that he became conscious of his gift, and his experiences as a convict are the main theme in all his works. One might be rash enough to conclude that a man has to be at home in some kind of jail in order to become a poet. But can you escape the suspicion that the source and

essence of his being an artist had less to do with his life in prison than they had with the reasons that *brought him there*? A banker who writes — that is a rarity, isn't it? But a banker who isn't a criminal, who is irreproachably respectable, and yet writes — he doesn't exist. Yes, you are laughing, and yet I am more than half serious. No problem, none in the world, is more tormenting than this of the artist and his human aspect. Take the most miraculous case of all, take the most typical and therefore the most powerful of artists, take such a morbid and profoundly equivocal work as *Tristan and Isolde*, and look at the effect it has on a healthy young man of thoroughly normal feelings. Exaltation, encouragement, warm, downright enthusiasm, perhaps incitement to 'artistic' creation of his own. Poor young dilettante! In us artists it looks fundamentally different from what he wots of, with his 'warm heart' and 'honest enthusiasm.' I've seen women and youths go mad over artists . . . and I *knew* about them . . . ! The origin, the accompanying phenomena, and the conditions of the artist life — good Lord, what I haven't observed about them, over and over!"

"Observed, Tonio Kröger? If I may ask, only 'observed'?"

He was silent, knitting his oblique brown brows and whistling softly to himself.

"Let me have your cup, Tonio. The tea is weak. And take another cigarette. Now, you perfectly know that you are looking at things as they do not necessarily have to be looked at. . . ."

"That is Horatio's answer, dear Lisabeta. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.'"

"I mean, Tonio Kröger, that one can consider them just exactly as well from another side. I am only a silly painting female, and if I can contradict you at all, if I can defend your own profession a little against you, it is not by saying anything new, but simply by reminding you of some things you very well know yourself: of the purifying and healing influence of letters, the subduing of the passions by knowledge and eloquence; literature as the guide to understanding, forgiveness, and love, the redeeming power of the word, literary art as the noblest manifestation of the human mind, the poet as the most highly developed of human beings, the poet as saint. Is it to consider things not curiously enough, to consider them so?"

"You may talk like that, Lisabeta Ivanovna, you have a per-

fect right. And with reference to Russian literature, and the works of your poets, one can really worship them; they really come close to being that elevated literature you are talking about. But I am not ignoring your objections, they are part of the things I have in my mind today. . . . Look at me, Lisabeta. I don't look any too cheerful, do I? A little old and tired and pinched, eh? Well, now to come back to the 'knowledge.' Can't you imagine a man, born orthodox, mild-mannered, well-meaning, a bit sentimental, just simply over-stimulated by his psychological clairvoyance, and going to the dogs? Not to let the sadness of the world unman you; to read, mark, learn, and put to account even the most torturing things and to be of perpetual good cheer, in the sublime consciousness of moral superiority over the horrible invention of existence — yes, thank you! But despite all the joys of expression once in a while the thing gets on your nerves. *'Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.'* I don't know about that. There is something I call being sick of knowledge, Lisabeta: when it is enough for you to see through a thing in order to be sick to death of it, and not in the least in a forgiving mood. Such was the case of Hamlet the Dane, that typical literary man. He knew what it meant to be called to knowledge without being born to it. To see things clear, if even through your tears, to recognize, notice, observe — and have to put it all down with a smile, at the very moment when hands are clinging, and lips meeting, and the human gaze is blinded with feeling — it is infamous, Lisabeta, it is indecent, outrageous — but what good does it do to be outraged?

"Then another and no less charming side of the thing, of course, is your ennui, your indifferent and ironic attitude towards truth. It is a fact that there is no society in the world so dumb and hopeless as a circle of literary people who are hounded to death as it is. All knowledge is old and tedious to them. Utter some truth that it gave you considerable youthful joy to conquer and possess — and they will all chortle at you for your naïveté. Oh, yes, Lisabeta, literature is a wearing job. In human society, I do assure you, a reserved and sceptical man can be taken for stupid, whereas he is really only arrogant and perhaps lacks courage. So much for 'knowledge.' Now for the 'Word.' It isn't so much a matter of the 'redeeming power' as it is of putting your emotions on ice and serving them up

chilled! Honestly, don't you think there's a good deal of cool cheek in the prompt and superficial way a writer can get rid of his feelings by turning them into literature? If your heart is too full, if you are overpowered with the emotions of some sweet or exalted moment — nothing simpler! Go to the literary man, he will put it all straight for you instanter. He will analyse and formulate your affair, label it and express it and discuss it and polish it off and make you indifferent to it for time and eternity — and not charge you a farthing. You will go home quite relieved, cooled off, enlightened; and wonder what it was all about and why you were so mightily moved. And will you seriously enter the lists in behalf of this vain and frigid charlatan? What is uttered, so runs this *credo*, is finished and done with. If the whole world could be expressed, it would be saved, finished and done. . . . Well and good. But I am not a nihilist — ”

“You are not a — ” said Lisabeta. . . . She was lifting a teaspoonful of tea to her mouth and paused in the act to stare at him.

“Come, come, Lisabeta, what's the matter? I say I am not a nihilist, with respect, that is, to lively feeling. You see, the literary man does not understand that life may go on living, unashamed, even after it has been expressed and therewith finished. No matter how much it has been redeemed by becoming literature, it keeps right on sinning — for all action is sin in the mind's eye —

“I'm nearly done, Lisabeta. Please listen. I love life — this is an admission. I present it to you, you may have it. I have never made it to anyone else. People say — people have even written and printed — that I hate life, or fear or despise or abominate it. I liked to hear this, it has always flattered me; but that does not make it true. I love life. You smile; and I know why, Lisabeta. But I implore you not to take what I am saying for literature. Don't think of Cæsar Borgia or any drunken philosophy that has him for a standard-bearer. He is nothing to me, your Cæsar Borgia. I have no opinion of him, and I shall never comprehend how one can honour the extraordinary and dæmonic as an ideal. No, life as the eternal antinomy of mind and art does not represent itself to us as a vision of savage greatness and ruthless beauty; we who are set apart and different do not

conceive it as, like us, unusual; it is the normal, respectable, and admirable that is the kingdom of our longing: life, in all its seductive banality! That man is very far from being an artist, my dear, whose last and deepest enthusiasm is the *raffiné*, the eccentric and satanic; who does not know a longing for the innocent, the simple, and the living, for a little friendship, devotion, familiar human happiness—the gnawing, surreptitious hankering, Lisabeta, for the bliss of the commonplace. . . .

“A genuine human friend. Believe me, I should be proud and happy to possess a friend among men. But up to now all the friends I have had have been dæmons, kobolds, impious monsters, and spectres dumb with excess of knowledge—that is to say, literary men.

“I may be standing upon some platform, in some hall in front of people who have come to listen to me. And I find myself looking round among my hearers, I catch myself secretly peering about the auditorium, and all the while I am thinking who it is that has come here to listen to me, whose grateful applause is in my ears, with whom my art is making me one. . . . I do not find what I seek, Lisabeta. I find the herd. The same old community, the same old gathering of early Christians, so to speak: people with fine souls in uncouth bodies, people who are always falling down in the dance, if you know what I mean; the kind to whom poetry serves as a sort of mild revenge on life. Always and only the poor and suffering, never any of the others, the blue-eyed ones, Lisabeta—they do not need mind. . . .

“And, after all, would it not be a lamentable lack of logic to want it otherwise? It is against all sense to love life and yet bend all the powers you have to draw it over to your own side, to the side of finesse and melancholy and the whole sickly aristocracy of letters. The kingdom of art increases and that of health and innocence declines on this earth. What there is left of it ought to be carefully preserved; one ought not to tempt people to read poetry who would much rather read books about the instantaneous photography of horses.

“For, after all, what more pitiable sight is there than life led astray by art? We artists have a consummate contempt for the dilettante, the man who is leading a living life and yet thinks he can be an artist too if he gets the chance. I am speaking from

personal experience, I do assure you. Suppose I am in a company in a good house, with eating and drinking going on, and plenty of conversation and good feeling; I am glad and grateful to be able to lose myself among good regular people for a while. Then all of a sudden — I am thinking of something that actually happened — an officer gets up, a lieutenant, a stout, good-looking chap, whom I could never have believed guilty of any conduct unbecoming his uniform, and actually in good set terms asks the company's permission to read some verses of his own composition. Everybody looks disconcerted, they laugh and tell him to go on, and he takes them at their word and reads from a sheet of paper he has up to now been hiding in his coat-tail pocket — something about love and music, as deeply felt as it is inept. But I ask you: a lieutenant! A man of the world! He surely did not need to. . . . Well, the inevitable result is long faces, silence, a little artificial applause, everybody thoroughly uncomfortable. The first sensation I am conscious of is guilt — I feel partly responsible for the disturbance this rash youth has brought upon the company; and no wonder, for I, as a member of the same guild, am a target for some of the unfriendly glances. But next minute I realize something else: this man for whom just now I felt the greatest respect has suddenly sunk in my eyes. I feel a benevolent pity. Along with some other brave and good-natured gentlemen I go up and speak to him. 'Congratulations, Herr Lieutenant,' I say, 'that is a very pretty talent you have. It was charming.' And I am within an ace of clapping him on the shoulder. But is that the way one is supposed to feel towards a lieutenant — benevolent? . . . It was his own fault. There he stood, suffering embarrassment for the mistake of thinking that one may pluck a single leaf from the laurel tree of art without paying for it with his life. No, there I go with my colleague, the convict banker — but don't you find, Lisabeta, that I have quite a Hamlet-like flow of oratory today?"

"Are you done, Tonio Kröger?"

"No. But there won't be any more."

"And quite enough too. Are you expecting a reply?"

"Have you one ready?"

"I should say. I have listened to you faithfully, Tonio, from beginning to end, and I will give you the answer to everything

you have said this afternoon and the solution of the problem that has been upsetting you. Now: the solution is that you, as you sit there, are, quite simply, a bourgeois."

"Am I?" he asked a little crestfallen.

"Yes; that hits you hard, it must. So I will soften the judgment just a little. You are a bourgeois on the wrong path, a bourgeois *manqué*."

Silence. Then he got up resolutely and took his hat and stick.

"Thank you, Lisabeta Ivanovna; now I can go home in peace. I am expressed."

Towards autumn Tonio Kröger said to Lisabeta Ivanovna:

"Well, Lisabeta, I think I'll be off. I need a change of air. I must get away, out into the open."

"Well, well, well, little Father! Does it please your Highness to go down to Italy again?"

"Oh, get along with your Italy, Lisabeta. I'm fed up with Italy, I spew it out of my mouth. It's a long time since I imagined I could belong down there. Art, eh? Blue-velvet sky, ardent wine, the sweets of sensuality. In short, I don't want it—I decline with thanks. The whole *bellezza* business makes me nervous. All those frightfully animated people down there with their black animal-like eyes; I don't like them either. These Romance peoples have no soul in their eyes. No, I'm going to take a trip to Denmark."

"To Denmark?"

"Yes. I'm quite sanguine of the results. I happen never to have been there, though I lived all my youth so close to it. Still I have always known and loved the country. I suppose I must have this northern tendency from my father, for my mother was really more for the *bellezza*, in so far, that is, as she cared very much one way or the other. But just take the books that are written up there, that clean, meaty, whimsical Scandinavian literature, Lisabeta, there's nothing like it, I love it. Or take the Scandinavian meals, those incomparable meals, which can only be digested in strong sea air (I don't know whether I can digest them in any sort of air); I know them from my home too, because we ate that way up there. Take even the names, the given names that people rejoice in up north; we have a good many of

them in my part of the country too: Ingeborg, for instance, isn't it the purest poetry — like a harp-tone? And then the sea — up there it's the Baltic! . . . In a word, I am going, Lisabeta. I want to see the Baltic again and read the books and hear the names on their native heath; I want to stand on the terrace at Kronberg, where the ghost appeared to Hamlet, bringing despair and death to that poor, noble-souled youth. . . .”

“How are you going, Tonio, if I may ask? What route are you taking?”

“The usual one,” he said, shrugging his shoulders, and blushed perceptibly. “Yes, I shall touch my — my point of departure, Lisabeta, after thirteen years, and that may turn out rather funny.”

She smiled.

“That is what I wanted to hear, Tonio Kröger. Well, be off, then, in God's name. Be sure to write to me, do you hear? I shall expect a letter full of your experiences in — Denmark.”

And Tonio Kröger travelled north. He travelled in comfort (for he was wont to say that anyone who suffered inwardly more than other people had a right to a little outward case); and he did not stay until the towers of the little town he had left rose up in the grey air. Among them he made a short and singular stay.

The dreary afternoon was merging into evening when the train pulled into the narrow, reeking shed, so marvellously familiar. The volumes of thick smoke rolled up to the dirty glass roof and wreathed to and fro there in long tatters, just as they had, long ago, on the day when Tonio Kröger, with nothing but derision in his heart, had left his native town. — He arranged to have his luggage sent to his hotel and walked out of the station.

There were the cabs, those enormously high, enormously wide black cabs drawn by two horses, standing in a rank. He did not take one, he only looked at them, as he looked at everything: the narrow gables, and the pointed towers peering above the roofs close at hand; the plump, fair, easy-going populace, with their broad yet rapid speech. And a nervous laugh mounted in him, mysteriously akin to a sob. — He walked on,

slowly, with the damp wind constantly in his face, across the bridge, with the mythological statues on the railings, and some distance along the harbour.

Good Lord, how tiny and close it all seemed! The comical little gabled streets were climbing up just as of yore from the port to the town! And on the ruffled waters the smoke-stacks and masts of the ships dipped gently in the wind and twilight. Should he go up that next street, leading, he knew, to a certain house? No, tomorrow. He was too sleepy. His head was heavy from the journey, and slow, vague trains of thought passed through his mind.

Sometimes in the past thirteen years, when he was suffering from indigestion, he had dreamed of being back home in the echoing old house in the steep, narrow street. His father had been there too, and reproached him bitterly for his dissolute manner of life, and this, each time, he had found quite as it should be. And now the present refused to distinguish itself in any way from one of those tantalizing dream-fabrications in which the dreamer asks himself if this be delusion or reality and is driven to decide for the latter, only to wake up after all in the end. . . . He paced through the half-empty streets with his head inclined against the wind, moving as though in his sleep in the direction of the hotel, the first hotel in the town, where he meant to sleep. A bow-legged man, with a pole at the end of which burned a tiny fire, walked before him with a rolling, seafaring gait and lighted the gas-lamps.

What was at the bottom of this? What was it burning darkly beneath the ashes of his fatigue, refusing to burst out into a clear blaze? Hush, hush, only no talk. Only don't make words! He would have liked to go on so, for a long time, in the wind, through the dusky, dreamily familiar streets—but everything was so little and close together here. You reached your goal at once.

In the upper town there were arc-lamps, just lighted. There was the hotel with the two black lions in front of it; he had been afraid of them as a child. And there they were, still looking at each other as though they were about to sneeze; only they seemed to have grown much smaller. Tonio Kröger passed between them into the hotel.

As he came on foot, he was received with no great ceremony.

There was a porter, and a lordly gentleman dressed in black, to do the honours; the latter, shoving back his cuffs with his little fingers, measured him from the crown of his head to the soles of his boots, obviously with intent to place him, to assign him to his proper category socially and hierarchically speaking and then mete out the suitable degree of courtesy. He seemed not to come to any clear decision and compromised on a moderate display of politeness. A mild-mannered waiter with yellow-white side-whiskers, in a dress suit shiny with age, and rosettes on his soundless shoes, led him up two flights into a clean old room furnished in patriarchal style. Its windows gave on a twilit view of courts and gables, very mediæval and picturesque, with the fantastic bulk of the old church close by. Tonio Kröger stood awhile before this window; then he sat down on the wide sofa, crossed his arms, drew down his brows, and whistled to himself.

Lights were brought and his luggage came up. The mild-mannered waiter laid the hotel register on the table, and Tonio Kröger, his head on one side, scrawled something on it that might be taken for a name, a station, and a place of origin. Then he ordered supper and went on gazing into space from his sofa-corner. When it stood before him he let it wait long untouched, then took a few bites and walked up and down an hour in his room, stopping from time to time and closing his eyes. Then he very slowly undressed and went to bed. He slept long and had curiously confused and ardent dreams.

It was broad day when he woke. Hastily he recalled where he was and got up to draw the curtains; the pale-blue sky, already with a hint of autumn, was streaked with frayed and tattered cloud; still, above his native city the sun was shining.

He spent more care than usual upon his toilette, washed and shaved and made himself fresh and immaculate as though about to call upon some smart family where a well-dressed and flawless appearance was *de rigueur*; and while occupied in this wise he listened to the anxious beating of his heart.

How bright it was outside! He would have liked better a twilight air like yesterday's, instead of passing through the streets in the broad sunlight, under everybody's eye. Would he meet people he knew, be stopped and questioned and have to submit to be asked how he had spent the last thirteen years?

No, thank goodness, he was known to nobody here; even if anybody remembered him, it was unlikely he would be recognized—for certainly he had changed in the meantime! He surveyed himself in the glass and felt a sudden sense of security behind his mask, behind his work-worn face, that was older than his years. . . . He sent for breakfast, and after that he went out; he passed under the disdainful eye of the porter and the gentleman in black, through the vestibule and between the two lions, and so into the street.

Where was he going? He scarcely knew. It was the same as yesterday. Hardly was he in the midst of this long-familiar scene, this stately conglomeration of gables, turrets, arcades, and fountains, hardly did he feel once more the wind in his face, that strong current wafting a faint and pungent aroma from far-off dreams, than the same mistiness laid itself like a veil about his senses. . . . The muscles of his face relaxed, and he looked at men and things with a look grown suddenly calm. Perhaps right there, on that street corner, he might wake up after all. . . .

Where was he going? It seemed to him the direction he took had a connection with his sad and strangely rueful dreams of the night. . . . He went to Market Square, under the vaulted arches of the Rathaus, where the butchers were weighing out their wares red-handed, where the tall old Gothic fountain stood with its manifold spires. He paused in front of a house, a plain narrow building, like many another; with a fretted baroque gable; stood there lost in contemplation. He read the plate on the door, his eyes rested a little while on each of the windows. Then slowly he turned away.

Where did he go? Towards home. But he took a roundabout way outside the walls—for he had plenty of time. He went over the Millwall and over the Holstenwall, clutching his hat, for the wind was rushing and moaning through the trees. He left the wall near the station, where he saw a train puffing busily past, idly counted the coaches, and looked after the man who sat perched upon the last. In the Lindenplatz he stopped at one of the pretty villas, peered long into the garden and up at the windows, lastly conceived the idea of swinging the gate to and fro upon its hinges till it creaked. Then he looked awhile at his moist, rust-stained hand and went on, went through the

squat old gate, along the harbour, and up the steep, windy street to his parents' house.

It stood aloof from its neighbours, its gable towering above them; grey and sombre, as it had stood these three hundred years; and Tonio Kröger read the pious, half-illegible motto above the entrance. Then he drew a long breath and went in.

His heart gave a throb of fear, lest his father might come out of one of the doors on the ground floor, in his office coat, with the pen behind his ear, and take him to task for his excesses. He would have found the reproach quite in order; but he got past unchidden. The inner door was ajar, which appeared to him reprehensible though at the same time he felt as one does in certain broken dreams, where obstacles melt away of themselves, and one presses onward in marvellous favour with fortune. The wide entry, paved with great square flags, echoed to his tread. Opposite the silent kitchen was the curious projecting structure, of rough boards, but cleanly varnished, that had been the servants' quarters. It was quite high up and could only be reached by a sort of ladder from the entry. But the great cupboards and carven presses were gone. The son of the house climbed the majestic staircase, with his hand on the white-enamelled, fret-work balustrade. At each step he lifted his hand, and put it down again with the next as though testing whether he could call back his ancient familiarity with the stout old railing. . . . But at the landing of the entresol he stopped. For on the entrance door was a white plate; and on it in black letters he read: "Public Library."

"Public Library?" thought Tonio Kröger. What were either literature or the public doing here? He knocked . . . heard a "Come in," and obeying it with gloomy suspense gazed upon a scene of most unhappy alteration.

The storey was three rooms deep, and all the doors stood open. The walls were covered nearly all the way up with long rows of books in uniform bindings, standing in dark-coloured bookcases. In each room a poor creature of a man sat writing behind a sort of counter. The farthest two just turned their heads, but the nearest got up in haste and, leaning with both hands on the table, stuck out his head, pursed his lips, lifted his brows, and looked at the visitor with eagerly blinking eyes.

"I beg pardon," said Tonio Kröger without turning his eyes from the book-shelves. "I am a stranger here, seeing the sights. So this is your Public Library? May I examine your collection a little?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the official, blinking still more violently. "It is open to everybody. . . . Pray look about you. Should you care for a catalogue?"

"No, thanks," answered Tonio Kröger, "I shall soon find my way about." And he began to move slowly along the walls, with the appearance of studying the rows of books. After a while he took down a volume, opened it, and posted himself at the window.

This was the breakfast-room. They had eaten here in the morning instead of in the big dining-room upstairs, with its white statues of gods and goddesses standing out against the blue walls. . . . Beyond there had been a bedroom, where his father's mother had died—only after a long struggle, old as she was, for she had been of a pleasure-loving nature and clung to life. And his father too had drawn his last breath in the same room: that tall, correct, slightly melancholy and pensive gentleman with the wild flower in his buttonhole. . . . Tonio had sat at the foot of his death-bed, quite given over to unutterable feelings of love and grief. His mother had knelt at the bedside, his lovely, fiery mother, dissolved in hot tears; and after that she had withdrawn with her artist into the far blue south. . . . And beyond still, the small third room, likewise full of books and presided over by a shabby man—that had been for years on end his own. Thither he had come after school and a walk—like today's; against that wall his table had stood with the drawer where he had kept his first clumsy, heartfelt attempts at verse. . . . The walnut tree . . . a pang went through him. He gave a sidewise glance out at the window. The garden lay desolate, but there stood the old walnut tree where it used to stand, groaning and creaking heavily in the wind. And Tonio Kröger let his gaze fall upon the book he had in his hands, an excellent piece of work, and very familiar. He followed the black lines of print, the paragraphs, the flow of words that flowed with so much art, mounting in the ardour of creation to a certain climax and effect and then as artfully breaking off. . . .

"Yes, that was well done," he said; put back the book and turned away. Then he saw that the functionary still stood bolt-upright, blinking with a mingled expression of zeal and mis-giving.

"A capital collection, I see," said Tonio Kröger. "I have already quite a good idea of it. Much obliged to you. Good-bye." He went out; but it was a poor exit, and he felt sure the official would stand there perturbed and blinking for several minutes.

He felt no desire for further researches. He had been home. Strangers were living upstairs in the large rooms behind the pillared hall; the top of the stairs was shut off by a glass door which used not to be there, and on the door was a plate. He went away, down the steps, across the echoing corridor, and left his parental home. He sought a restaurant, sat down in a corner, and brooded over a heavy, greasy meal. Then he returned to his hotel.

"I am leaving," he said to the fine gentleman in black. "This afternoon." And he asked for his bill, and for a carriage to take him down to the harbour where he should take the boat for Copenhagen. Then he went up to his room and sat there stiff and still, with his cheek on his hand, looking down on the table before him with absent eyes. Later he paid his bill and packed his things. At the appointed hour the carriage was announced and Tonio Kröger went down in travel array.

At the foot of the stairs the gentleman in black was waiting.

"Beg pardon," he said, shoving back his cuffs with his little fingers. . . . "Beg pardon, but we must detain you just a moment. Herr Seehaase, the proprietor, would like to exchange two words with you. A matter of form. . . . He is back there. . . . If you will have the goodness to step this way. . . . It is *only* Herr Seehaase, the proprietor."

And he ushered Tonio Kröger into the background of the vestibule. . . . There, in fact, stood Herr Seehaase. Tonio Kröger recognized him from old time. He was small, fat, and bow-legged. His shaven side-whisker was white, but he wore the same old low-cut dress coat and little velvet cap embroidered in green. He was not alone. Beside him, at a little high desk fastened into the wall, stood a policeman in a helmet, his gloved right hand resting on a document in coloured inks; he

turned towards Tonio Kröger with his honest, soldierly face as though he expected Tonio to sink into the earth at his glance.

Tonio Kröger looked at the two and confined himself to waiting.

"You came from Munich?" the policeman asked at length in a heavy, good-natured voice.

Tonio Kröger said he had.

"You are going to Copenhagen?"

"Yes, I am on the way to a Danish seashore resort."

"Seashore resort? Well, you must produce your papers," said the policeman. He uttered the last word with great satisfaction.

"Papers . . . ?" He had no papers. He drew out his pocket-book and looked into it; but aside from notes there was nothing there but some proof-sheets of a story which he had taken along to finish reading. He hated relations with officials and had never got himself a passport. . . .

"I am sorry," he said, "but I don't travel with papers."

"Ah!" said the policeman. "And what might be your name?"

Tonio replied.

"Is that a fact?" asked the policeman, suddenly erect, and expanding his nostrils as wide as he could. . . .

"Yes, that is a fact," answered Tonio Kröger.

"And what are you, anyhow?"

Tonio Kröger gulped and gave the name of his trade in a firm voice. Herr Seehaase lifted his head and looked him curiously in the face.

"H'm," said the policeman. "And you give out that you are not identical with an individdle named"—he said "individdle" and then, referring to his document in coloured inks, spelled out an involved, fantastic name which mingled all the sounds of all the races—Tonio Kröger forgot it next minute—"of unknown parentage and unspecified means," he went on, "wanted by the Munich police for various shady transactions, and probably in flight towards Denmark?"

"Yes, I give out all that, and more," said Tonio Kröger, wriggling his shoulders. The gesture made a certain impression.

"What? Oh, yes, of course," said the policeman. "You say you can't show any papers—"

Herr Seehaase threw himself into the breach.

"It is only a formality," he said pacifically, "nothing else.

You must bear in mind the official is only doing his duty. If you could only identify yourself somehow — some document . . .”

They were all silent. Should he make an end of the business, by revealing to Herr Seehaase that he was no swindler without specified means, no gypsy in a green wagon, but the son of the late Consul Kröger, a member of the Kröger family? No, he felt no desire to do that. After all, were not these guardians of civic order within their right? He even agreed with them — up to a point. He shrugged his shoulders and kept quiet.

“What have you got, then?” asked the policeman. “In your portfolyo, I mean?”

“Here? Nothing. Just a proof-sheet,” answered Tonio Kröger.

“Proof-sheet? What’s that? Let’s see it.”

And Tonio Kröger handed over his work. The policeman spread it out on the shelf and began reading. Herr Seehaase drew up and shared it with him. Tonio Kröger looked over their shoulders to see what they read. It was a good moment, a little effect he had worked out to a perfection. He had a sense of self-satisfaction.

“You see,” he said, “there is my name. I wrote it, and it is going to be published, you understand.”

“All right, that will answer,” said Herr Seehaase with decision, gathered up the sheets and gave them back. “That will have to answer, Petersen,” he repeated crisply, shutting his eyes and shaking his head as though to see and hear no more. “We must not keep the gentleman any longer. The carriage is waiting. I implore you to pardon the little inconvenience, sir. The officer has only done his duty, but I told him at once he was on the wrong track. . . .”

“Indeed!” thought Tonio Kröger.

The officer seemed still to have his doubts; he muttered something else about individdle and document. But Herr Seehaase, overflowing with regrets, led his guest through the vestibule, accompanied him past the two lions to the carriage, and himself, with many respectful bows, closed the door upon him. And then the funny, high, wide old cab rolled and rattled and bumped down the steep, narrow street to the quay.

And such was the manner of Tonio Kröger’s visit to his ancestral home.

Night fell and the moon swam up with silver gleams as Tonio Kröger's boat reached the open sea. He stood at the prow wrapped in his cloak against a mounting wind, and looked beneath into the dark going and coming of the waves as they hovered and swayed and came on, to meet with a clap and shoot erratically away in a bright gush of foam.

He was lulled in a mood of still enchantment. The episode at the hotel, their wanting to arrest him for a swindler in his own home, had cast him down a little, even although he found it quite in order — in a certain way. But after he came on board he had watched, as he used to do as a boy with his father, the lading of goods into the deep bowels of the boat, amid shouts of mingled Danish and Plattdeutsch; not only boxes and bales, but also a Bengal tiger and a polar bear were lowered in cages with stout iron bars. They had probably come from Hamburg and were destined for a Danish menagerie. He had enjoyed these distractions. And as the boat glided along between flat river-banks he quite forgot Officer Petersen's inquisition; while all the rest — his sweet, sad, rueful dreams of the night before, the walk he had taken, the walnut tree — had welled up again in his soul. The sea opened out and he saw in the distance the beach where he as a lad had been let to listen to the ocean's summer dreams; saw the flashing of the lighthouse tower and the lights of the Kurhaus where he and his parents had lived. . . . The Baltic! He bent his head to the strong salt wind; it came sweeping on, it enfolded him, made him faintly giddy and a little deaf; and in that mild confusion of the senses all memory of evil, of anguish and error, effort and exertion of the will, sank away into joyous oblivion and were gone. The roaring, foaming, flapping, and slapping all about him came to his ears like the groan and rustle of an old walnut tree, the creaking of a garden gate. . . . More and more the darkness came on.

"The stars! Oh, by Lord, look at the stars!" a voice suddenly said, with a heavy singsong accent that seemed to come out of the inside of a tun. He recognized it. It belonged to a young man with red-blond hair who had been Tonio Kröger's neighbour at dinner in the salon. His dress was very simple, his eyes were red, and he had the moist and chilly look of a person who has just bathed. With nervous and self-conscious movements he

had taken unto himself an astonishing quantity of lobster omelet. Now he leaned on the rail beside Tonio Kröger and looked up at the skies, holding his chin between thumb and forefinger. Beyond a doubt he was in one of those rare and festal and edifying moods that cause the barriers between man and man to fall; when the heart opens even to the stranger, and the mouth utters that which otherwise it would blush to speak.

"Look, by dear sir, just look at the stars. There they stahd and glitter; by goodness, the whole sky is full of theb! And I ask you, when you stahd ahd look up at theb, ahd realize that bany of theb are a huddred tibes larger thad the earth, how does it bake you feel? Yes, we have idvehed the telegraph and the telephode and all the triuphs of our bodern tibes. But whed we look up there, after all we have to recogdize and uhderstad that we are worbs, biserable worbs, ahd dothing else. Ab I right, sir, or ab I wrog? Yes, we are worbs," he answered himself, and nodded meekly and abjectly in the direction of the firmament.

"Ah, no, he has no literature in his belly," thought Tonio Kröger. And he recalled something he had lately read, an essay by a famous French writer on cosmological and psychological philosophies, a very delightful *causerie*.

He made some sort of reply to the young man's feeling remarks, and they went on talking, leaning over the rail, and looking into the night with its movement and fitful lights. The young man, it semed, was a Hamburg merchant on his holiday.

"Y'ought to travel to Copedhagen on the boat, thigks I, and so here I ab, and so far it's been fide. But they shouldn't have given us the lobster obelet, sir, for it's going to be storby — the captain said so hibselt — and that's do joke with indigestible food like that in your stobach. . . ."

Tonio Kröger listed to all this engaging artlessness and was privately drawn to it.

"Yes," he said, "all the food up here is too heavy. It makes one lazy and melancholy."

"Belancholy?" repeated the young man, and looked at him, taken aback. Then he asked, suddenly: "You are a stradger up here, sir?"

"Yes, I come from a long way off," answered Tonio Kröger vaguely, waving his arm.

"But you're right," said the youth; "Lord knows you are right about the melancholy. I am dearly always melancholy, but specially on evenings like this when there are stars in the sky." And he supported his chin again with thumb and forefinger.

"Surely this man writes verses," thought Tonio Kröger; "business man's verses, full of deep feeling and single-mindedness."

Evening drew on. The wind had grown so violent as to prevent them from talking. So they thought they would sleep a bit, and wished each other good-night.

Tonio Kröger stretched himself out on the narrow cabin bed, but he found no repose. The strong wind with its sharp tang had power to rouse him; he was strangely restless with sweet anticipations. Also he was violently sick with the motion of the ship as she glided down a steep mountain of wave and her screw vibrated as in agony, free of the water. He put on all his clothes again and went up to the deck.

Clouds raced across the moon. The sea danced. It did not come on in full-bodied, regular waves; but far out in the pale and flickering light the water was lashed, torn, and tumbled; leaped upward like great licking flames; hung in jagged and fantastic shapes above dizzy abysses, where the foam seemed to be tossed by the playful strength of colossal arms and flung upward in all directions. The ship had a heavy passage; she lurched and stamped and groaned through the welter; and far down in her bowels the tiger and the polar bear voiced their acute discomfort. A man in an oilskin, with the hood drawn over his head and a lantern strapped to his chest, went straddling painfully up and down the deck. And at the stern, leaning far out, stood the young man from Hamburg suffering the worst. "Lord!" he said, in a hollow, quavering voice, when he saw Tonio Kröger. "Look at the uproar of the elements, sir!" But he could say no more—he was obliged to turn hastily away.

Tonio Kröger clutched at a taut rope and looked abroad into the arrogance of the elements. His exultation outvied storm and wave; within himself he chanted a song to the sea, instinct with love of her: "O thou wild friend of my youth, Once more I behold thee—" But it got no further, he did not finish it. It

was not fated to receive a final form nor in tranquillity to be welded to a perfect whole. For his heart was too full. . . .

Long he stood; then stretched himself out on a bench by the pilot-house and looked up at the sky, where stars were flickering. He even slept a little. And when the cold foam splashed his face it seemed in his half-dreams like a caress.

Perpendicular chalk-cliffs, ghostly in the moonlight, came in sight. They were nearing the island of Möen. Then sleep came again, broken by salty showers of spray that bit into his face and made it stiff. . . . When he really roused, it was broad day, fresh and palest grey, and the sea had gone down. At breakfast he saw the young man from Hamburg again, who blushed rosy-red for shame of the poetic indiscretions he had been betrayed into by the dark, ruffled up his little red-blond moustache with all five fingers, and called out a brisk and soldierly good-morning — after that he studiously avoided him.

And Tonio Kröger landed in Denmark. He arrived in Copenhagen, gave tips to everybody who laid claim to them, took a room at a hotel, and roamed the city for three days with an open guide-book and the air of an intelligent foreigner bent on improving his mind. He looked at the king's New Market and the "Horse" in the middle of it, gazed respectfully up the columns of the Frauenkirch, stood long before Thorwaldsen's noble and beautiful statuary, climbed the round tower, visited castles, and spent two lively evenings in the Tivoli. But all this was not exactly what he saw.

The doors of the houses — so like those in his native town, with open-work gables of baroque shape — bore names known to him of old; names that had a tender and precious quality, and withal in their syllables an accent of plaintive reproach, of repining after the lost and gone. He walked, he gazed, drawing deep, lingering draughts of moist sea air; and everywhere he saw eyes as blue, hair as blond, faces as familiar, as those that had visited his rueful dreams the night he had spent in his native town. There in the open street it befell him that a glance, a ringing word, a sudden laugh would pierce him to his marrow.

He could not stand the bustling city for long. A restlessness, half memory and half hope, half foolish and half sweet, pos-

sessed him; he was moved to drop this rôle of ardently inquiring tourist and lie somewhere, quite quietly, on a beach. So he took ship once more and travelled under a cloudy sky, over a black water, northwards along the coast of Seeland towards Helsingör. Thence he drove, at once, by carriage, for three-quarters of an hour, along and above the sea, reaching at length his ultimate goal, the little white "bath-hotel" with green blinds. It stood surrounded by a settlement of cottages, and its shingled turret tower looked out on the beach and the Swedish coast. Here he left the carriage, took possession of the light room they had ready for him, filled shelves and presses with his kit, and prepared to stop awhile.

It was well on in September; not many guests were left in Aalsgaard. Meals were served on the ground floor, in the great beamed dining-room, whose lofty windows led out upon the veranda and the sea. The landlady presided, an elderly spinster with white hair and faded eyes, a faint colour in her cheek and a feeble twittering voice. She was forever arranging her red hands to look well upon the table-cloth. There was a short-necked old gentleman, quite blue in the face, with a grey sailor beard; a fish-dealer he was, from the capital, and strong at the German. He seemed entirely congested and inclined to apoplexy; breathed in short gasps, kept putting his beringed first finger to one nostril, and snorting violently to get a passage of air through the other. Notwithstanding, he addressed himself constantly to the whisky-bottle, which stood at his place at luncheon and dinner, and breakfast as well. Besides him the company consisted only of three tall American youths with their governor or tutor, who kept adjusting his glasses in unbroken silence. All day long he played football with his charges, who had narrow, taciturn faces and reddish-yellow hair parted in the middle. "Please pass the *wurst*," said one. "That's not *wurst*, it's *schinken*," said the other, and this was the extent of their conversation, as the rest of the time they sat there dumb, drinking hot water.

Tonio Kröger could have wished himself no better table-companions. He revelled in the peace and quiet, listened to the Danish palatals, the clear and the clouded vowels in which the fish-dealer and the landlady desultorily conversed; modestly

exchanged views with the fish-dealer on the state of the barometer, and then left the table to go through the veranda and onto the beach once more, where he had already spent long, long morning hours.

Sometimes it was still and summery there. The sea lay idle and smooth, in stripes of blue and russet and bottle-green, played all across with glittering silvery lights. The seaweed shrivelled in the sun and the jelly-fish lay steaming. There was a faintly stagnant smell and a whiff of tar from the fishing-boat against which Tonio Kröger leaned, so standing that he had before his eyes not the Swedish coast but the open horizon, and in his face the pure, fresh breath of the softly breathing sea.

Then grey, stormy days would come. The waves lowered their heads like bulls and charged against the beach; they ran and ramped high up the sands and left them strewn with shining wet sea-grass, driftwood, and mussels. All abroad beneath an overcast sky extended ranges of billows, and between them foaming valleys palely green; but above the spot where the sun hung behind the cloud a patch like white velvet lay on the sea.

Tonio Kröger stood wrapped in wind and tumult, sunk in the continual dull, drowsy uproar that he loved. When he turned away it seemed suddenly warm and silent all about him. But he was never unconscious of the sea at his back; it called, it lured, it beckoned him. And he smiled.

He went landward, by lonely meadow-paths, and was swallowed up in the beech-groves that clothed the rolling landscape near and far. Here he sat down on the moss, against a tree, and gazed at the strip of water he could see between the trunks. Sometimes the sound of surf came on the wind — a noise like boards collapsing at a distance. And from the tree-tops over his head a cawing — hoarse, desolate, forlorn. He held a book on his knee, but did not read a line. He enjoyed profound forgetfulness, hovered disembodied above space and time; only now and again his heart would contract with a fugitive pain, a stab of longing and regret, into whose origin he was too lazy to inquire.

Thus passed some days. He could not have said how many and had no desire to know. But then came one on which something happened; happened while the sun stood in the sky and

people were about; and Tonio Kröger, even, felt no vast surprise.

The very opening of the day had been rare and festal. Tonio Kröger woke early and suddenly from his sleep, with a vague and exquisite alarm; he seemed to be looking at a miracle, a magic illumination. His room had a glass door and balcony facing the sound; a thin white gauze curtain divided it into living- and sleeping-quarters, both hung with delicately tinted paper and furnished with an airy good taste that gave them a sunny and friendly look. But now to his sleep-drunken eyes it lay bathed in a serene and roseate light, an unearthly brightness that gilded walls and furniture and turned the gauze curtain to radiant pink cloud. Tonio Kröger did not at once understand. Not until he stood at the glass door and looked out did he realize that this was the sunrise.

For several days there had been clouds and rain; but now the sky was like a piece of pale-blue silk, spanned shimmering above sea and land, and shot with light from red and golden clouds. The sun's disk rose in splendour from a crispy glittering sea that seemed to quiver and burn beneath it. So began the day. In a joyous daze Tonio Kröger flung on his clothes, and breakfasting in the veranda before everybody else, swam from the little wooden bath-house some distance out into the sound, then walked for an hour along the beach. When he came back, several omnibuses were before the door, and from the dining-room he could see people in the parlour next door where the piano was, in the veranda, and on the terrace in front; quantities of people sitting at little tables enjoying beer and sandwiches amid lively discourse. There were whole families, there were old and young, there were even a few children.

At second breakfast — the table was heavily laden with cold viands, roast, pickled, and smoked — Tonio Kröger inquired what was going on.

"Guests," said the fish-dealer. "Tourists and ball-guests from Helsingör. Lord help us, we shall get no sleep this night! There will be dancing and music, and I fear me it will keep up till late. It is a family reunion, a sort of celebration and excursion combined; they all subscribe to it and take advantage of the good weather. They came by boat and bus and they are having breakfast. After that they go on with their drive, but at night

they will all come back for a dance here in the hall. Yes, damn it, you'll see we shan't get a wink of sleep."

"Oh, it will be a pleasant change," said Tonio Kröger.

After that there was nothing more said for some time. The landlady arranged her red fingers on the cloth, the fish-dealer blew through his nostril, the Americans drank hot water and made long faces.

Then all at once a thing came to pass: *Hans Hansen and Ingeborg Holm walked through the room.*

Tonio Kröger, pleasantly fatigued after his swim and rapid walk, was leaning back in his chair and eating smoked salmon on toast; he sat facing the veranda and the ocean. All at once the door opened and the two entered hand-in-hand — calmly and unhurried. Ingeborg, blonde Inge, was dressed just as she used to be at Herr Knaak's dancing-class. The light flowered frock reached down to her ankles and it had a tulle fichu draped with a pointed opening that left her soft throat free. Her hat hung by its ribbons over her arm. She, perhaps, was a little more grown up than she used to be, and her wonderful plait of hair was wound round her head; but Hans Hansen was the same as ever. He wore his sailor overcoat with gilt buttons, and his wide blue sailor collar lay across his shoulders and back; the sailor cap with its short ribbons he was dangling carelessly in his hand. Ingeborg's narrow eyes were turned away; perhaps she felt shy before the company at table. But Hans Hansen turned his head straight towards them, and measured one after another defiantly with his steel-blue eyes; challengingly, with a sort of contempt. He even dropped Ingeborg's hand and swung his cap harder than ever, to show what manner of man he was. Thus the two, against the silent, blue-dyed sea, measured the length of the room and passed through the opposite door into the parlour.

This was at half past eleven in the morning. While the guests of the house were still at table the company in the veranda broke up and went away by the side door. No one else came into the dining-room. The guests could hear them laughing and joking as they got into the omnibuses, which rumbled away one by one. . . . "So they are coming back?" asked Tonio Kröger.

"That they are," said the fish-dealer. "More's the pity. They

have ordered music, let me tell you — and my room is right above the dining-room.”

“Oh, well, it’s a pleasant change,” repeated Tonio Kröger. Then he got up and went away.

That day he spent as he had the others, on the beach and in the wood, holding a book on his knee and blinking in the sun. He had but one thought; they were coming back to have a dance in the hall, the fish-dealer had promised they would; and he did nothing but be glad of this, with a sweet and timorous gladness such as he had not felt through all these long dead years. Once he happened, by some chance association, to think of his friend Adalbert, the novelist, the man who had known what he wanted and betaken himself to the café to get away from the spring. Tonio Kröger shrugged his shoulders at the thought of him.

Luncheon was served earlier than usual, also supper, which they ate in the parlour because the dining-room was being got ready for the ball, and the whole house flung in disorder for the occasion. It grew dark; Tonio Kröger sitting in his room heard on the road and in the house the sounds of approaching festivity. The picnickers were coming back; from Helsingör, by bicycle and carriage, new guests were arriving; a fiddle and a nasal clarinet might be heard practising down in the dining-room. Everything promised a brilliant ball. . . .

Now the little orchestra struck up a march; he could hear the notes, faint but lively. The dancing opened with a polonaise. Tonio Kröger sat for a while and listened. But when he heard the march-time go over into a waltz he got up and slipped noiselessly out of his room.

From his corridor it was possible to go by the side stairs to the side entrance of the hotel and thence to the veranda without passing through a room. He took this route, softly and stealthily as though on forbidden paths, feeling along through the dark, relentlessly drawn by this stupid jigging music, that now came up to him loud and clear. .

The veranda was empty and dim, but the glass door stood open into the hall, where shone two large oil lamps, furnished with bright reflectors. Thither he stole on soft feet; and his skin prickled with the thievish pleasure of standing unseen in the dark and spying on the dancers there in the brightly lighted

room. Quickly and eagerly he glanced about for the two whom he sought. . . .

Even though the ball was only half an hour old, the merri-ment seemed in full swing; however, the guests had come hither already warm and merry, after a whole day of carefree, happy companionship. By bending forward a little, Tonio Kröger could see into the parlour from where he was. Several old gentlemen sat there smoking, drinking, and playing cards; others were with their wives on the plush-upholstered chairs in the foreground watching the dance. They sat with their knees apart and their hands resting on them, puffing out their cheeks with a prosperous air; the mothers, with bonnets perched on their parted hair, with their hands folded over their stomachs and their heads on one side, gazed into the whirl of dancers. A platform had been erected on the long side of the hall, and on it the musicians were doing their utmost. There was even a trumpet, that blew with a certain caution, as though afraid of its own voice, and yet after all kept breaking and cracking. Couples were dipping and circling about, others walked arm-in-arm up and down the room. No one wore ball-room clothes; they were dressed as for an outing in the summertime: the men in countrified suits which were obviously their Sunday wear; the girls in light-coloured frocks with bunches of field-flowers in their bodices. Even a few children were there, dancing with each other in their own way, even after the music stopped. There was a long-legged man in a coat with a little swallow-tail, a provincial lion with an eye-glass and frizzed hair, a post-office clerk or some such thing; he was like a comic figure stepped bodily out of a Danish novel; and he seemed to be the leader and manager of the ball. He was everywhere at once, bustling, perspiring, officious, utterly absorbed; setting down his feet, in shiny, pointed, military half-boots, in a very artificial and involved manner, toes first; waving his arms to issue an order, clapping his hands for the music to begin; here, there, and everywhere, and glancing over his shoulder in pride at his great bow of office, the streamers of which fluttered grandly in his rear.

Yes, there they were, those two, who had gone by Tonio Kröger in the broad light of day; he saw them again — with a joyful start he recognized them almost at the same moment.

Here was Hans Hansen by the door, quite close; his legs apart, a little bent over, he was eating with circumspection a large piece of sponge-cake, holding his hand cupwise under his chin to catch the crumbs. And there by the wall sat Ingeborg Holm, Inge the fair; the post-office clerk was just mincing up to her with an exaggerated bow and asking her to dance. He laid one hand on his back and gracefully shoved the other into his bosom. But she was shaking her head in token that she was a little out of breath and must rest awhile, whereat the post-office clerk sat down by her side.

Tonio Kröger looked at them both, these two for whom he had in time past suffered love — at Hans and Ingeborg. They were Hans and Ingeborg not so much by virtue of individual traits and similarity of costume as by similarity of race and type. This was the blond, fair-haired breed of the steel-blue eyes, which stood to him for the pure, the blithe, the untroubled in life; for a virginal aloofness that was at once both simple and full of pride. . . . He looked at them. Hans Hansen was standing there in his sailor suit, lively and well built as ever, broad in the shoulders and narrow in the hips; Ingeborg was laughing and tossing her head in a certain high-spirited way she had; she carried her hand, a schoolgirl hand, not at all slender, not at all particularly aristocratic, to the back of her head in a certain manner so that the thin sleeve fell away from her elbow — and suddenly such a pang of homesickness shook his breast that involuntarily he drew farther back into the darkness lest someone might see his features twitch.

“Had I forgotten you?” he asked. “No, never. Not thee, Hans, not thee, Inge the fair! It was always you I worked for; when I heard applause I always stole a look to see if you were there. . . . Did you read *Don Carlos*, Hans Hansen, as you promised me at the garden gate? No, don’t read it! I do not ask it any more. What have you to do with a king who weeps for loneliness? You must not cloud your clear eyes or make them dreamy and dim by peering into melancholy poetry. . . . To be like you! To begin again, to grow up like you, regular like you, simple and normal and cheerful, in conformity and understanding with God and man, beloved of the innocent and happy. To take you, Ingeborg Holm, to wife, and have a son

like you, Hans Hansen — to live free from the curse of knowledge and the torment of creation, live and praise God in blessed mediocrity! Begin again? But it would do no good. It would turn out the same — everything would turn out the same as it did before. For some go of necessity astray, because for them there is no such thing as a right path.”

The music ceased; there was a pause in which refreshments were handed round. The post-office assistant tripped about in person with a trayful of herring salad and served the ladies; but before Ingeborg Holm he even went down on one knee as he passed her the dish, and she blushed for pleasure.

But now those within began to be aware of a spectator behind the glass door; some of the flushed and pretty faces turned to measure him with hostile glances; but he stood his ground. Ingeborg and Hans looked at him too, at almost the same time, both with that utter indifference in their eyes that looks so like contempt. And he was conscious too of a gaze resting on him from a different quarter; turned his head and met with his own the eyes that had sought him out. A girl stood not far off, with a fine, pale little face — he had already noticed her. She had not danced much, she had few partners, and he had seen her sitting there against the wall, her lips closed in a bitter line. She was standing alone now too; her dress was a thin light stuff, like the others, but beneath the transparent frock her shoulders showed angular and poor, and the thin neck was thrust down so deep between those meagre shoulders that as she stood there motionless she might almost be thought a little deformed. She was holding her hands in their thin mitts across her flat breast, with the finger-tips touching; her head was drooped, yet she was looking up at Tonio Kröger with black swimming eyes. He turned away. . . .

Here, quite close to him, were Ingeborg and Hans. He had sat down beside her — she was perhaps his sister — and they ate and drank together surrounded by other rosy-checked folk; they chattered and made merry, called to each other in ringing voices, and laughed aloud. Why could he not go up and speak to them? Make some trivial remark to him or her, to which they might at least answer with a smile? It would make him happy — he longed to do it; he would go back more satisfied to his room if he might feel he had established a little contact

with them. He thought out what he might say; but he had not the courage to say it. Yes, this too was just as it had been: they would not understand him, they would listen like strangers to anything he was able to say. For their speech was not his speech.

It seemed the dance was about to begin again. The leader developed a comprehensive activity. He dashed hither and thither, adjuring everybody to get partners; helped the waiters to push chairs and glasses out of the way, gave orders to the musicians, even took some awkward people by the shoulders and shoved them aside. . . . What was coming? They formed squares of four couples each. . . . A frightful memory brought the colour to Tonio Kröger's cheeks. They were forming for a quadrille.

The music struck up, the couples bowed and crossed over. The leader called off; he called off—Heaven save us!—in French! And pronounced the nasals with great distinction. Ingeborg Holm danced close by, in the set nearest the glass door. She moved to and fro before him, forwards and back, pacing and turning; he caught a waft from her hair or the thin stuff of her frock, and it made him close his eyes with the old, familiar feeling, the fragrance and bitter-sweet enchantment he had faintly felt in all these days, that now filled him utterly with irresistible sweetness. And what was the feeling? Longing, tenderness? Envy? Self-contempt? . . . *Moulinet des dames!* "Did you laugh, Ingeborg the blonde, did you laugh at me when I disgraced myself by dancing the *moulinet*? And would you still laugh today even after I have become something like a famous man? Yes, that you would, and you would be right to laugh. Even if I in my own person had written the nine symphonies and *The World as Will and Idea* and painted the Last Judgment, you would still be eternally right to laugh. . . ." As he looked at her he thought of a line of verse once so familiar to him, now long forgotten: "I would sleep, but thou must dance." How well he knew it, that melancholy northern mood it evoked—its heavy inarticulateness. To sleep. . . . To long to be allowed to live the life of simple feeling, to rest sweetly and passively in feeling alone, without compulsion to act and achieve—and yet to be forced to dance, dance the cruel and perilous sword-dance of art; without even being

allowed to forget the melancholy conflict within oneself; to be forced to dance, the while one loved. . . .

A sudden wild extravagance had come over the scene. The sets had broken up, the quadrille was being succeeded by a galop, and all the couples were leaping and gliding about. They flew past Tonio Kröger to a maddeningly quick tempo, crossing, advancing, retreating, with quick, breathless laughter. A couple came rushing and circling towards Tonio Kröger; the girl had a pale, refined face and lean, high shoulders. Suddenly, directly in front of him, they tripped and slipped and stumbled. . . . The pale girl fell, so hard and violently it almost looked dangerous; and her partner with her. He must have hurt himself badly, for he quite forgot her, and, half rising, began to rub his knee and grimace; while she, quite dazed, it seemed, still lay on the floor. Then Tonio Kröger came forward, took her gently by the arms, and lifted her up. She looked dazed, bewildered, wretched; then suddenly her delicate face flushed pink.

"*Tak, O, mange tak!*" she said, and gazed up at him with dark, swimming eyes.

"You should not dance any more, Fräulein," he said gently. Once more he looked round at *them*, at Ingeborg and Hans, and then he went out, left the ball and the veranda and returned to his own room.

He was exhausted with jealousy, worn out with the gaiety in which he had had no part. Just the same, just the same as it had always been. Always with burning cheeks he had stood in his dark corner and suffered for you, you blond, you living, you happy ones! And then quite simply gone away. Somebody *must* come now! Ingeborg *must* notice he had gone, must slip after him, lay a hand on his shoulder and say: "Come back and be happy. I love you!" But she came not at all. No, such things did not happen. Yes, all was as it had been, and he too was happy, just as he had been. For his heart was alive. But between that past and this present what had happened to make him become that which he now was? Icy desolation, solitude: mind, and art, forsooth!

He undressed, lay down, put out the light. Two names he whispered into his pillow, the few chaste northern syllables that meant for him his true and native way of love, of longing and

happiness; that meant to him life and home, meant simple and heartfelt feeling. He looked back on the years that had passed. He thought of the dreamy adventures of the senses, nerves, and mind in which he had been involved; saw himself eaten up with intellect and introspection, ravaged and paralysed by insight, half worn out by the fevers and frosts of creation, helpless and in anguish of conscience between two extremes, flung to and fro between austerity and lust; *raffiné*, impoverished, exhausted by frigid and artificially heightened ecstasies; erring, forsaken, martyred, and ill — and sobbed with nostalgia and remorse.

Here in his room it was still and dark. But from below life's lulling, trivial waltz-rhythm came faintly to his ears.

Tonio Kröger sat up in the north, composing his promised letter to his friend Lisabeta Ivanovna.

"Dear Lisabeta down there in Arcady, whither I shall shortly return," he wrote: "Here is something like a letter, but it will probably disappoint you, for I mean to keep it rather general. Not that I have nothing to tell; for indeed, in my way, I have had experiences; for instance, in my native town they were even going to arrest me . . . but of that by word of mouth. Sometimes now I have days when I would rather state things in general terms than go on telling stories.

"You probably still remember, Lisabeta, that you called me a *bourgeois*, a *bourgeois manqué*? You called me that in an hour when, led on by other confessions I had previously let slip, I confessed to you my love of life, or what I call life. I ask myself if you were aware how very close you came to the truth, how much my love of 'life' is one and the same thing as my being a *bourgeois*. This journey of mine has given me much occasion to ponder the subject.

"My father, you know, had the temperament of the north: solid, reflective, puritanically correct, with a tendency to melancholia. My mother, of indeterminate foreign blood, was beautiful, sensuous, naïve, passionate, and careless at once, and, I think, irregular by instinct. The mixture was no doubt extraordinary and bore with it extraordinary dangers. The issue of it, a *bourgeois* who strayed off into art, a bohemian who feels nostalgic yearnings for respectability, an artist with a bad con-

science. For surely it is my *bourgeois* conscience makes me see in the artist life, in all irregularity and all genius, something profoundly suspect, profoundly disreputable; that fills me with this lovelorn *faiblesse* for the simple and good, the comfortably normal, the average unendowed respectable human being.

"I stand between two worlds. I am at home in neither, and I suffer in consequence. You artists call me a *bourgeois*, and the *bourgeois* try to arrest me. . . . I don't know which makes me feel worse. The *bourgeois* are stupid; but you adorers of the beautiful, who call me phlegmatic and without aspirations, you ought to realize that there is a way of being an artist that goes so deep and is so much a matter of origins and destinies that no longing seems to it sweeter and more worth knowing than longing after the bliss of the commonplace.

"I admire those proud, cold beings who adventure upon the paths of great and dæmonic beauty and despise 'mankind'; but I do not envy them. For if anything is capable of making a poet of a literary man, it is my *bourgeois* love of the human, the living and usual. It is the source of all warmth, goodness, and humour; I even almost think it is itself that love of which it stands written that one may speak with the tongues of men and of angels and yet having it not is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

"The work I have so far done is nothing or not much — as good as nothing. I will do better, Lisabeta — this is a promise. As I write, the sea whispers to me and I close my eyes. I am looking into a world unborn and formless, that needs to be ordered and shaped; I see into a whirl of shadows of human figures who beckon to me to weave spells to redeem them: tragic and laughable figures and some that are both together — and to these I am drawn. But my deepest and secretest love belongs to the blond and blue-eyed, the fair and living, the happy, lovely, and commonplace.

"Do not chide this love, Lisabeta; it is good and fruitful. There is longing in it, and a gentle envy; a touch of contempt and no little innocent bliss."

Death in Venice

Solitude gives birth to the original in us, to beauty unfamiliar and perilous — to poetry. But also, it gives birth to the opposite: to the perverse, the illicit, the absurd.

[Thomas Mann compares his most famous short novel to the structure and image of a crystal: "many elements shot together to produce an image which, playing in the light of its many facets, floating in the aura of its manifold associations, might well cause the eye of one watching and conspiring at its development to lose itself in a dream."

The elements of this crystalline word structure were not the product of the artist's imagination. All of them were furnished by chance experience or by associations of memory; they had only to be arranged. A wanderer in a cemetery, a bewigged rake, an unlicensed gondolier, some lost baggage, a Polish boy and his family, an outbreak of cholera, and of course from somewhere Aschenbach, the hero, and the other members of the story. All these, in the words of Tonio Kröger, had to be ordered and shaped; they beckoned from a whirl of shadows.

The artist's shaping imagination fused these materials into a structure of astonishing effect. Everywhere in the story the concrete and familiar (the graveyard, the jungle, the tiger, the sea, the setting sun) flash into visible and radiant meaning. The pilgrim, the obscure and painted old man, the sinister gondolier, the leering ballad-singer, are described in the most vivid realistic detail, and yet they at once become overpowering figures of symbolism and suggestion; we *see* them at the moment we know their meaning. Literary and historical allusions (Homer, Socrates, Cicero, the Cross, Louis XIV, Frederick the Great) and the naming of peoples, places, and areas of the earth seem to involve the entire human experience in the narrative of a great man's downfall. And atmosphere — was there ever another story with such an atmosphere? At least all Europe, not only Aschenbach, is upon "the anxious seat," and the story moves beneath a visible and odorous pall. Within the story there are also dreams, visions, and deliriums, some of them Aschenbach's, to be

sure, but others appear on familiar horizons or rise with terrible clarity from a common darkness.

Many levels of meaning can be read into *Death in Venice*, for a variety of Thomas Mann's favorite themes appear here: loyalty, suffering, isolation, art, life, beauty, decay, love, death. It is a mistake, I think, to dwell too literally on the suggestion of homosexuality. At least one implied morality may be of greater significance than the yielding of a great, lonely, and exhausted man to such a fascination. The careful reader will note that Aschenbach is absolutely alone throughout the story, except as he speaks to those who can inform or serve him. His absorption with the idea, his yielding to the *image* of Tadzio's beauty separates Aschenbach from his art, which is communication, and from his morality, which is loyalty, and he plunges into the abyss of solitude. Never once, it is to be observed, does he speak to the human creature who has called forth a vision of beauty so bare of attachment to normal human life that it exists in Aschenbach's mind only as an image in a mirror. A more terrible aspect of Tonio Kröger's isolation theme, among other things, may be apparent here.

What pressures and temperatures of mind and spirit brought this crystal word structure into being? While composing *Death in Venice*, Thomas Mann recalls: "I had the clearest feeling of transcendence, a sovereign sense of being borne up, such as I have never known before." The author was thirty-six at the time, and since the publication of *Tonio Kröger* he had completed his only drama, *Fiorenza*, a full-length novel, *Royal Highness*, and half a dozen short stories. *Death in Venice* was begun as a means of seeking relief from the difficulties of holding the note of another story already under way, the curious and still unfinished *Felix Krull*. Once at work upon "improvising" the recollections of a chance visit to the Lido, something happened in the mind and innagination of the writer; he was borne up and transcendence set in. When he was done with *Death in Venice* Thomas Mann had created a crystal not unlike that seen in a vision by the prophet Ezekiel: "And over the head of the living creature there was the likeness of a firmament, like the terrible crystal to look upon. . . ."]

GUSTAVE ASCHENBACH — or von Aschenbach, as he had been known officially since his fiftieth birthday — had set out alone from his house in Prince Regent Street, Munich, for an extended walk. It was a spring afternoon in that year of grace 19—, when Europe sat upon the anxious seat beneath a menace

that hung over its head for months. Aschenbach had sought the open soon after tea. He was overwrought by a morning of hard, nerve-taxing work, work which had not ceased to exact his uttermost in the way of sustained concentration, conscientiousness, and tact; and after the noon meal found himself powerless to check the onward sweep of the productive mechanism within him, that *mortus animi continuus* in which, according to Cicero, eloquence resides. He had sought but not found relaxation in sleep — though the wear and tear upon his system had come to make a daily nap more and more imperative — and now undertook a walk, in the hope that air and exercise might send him back refreshed to a good evening's work.

May had begun, and after weeks of cold and wet a mock summer had set in. The English Gardens, though in tenderest leaf, felt as sultry as in August and were full of vehicles and pedestrians near the city. But towards Aumeister the paths were solitary and still, and Aschenbach strolled thither, stopping awhile to watch the lively crowds in the restaurant garden with its fringe of carriages and cabs. Thence he took his homeward way outside the park and across the sunset fields. By the time he reached the North Cemetery, however, he felt tired, and a storm was brewing above Föhring; so he waited at the stopping-place for a tram to carry him back to the city.

He found the neighbourhood quite empty. Not a wagon in sight, either on the paved Ungererstrasse, with its gleaming tramlines stretching off towards Schwabing, nor on the Föhring highway. Nothing stirred behind the hedge in the stonemason's yard, where crosses, monuments, and commemorative tablets made a supernumerary and untenanted graveyard opposite the real one. The mortuary chapel, a structure in Byzantine style, stood facing it, silent in the gleam of the ebbing day. Its façade was adorned with Greek crosses and tinted hieratic designs, and displayed a symmetrically arranged selection of scriptural texts in gilded letters, all of them with a bearing upon the future life, such as: "They are entering into the House of the Lord" and "May the Light Everlasting shine upon them." Aschenbach beguiled some minutes of his waiting with reading these formulas and letting his mind's eye lose itself in their mystical meaning. He was brought back to reality by the sight of a man standing in the portico, above the two apocalyptic

beasts that guarded the staircase, and something not quite usual in this man's appearance gave his thoughts a fresh turn.

Whether he had come out of the hall through the bronze doors or mounted unnoticed from outside, it was impossible to tell. Aschenbach casually inclined to the first idea. He was of medium height, thin, beardless, and strikingly snub-nosed; he belonged to the red-haired type and possessed its milky, freckled skin. He was obviously not Bavarian; and the broad, straight-brimmed straw hat he had on even made him look distinctly exotic. True, he had the indigenous rucksack buckled on his back, wore a belted suit of yellowish woollen stuff, apparently frieze, and carried a grey mackintosh cape across his left forearm, which was propped against his waist. In his right hand, slantwise to the ground, he held an iron-shod stick, and braced himself against its crook, with his legs crossed. His chin was up, so that the Adam's apple looked very bald in the lean neck rising from the loose shirt; and he stood there sharply peering up into space out of colourless, red-lashed eyes, while two pronounced perpendicular furrows showed on his forehead in curious contrast to his little turned-up nose. Perhaps his heightened and heightening position helped out the impression Aschenbach received. At any rate, standing there as though at survey, the man had a bold and domineering, even a ruthless, air, and his lips completed the picture by seeming to curl back, either by reason of some deformity or else because he grimaced, being blinded by the sun in his face; they laid bare the long, white, glistening teeth to the gums.

Aschenbach's gaze, though unawares, had very likely been inquisitive and tactless; for he became suddenly conscious that the stranger was returning it, and indeed so directly, with such hostility, such plain intent to force the withdrawal of the other's eyes, that Aschenbach felt an unpleasant twinge and, turning his back, began to walk along the hedge, hastily resolving to give the man no further heed. He had forgotten him the next minute. Yet whether the pilgrim air the stranger wore kindled his fantasy or whether some other physical or psychical influence came in play, he could not tell; but he felt the most surprising consciousness of a widening of inward barriers, a kind of vaulting unrest, a youthfully ardent thirst for distant scenes — a feeling so lively and so new, or at least so long ago

outgrown and forgot, that he stood there rooted to the spot, his eyes on the ground and his hands clasped behind him, exploring these sentiments of his, their bearing and scope.

True, what he felt was no more than a longing to travel; yet coming upon him with such suddenness and passion as to resemble a seizure, almost a hallucination. Desire projected itself visually: his fancy, not quite yet lulled since morning, imaged the marvels and terrors of the manifold earth. He saw. He beheld a landscape, a tropical marshland, beneath a reeking sky, steaming, monstrous, rank—a kind of primeval wilderness-world of islands, morasses, and alluvial channels. Hairy palm-trunks rose near and far out of lush brakes of fern, out of bottoms of crass vegetation, fat, swollen, thick with incredible bloom. There were trees, mis-shapen as a dream, that dropped their naked roots straight through the air into the ground or into water that was stagnant and shadowy and glassy-green, where mammoth milk-white blossoms floated, and strange high-shouldered birds with curious bills stood gazing sidewise without sound or stir. Among the knotted joints of a bamboo thicket the eyes of a crouching tiger gleamed—and he felt his heart throb with terror, yet with a longing inexplicable. Then the vision vanished. Aschenbach, shaking his head, took up his march once more along the hedge of the stone-mason's yard.

He had, at least ever since he commanded means to get about the world at will, regarded travel as a necessary evil, to be endured now and again willy-nilly for the sake of one's health. Too busy with the tasks imposed upon him by his own ego and the European soul, too laden with the care and duty to create, too preoccupied to be an amateur of the gay outer world, he had been content to know as much of the earth's surface as he could without stirring far outside his own sphere—had, indeed, never even been tempted to leave Europe. Now more than ever, since his life was on the wane, since he could no longer brush aside as fanciful his artist fear of not having done, of not being finished before the works ran down, he had confined himself to close range, had hardly stepped outside the charming city which he had made his home and the rude country house he had built in the mountains, whither he went to spend the rainy summers.

And so the new impulse which thus late and suddenly swept over him was speedily made to conform to the pattern of self-discipline he had followed from his youth up. He had meant to bring his work, for which he lived, to a certain point before leaving for the country, and the thought of a leisurely ramble across the globe, which should take him away from his desk for months, was too fantastic and upsetting to be seriously entertained. Yet the source of the unexpected contagion was known to him only too well. This yearning for new and distant scenes, this craving for freedom, release, forgetfulness — they were, he admitted to himself, an impulse towards flight, flight from the spot which was the daily theatre of a rigid, cold, and passionate service. That service he loved, had even almost come to love the enervating daily struggle between a proud, tenacious, well-trying will and this growing fatigue, which no one must suspect, nor the finished product betray by any faintest sign that his inspiration could ever flag or miss fire. On the other hand, it seemed the part of common sense not to span the bow too far, not to suppress summarily a need that so unequivocally asserted itself. He thought of his work, and the place where yesterday and again today he had been forced to lay it down, since it would not yield either to patient effort or a swift *coup de main*. Again and again he had tried to break or untie the knot — only to retire at last from the attack with a shiver of repugnance. Yet the difficulty was actually not a great one; what sapped his strength was distaste for the task, betrayed by a fastidiousness he could no longer satisfy. In his youth, indeed, the nature and inmost essence of the literary gift had been, to him, this very scrupulosity; for it he had bridled and tempered his sensibilities, knowing full well that feeling is prone to be content with easy gains and blithe half-perfection. So now, perhaps, feeling, thus tyrannized, avenged itself by leaving him, refusing from now on to carry and wing his art and taking away with it all the ecstasy he had known in form and expression. Not that he was doing bad work. So much, at least, the years had brought him, that at any moment he might feel tranquilly assured of mastery. But he got no joy of it — not though a nation paid it homage. To him it seemed his work had ceased to be marked by that fiery play of fancy which is the product of joy, and more, and more potently, than any intrinsic content, forms in turn the joy of the

receiving world. He dreaded the summer in the country, alone with the maid who prepared his food and the man who served him; dreaded to see the familiar mountain peaks and walls that would shut him up again with his heavy discontent. What he needed was a break, an interim existence, a means of passing time, other air and a new stock of blood, to make the summer tolerable and productive. Good, then, he would go a journey. Not far — not all the way to the tigers. A night in a *wagon-lit*, three or four weeks of lotus-eating at some one of the gay world's playgrounds in the lovely south. . . .

So ran his thoughts, while the clang of the electric tram drew nearer down the Ungererstrasse; and as he mounted the platform he decided to devote the evening to a study of maps and railway guides. Once in, he bethought him to look back after the man in the straw hat, the companion of this brief interval which had after all been so fruitful. But he was not in his former place, nor in the tram itself, nor yet at the next stop; in short, his whereabouts remained a mystery.

Gustave Aschenbach was born at L—, a country town in the province of Silesia. He was the son of an upper official in the judicature, and his forbears had all been officers, judges, departmental functionaries — men who lived their strict, decent, sparing lives in the service of king and state. Only once before had a livelier mentality — in the quality of a clergyman — turned up among them; but swifter, more perceptive blood had in the generation before the poet's flowed into the stock from the mother's side, she being the daughter of a Bohemian musical conductor. It was from her he had the foreign traits that betrayed themselves in his appearance. The union of dry, conscientious officialdom and ardent, obscure impulse, produced an artist — and this particular artist: author of the lucid and vigorous prose epic on the life of Frederick the Great; careful, tireless weaver of the richly patterned tapestry entitled *Maia*, a novel that gathers up the threads of many human destinies in the warp of a single idea; creator of that powerful narrative *The Subject*, which taught a whole grateful generation that a man can still be capable of moral resolution even after he has plumbed the depths of knowledge; and lastly — to complete the tale of works of his mature period — the writer of that im-

passioned discourse on the theme of Mind and Art whose ordered force and antithetic eloquence led serious critics to rank it with Schiller's *Simple and Sentimental Poetry*.

Aschenbach's whole soul, from the very beginning, was bent on fame — and thus, while not precisely precocious, yet thanks to the unmistakable trenchancy of his personal accent he was early ripe and ready for a career. Almost before he was out of high school he had a name. Ten years later he had learned to sit at his desk and sustain and live up to his growing reputation, to write gracious and pregnant phrases in letters that must needs be brief, for many claims press upon the solid and successful man. At forty, worn down by the strains and stresses of his actual task, he had to deal with a daily post heavy with tributes from his own and foreign countries.

Remote on one hand from the banal, on the other from the eccentric, his genius was calculated to win at once the adhesion of the general public and the admiration, both sympathetic and stimulating, of the connoisseur. From childhood up he was pushed on every side to achievement, and achievement of no ordinary kind; and so his young days never knew the sweet idleness and blithe *laissez aller* that belong to youth. A nice observer once said of him in company — it was at the time when he fell ill in Vienna in his thirty-fifth year: "You see, Aschenbach has always lived liked this" — here the speaker closed the fingers of his left hand to a fist — "never like this" — and he let his open hand hang relaxed from the back of his chair. It was apt. And this attitude was the more morally valiant in that Aschenbach was not by nature robust — he was only called to the constant tension of his career, not actually born to it.

By medical advice he had been kept from school and educated at home. He had grown up solitary, without comradeship; yet had early been driven to see that he belonged to those whose talent is not so much out of the common as is the physical basis on which talent relies for its fulfilment. It is a seed that gives early of its fruit, whose powers seldom reach a ripe old age. But his favourite motto was "Hold fast"; indeed, in his novel on the life of Frederick the Great he envisaged nothing else than the apotheosis of the old hero's word of command, "*Durchhalten*," which seemed to him the epitome of fortitude under suffering. Besides, he deeply desired to live to a good old

age, for it was his conviction that only the artist to whom it has been granted to be fruitful on all stages of our human scene can be truly great, or universal, or worthy of honour.

Bearing the burden of his genius, then, upon such slender shoulders and resolved to go so far, he had the more need of discipline — and discipline, fortunately, was his native inheritance from the father's side. At forty, at fifty, he was still living as he had commenced to live in the years when others are prone to waste and revel, dream high thoughts and postpone fulfilment. He began his day with a cold shower over chest and back; then, setting a pair of tall wax candles in silver holders at the head of his manuscript, he sacrificed to art, in two or three hours of almost religious fervour, the powers he had assembled in sleep. Outsiders might be pardoned for believing that his *Maia* world and the epic amplitude revealed by the life of Frederick were a manifestation of great power working under high pressure, that they came forth, as it were, all in one breath. It was the more triumph for his morale; for the truth was that they were heaped up to greatness in layer after layer, in long days of work, out of hundreds and hundreds of single inspirations; they owed their excellence, both of mass and detail, to one thing and one alone: that their creator could hold out for years under the strain of the same piece of work, with an endurance and a tenacity of purpose like that which had conquered his native province of Silesia, devoting to actual composition none but his best and freshest hours.

For an intellectual product of any value to exert an immediate influence which shall also be deep and lasting, it must rest on an inner harmony, yes, an affinity, between the personal destiny of its author and that of his contemporaries in general. Men do not know why they award fame to one work of art rather than another. Without being in the faintest connoisseurs, they think to justify the warmth of their commendations by discovering in it a hundred virtues, whereas the real ground of their applause is inexplicable — it is sympathy. Aschenbach had once given direct expression — though in an unobtrusive place — to the idea that almost everything conspicuously great is great in despite: has come into being in defiance of affliction and pain, poverty, destitution, bodily weakness, vice, passion, and a thousand other obstructions. And that was more than ob-

servation — it was the fruit of experience, it was precisely the formula of his life and fame, it was the key to his work. What wonder, then, if it was also the fixed character, the outward gesture, of his most individual figures?

The new type of hero favoured by Aschenbach, and recurring many times in his works, had early been analysed by a shrewd critic: "The conception of an intellectual and virginal manliness, which clenches its teeth and stands in modest defiance of the swords and spears that pierce its side." That was beautiful, it was *spirituel*, it was exact, despite the suggestion of too great passivity it held. Forbearance in the face of fate, beauty constant under torture, are not merely passive. They are a positive achievement, an explicit triumph; and the figure of Sebastian is the most beautiful symbol, if not of art as a whole, yet certainly of the art we speak of here. Within that world of Aschenbach's creation were exhibited many phases of this theme: there was the aristocratic self-command that is eaten out within and for as long as it can conceals its biologic decline from the eyes of the world; the sere and ugly outside, hiding the embers of smouldering fire — and having power to fan them to so pure a flame as to challenge supremacy in the domain of beauty itself; the pallid languors of the flesh, contrasted with the fiery ardours of the spirit within, which can fling a whole proud people down at the foot of the Cross, at the feet of its own sheer self-abnegation; the gracious bearing preserved in the stern, stark service of form; the unreal, precarious existence of the born intrigant with its swiftly enervating alternation of schemes and desires — all these human fates and many more of their like one read in Aschenbach's pages, and reading them might doubt the existence of any other kind of heroism than the heroism born of weakness. And, after all, what kind could be truer to the spirit of the times? Gustave Aschenbach was the poet-spokesman of all those who labour at the edge of exhaustion; of the overburdened, of those who are already worn out but still hold themselves upright; of all our modern moralizers of accomplishment, with stunted growth and scanty resources, who yet contrive by skilful husbanding and prodigious spasms of will to produce, at least for a while, the effect of greatness. There are many such, they are the heroes of the age. And in Aschenbach's pages they saw themselves; he justi-

fied, he exalted them, he sang their praise — and they, they were grateful, they heralded his fame.

He had been young and crude with the times and by them badly counselled. He had taken false steps, blundered, exposed himself, offended in speech and writing against tact and good sense. But he had attained to honour, and honour, he used to say, is the natural goal towards which every considerable talent presses with whip and spur. Yes, one might put it that his whole career had been one conscious and overweening ascent to honour, which left in the rear all the misgivings or self-derogation which might have hampered him.

What pleases the public is lively and vivid delineation which makes no demands on the intellect; but passionate and absolutist youth can only be enthralled by a problem. And Aschenbach was as absolute, as problematist, as any youth of them all. He had done homage to intellect, had overworked the soil of knowledge and ground up her seed-corn; had turned his back on the "mysteries," called genius itself in question, held up art to scorn — yes, even while his faithful following revelled in the characters he created, he, the young artist, was taking away the breath of the twenty-year-olds with his cynic utterances on the nature of art and the artist life.

But it seems that a noble and active mind blunts itself against nothing so quickly as the sharp and bitter irritant of knowledge. And certain it is that the youth's constancy of purpose, no matter how painfully conscientious, was shallow beside the mature resolution of the master of his craft, who made a right-about-face, turned his back on the realm of knowledge, and passed it by with averted face, lest it lame his will or power of action, paralyse his feelings or his passions, deprive any of these of their conviction or utility. How else interpret the oft-cited story of *The Abject* than as a rebuke to the excesses of a psychology-ridden age, embodied in the delineation of the weak and silly fool who manages to lead fate by the nose; driving his wife, out of sheer innate pusillanimity, into the arms of a beardless youth, and making this disaster an excuse for trifling away the rest of his life?

With rage the author here rejects the rejected, casts out the outcast — and the measure of his fury is the measure of his condemnation of all moral shilly-shallying. Explicitly he renounces

sympathy with the abyss, explicitly he refutes the flabby humanitarianism of the phrase: "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*" What was here unfolding, or rather was already in full bloom, was the "miracle of regained detachment," which a little later became the theme of one of the author's dialogues, dwelt upon not without a certain oracular emphasis. Strange sequence of thought! Was it perhaps an intellectual consequence of this rebirth, this new austerity, that from now on his style showed an almost exaggerated sense of beauty, a lofty purity, symmetry, and simplicity, which gave his productions a stamp of the classic, of conscious and deliberate mastery? And yet: this moral fibre, surviving the hampering and disintegrating effect of knowledge, does it not result in its turn in a dangerous simplification, in a tendency to equate the world and the human soul, and thus to strengthen the hold of the evil, the forbidden, and the ethically impossible? And has not form two aspects? Is it not moral and immoral at once: moral in so far as it is the expression and result of discipline, immoral—yes, actually hostile to morality—in that of its very essence it is indifferent to good and evil, and deliberately concerned to make the moral world stoop beneath its proud and undivided sceptre?

Be that as it may. Development is destiny; and why should a career attended by the applause and adulation of the masses necessarily take the same course as one which does not share the glamour and the obligations of fame? Only the incorrigible bohemian smiles or scoffs when a man of transcendent gifts outgrows his carefree prentice stage, recognizes his own worth and forces the world to recognize it too and pay it homage, though he puts on a courtly bearing to hide his bitter struggles and his loneliness. Again, the play of a developing talent must give its possessor joy, if of a wilful, defiant kind. With time, an official note, something almost expository, crept into Gustave Aschenbach's method. His later style gave up the old sheer audacities, the fresh and subtle nuances—it became fixed and exemplary, conservative, formal, even formulated. Like Louis XIV—or as tradition has it of him—Aschenbach, as he went on in years, banished from his style every common word. It was at this time that the school authorities adopted selections from his works into their text-books. And he found it only fit-

ting — and had no thought but to accept — when a German prince signalized his accession to the throne by conferring upon the poet-author of the life of Frederick the Great on his fiftieth birthday the letters-patent of nobility.

He had roved about for a few years, trying this place and that as a place of residence, before choosing, as he soon did, the city of Munich for his permanent home. And there he lived, enjoying among his fellow-citizens the honour which is in rare cases the reward of intellectual eminence. He married young, the daughter of a university family; but after a brief term of wedded happiness his wife had died. A daughter, already married, remained to him. A son he never had.

Gustave von Aschenbach was somewhat below middle height, dark and smooth-shaven, with a head that looked rather too large for his almost delicate figure. He wore his hair brushed back; it was thin at the parting, bushy and grey on the temples, framing a lofty, rugged, knotty brow — if one may so characterize it. The nose-piece of his rimless gold spectacles cut into the base of his thick, aristocratically hooked nose. The mouth was large, often lax, often suddenly narrow and tense; the cheeks lean and furrowed, the pronounced chin slightly cleft. The vicissitudes of fate, it seemed, must have passed over this head, for he held it, plaintively, rather on one side; yet it was art, not the stern discipline of an active career, that had taken over the office of modelling these features. Behind this brow were born the flashing thrust and parry of the dialogue between Frederick and Voltaire on the theme of war; these eyes, weary and sunken, gazing through their glasses, had beheld the blood-stained inferno of the hospitals in the Seven Years' War. Yes, personally speaking too, art heightens life. She gives deeper joy, she consumes more swiftly. She engraves adventures of the spirit and the mind in the faces of her votaries; let them lead outwardly a life of the most cloistered calm, she will in the end produce in them a fastidiousness, an over-refinement, a nervous fever and exhaustion, such as a career of extravagant passions and pleasures can hardly show.

Eager though he was to be off, Aschenbach was kept in Munich by affairs both literary and practical for some two weeks after that walk of his. But at length he ordered his country

home put ready against his return within the next few weeks, and on a day between the middle and the end of May took the evening train for Trieste, where he stopped only twenty-four hours, embarking for Pola the next morning but one.

What he sought was a fresh scene, without associations, which should yet be not too out-of-the-way; and accordingly he chose an island in the Adriatic, not far off the Istrian coast. It had been well known some years, for its splendidly rugged cliff formations on the side next the open sea, and its population, clad in a bright flutter of rags and speaking an outlandish tongue. But there was rain and heavy air; the society at the hotel was provincial Austrian, and limited; besides, it annoyed him not to be able to get at the sea — he missed the close and soothing contact which only a gentle sandy slope affords. He could not feel this was the place he sought; an inner impulse made him wretched, urging him on he knew not whither; he racked his brains, he looked up boats, then all at once his goal stood plain before his eyes. But of course! When one wanted to arrive overnight at the incomparable, the fabulous, the like-nothing-else-in-the-world, where was it one went? Why, obviously; he had intended to go there, what ever was he doing here? A blunder. He made all haste to correct it, announcing his departure at once. Ten days after his arrival on the island a swift motorboat bore him and his luggage in the misty dawning back across the water to the naval station, where he landed only to pass over the landing-stage and on to the wet decks of a ship lying there with steam up for the passage to Venice.

It was an ancient hulk belonging to an Italian line, obsolete, dingy, grimed with soot. A dirty hunchbacked sailor, smirkingly polite, conducted him at once belowships to a cavernous, lamplit cabin. There behind a table sat a man with a beard like a goat's; he had his hat on the back of his head, a cigar-stump in the corner of his mouth; he reminded Aschenbach of an old-fashioned circus-director. This person put the usual questions and wrote out a ticket to Venice, which he issued to the traveller with many commercial flourishes.

"A ticket for Venice," repeated he, stretching out his arm to dip the pen into the thick ink in a tilted ink-stand. "One first-class to Venice! Here you are, *signore mio*." He made some scrawls on the paper, strewn bluish sand on it out of a box,

thereafter letting the sand run off into an earthen vessel, folded the paper with bony yellow fingers, and wrote on the outside. "An excellent choice," he rattled on. "Ah, Venice! What a glorious city! Irresistibly attractive to the cultured man for her past history as well as her present charm." His copious gesturings and empty phrases gave the odd impression that he feared the traveller might alter his mind. He changed Aschenbach's note, laying the money on the spotted table-cover with the glibness of a croupier. "A pleasant visit to you, signore," he said, with a melodramatic bow. "Delighted to serve you." Then he beckoned and called out: "Next" as though a stream of passengers stood waiting to be served, though in point of fact there was not one. Aschenbach returned to the upper deck.

He leaned an arm on the railing and looked at the idlers lounging along the quay to watch the boat go out. Then he turned his attention to his fellow-passengers. Those of the second class, both men and women, were squatted on their bundles of luggage on the forward deck. The first cabin consisted of a group of lively youths, clerks from Pola, evidently, who had made up a pleasure excursion to Italy and were not a little thrilled at the prospect, bustling about and laughing with satisfaction at the stir they made. They leaned over the railings and shouted, with a glib command of epithet, derisory remarks at such of their fellow-clerks as they saw going to business along the quay; and these in turn shook their sticks and shouted as good back again. One of the party, in a dandified buff suit, a rakish panama with a coloured scarf, and a red cravat, was loudest of the loud: he outcrowded all the rest. Aschenbach's eye dwelt on him, and he was shocked to see that the apparent youth was no youth at all. He was an old man, beyond a doubt, with wrinkles and crow's-feet round eyes and mouth; the dull carmine of the cheeks was rouge, the brown hair a wig. His neck was shrunken and sinewy, his turned-up moustaches and small imperial were dyed, and the unbroken double row of yellow teeth he showed when he laughed were but too obviously a cheapish false set. He wore a seal ring on each forefinger, but the hands were those of an old man. Aschenbach was moved to shudder as he watched the creature and his association with the rest of the group. Could they not see he was old, that he had no right to wear the clothes they wore or pretend to be one of them?

But they were used to him, it seemed; they suffered him among them, they paid back his jokes in kind and the playful pokes in the ribs he gave them. How could they? Aschenbach put his hand to his brow, he covered his eyes, for he had slept little, and they smarted. He felt not quite canny, as though the world were suffering a dreamlike distortion of perspective which he might arrest by shutting it all out for a few minutes and then looking at it afresh. But instead he felt a floating sensation, and opened his eyes with unreasoning alarm to find that the ship's dark sluggish bulk was slowly leaving the jetty. Inch by inch, with the to-and-fro motion of her machinery, the strip of iridescent dirty water widened, the boat manœuvred clumsily and turned her bow to the open sea. Aschenbach moved over to the star-board side, where the hunchbacked sailor had set up a deck-chair for him, and a steward in a greasy dress-coat asked for orders.

The sky was grey, the wind humid. Harbour and island dropped behind, all sight of land soon vanished in mist. Flakes of sodden, clammy soot fell upon the still undried deck. Before the boat was an hour out a canvas had to be spread as a shelter from the rain.

Wrapped in his cloak, a book in his lap, our traveller rested; the hours slipped by unawares. It stopped raining, the canvas was taken down. The horizon was visible right round: beneath the sombre dome of the sky stretched the vast plain of empty sea. But immeasurable unarticulated space weakens our power to measure time as well: the time-sense falters and grows dim. Strange, shadowy figures passed and repassed—the elderly coxcomb, the goat-bearded man from the bowels of the ship—with vague gesturing and mutterings through the traveller's mind as he lay. He fell asleep.

At midday he was summoned to luncheon in a corridor-like saloon with the sleeping-cabins giving off it. He ate at the head of the long table; the party of clerks, including the old man, sat with the jolly captain at the other end, where they had been carousing since ten o'clock. The meal was wretched, and soon done. Aschenbach was driven to seek the open and look at the sky—perhaps it would lighten presently above Venice.

He had not dreamed it could be otherwise, for the city had ever given him a brilliant welcome. But sky and sea remained

leaden, with spurts of fine, mistlike rain; he reconciled himself to the idea of seeing a different Venice from that he had always approached on the landward side. He stood by the foremast, his gaze on the distance, alert for the first glimpse of the coast. And he thought of the melancholy and susceptible poet who had once seen the towers and turrets of his dreams rise out of these waves; repeated the rhythms born of his awe, his mingled emotions of joy and suffering—and easily susceptible to a pre-science already shaped within him, he asked his own sober, weary heart if a new enthusiasm, a new preoccupation, some late adventure of the feelings could still be in store for the idle traveller.

The flat coast showed on the right, the sea was soon populous with fishing-boats. The Lido appeared and was left behind as the ship glided at half speed through the narrow harbour of the same name, coming to a full stop on the lagoon in sight of garish, badly built houses. Here it waited for the boat bringing the sanitary inspector.

An hour passed. One had arrived—and yet not. There was no conceivable haste—yet one felt harried. The youths from Pola were on deck, drawn hither by the martial sound of horns coming across the water from the direction of the Public Gardens. They had drunk a good deal of Asti and were moved to shout and hurrah at the drilling *bersaglieri*. But the young-old man was a truly repulsive sight in the condition to which his company with youth had brought him. He could not carry his wine like them: he was pitifully drunk. He swayed as he stood—watery-eyed, a cigarette between his shaking fingers, keeping upright with difficulty. He could not have taken a step without falling and knew better than to stir, but his spirits were deplorably high. He buttonholed anyone who came within reach, he stuttered, he giggled, he leered, he fatuously shook his be-ringed old forefinger; his tongue kept seeking the corner of his mouth in a suggestive motion ugly to behold. Aschenbach's brow darkened as he looked, and there came over him once more a dazed sense, as though things about him were just slightly losing their ordinary perspective, beginning to show a distortion that might merge into the grotesque. He was prevented from dwelling on the feeling, for now the machinery began to thud again, and the ship took up its passage through

the Canale di San Marco which had been interrupted so near the goal.

He saw it once more, that landing-place that takes the breath away, that amazing group of incredible structures the Republic set up to meet the awe-struck eye of the approaching seafarer: the airy splendour of the palace and Bridge of Sighs, the columns of lion and saint on the shore, the glory of the projecting flank of the fairy temple, the vista of gateway and clock. Looking, he thought that to come to Venice by the station is like entering a palace by the back door. No one should approach, save by the high seas as he was doing now, this most improbable of cities.

The engines stopped. Gondolas pressed alongside, the landing-stairs were let down, customs officials came on board and did their office, people began to go ashore. Aschenbach ordered a gondola. He meant to take up his abode by the sea and needed to be conveyed with his luggage to the landing-stage of the little steamers that ply between the city and the Lido. They called down his order to the surface of the water where the gondoliers were quarrelling in dialect. Then came another delay while his trunk was worried down the ladder-like stairs. Thus he was forced to endure the importunities of the ghastly young-old man, whose drunken state obscurely urged him to pay the stranger the honour of a formal farewell. "We wish you a very pleasant sojourn," he babbled, bowing and scraping. "Pray keep us in mind. *Au revoir, excusez et bon jour, votre Excellence.*" He drooled, he blinked, he licked the corner of his mouth, the little imperial bristled on his elderly chin. He put the tips of two fingers to his mouth and said thickly: "Give her our love, will you, the p-pretty little dear" — here his upper plate came away and fell down on the lower one. . . . Aschenbach escaped. "Little sweet-sweet-sweetheart" he heard behind him, gurgled and stuttered, as he climbed down the rope stair into the boat.

Is there anyone but must repress a secret thrill, on arriving in Venice for the first time — or returning thither after long absence — and stepping into a Venetian gondola? That singular conveyance, come down unchanged from ballad times, black as nothing else on earth except a coffin — what pictures it calls up of lawless, silent adventures in the plashing night; or even

more, what visions of death itself, the bier and solemn rites and last soundless voyage! And has anyone remarked that the seat in such a bark, the arm-chair lacquered in coffin-black and dully black-upholstered, is the softest, most luxurious, most relaxing seat in the world? Aschenbach realized it when he had let himself down at the gondolier's feet, opposite his luggage, which lay neatly composed on the vessel's beak. The rowers still gestured fiercely; he heard their harsh, incoherent tones. But the strange stillness of the water-city seemed to take up their voices gently, to disembody and scatter them over the sea. It was warm here in the harbour. The lukewarm air of the sirocco breathed upon him, he leaned back among his cushions and gave himself to the yielding element, closing his eyes for very pleasure in an indolence as unaccustomed as sweet. "The trip will be short," he thought, and wished it might last forever. They gently swayed away from the boat with its bustle and clamour of voices.

It grew still and stiller all about. No sound but the splash of the oars, the hollow slap of the wave against the steep, black, halbert-shaped beak of the vessel, and one sound more—a muttering by fits and starts, expressed as it were by the motion of his arms, from the lips of the gondolier. He was talking to himself, between his teeth. Aschenbach glanced up and saw with surprise that the lagoon was widening, his vessel was headed for the open sea. Evidently it would not do to give himself up to sweet *far niente*; he must see his wishes carried out.

"You are to take me to the steamboat landing, you know," he said, half turning round towards it. The muttering stopped. There was no reply.

"Take me to the steamboat landing," he repeated, and this time turned quite round and looked up into the face of the gondolier as he stood there on his little elevated deck, high against the pale grey sky. The man had an unpleasing, even brutish face, and wore blue clothes like a sailor's, with a yellow sash; a shapeless straw hat with the braid torn at the brim perched rakishly on his head. His facial structure, as well as the curling blond moustache under the short snub nose, showed him to be of non-Italian stock. Physically rather undersized, so that one would not have expected him to be very muscular, he pulled vigorously at the oar, putting all his body-weight behind

each stroke. Now and then the effort he made curled back his lips and bared his white teeth to the gums. He spoke in a decided, almost curt voice, looking out to sea over his fare's head: "The signore is going to the Lido."

Aschenbach answered: "Yes, I am. But I only took the gondola to cross over to San Marco. I am using the *vaporetto* from there."

"But the signore cannot use the *vaporetto*."

"And why not?"

"Because the *vaporetto* does not take luggage."

It was true. Aschenbach remembered it. He made no answer. But the man's gruff, overbearing manner, so unlike the usual courtesy of his countrymen towards the stranger, was intolerable. Aschenbach spoke again: "That is my own affair. I may want to give my luggage in deposit. You will turn round."

No answer. The oar splashed, the wave struck dull against the prow. And the muttering began anew, the gondolier talked to himself, between his teeth.

What should the traveller do? Alone on the water with this tongue-tied, obstinate, uncanny man, he saw no way of enforcing his will. And if only he did not excite himself, how pleasantly he might rest! Had he not wished the voyage might last forever? The wisest thing — and how much the pleasantest! — was to let matters take their own course. A spell of indolence was upon him; it came from the chair he sat in — this low, black-upholstered arm-chair, so gently rocked at the hands of the despotic boatman in his rear. The thoughts passed dreamily through Aschenbach's brain that perhaps he had fallen into the clutches of a criminal; it had not power to rouse him to action. More annoying was the simpler explanation: that the man was only trying to extort money. A sense of duty, a recollection, as it were, that this ought to be prevented, made him collect himself to say:

"How much do you ask for the trip?"

And the gondolier, gazing out over his head, replied: "The signore will pay."

There was an established reply to this; Aschenbach made it, mechanically:

"I will pay nothing whatever if you do not take me where I want to go."

"The signore wants to go to the Lido."

"But not with you."

"I am a good rower, signore. I will row you well."

"So much is true," thought Aschenbach, and again he relaxed. "That is true, you row me well. Even if you mean to rob me, even if you hit me in the back with your oar and send me down to the kingdom of Hades, even then you will have rowed me well."

But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, they fell in with company: a boat came alongside and waylaid them, full of men and women singing to guitar and mandolin. They rowed persistently bow for bow with the gondola and filled the silence that had rested on the waters with their lyric love of gain. Aschenbach tossed money into the hat they held out. The music stopped at once, they rowed away. And once more the gondolier's mutter became audible as he talked to himself in fits and snatches.

Thus they rowed on, rocked by the wash of a steamer returning citywards. At the landing two municipal officials were walking up and down with their hands behind their backs and their faces turned towards the lagoon. Aschenbach was helped on shore by the old man with a boat-hook who is the permanent feature of every landing-stage in Venice; and having no small change to pay the boatman, crossed over into the hotel opposite. His wants were supplied in the lobby; but when he came back his possessions were already on a hand-car on the quay, and gondola and gondolier were gone.

"He ran away, signore," said the old boatman. "A bad lot, a man without a licence. He is the only gondolier without one. The others telephoned over, and he knew we were on the lookout, so he made off."

Aschenbach shrugged.

"The signore has had a ride for nothing," said the old man, and held out his hat. Aschenbach dropped some coins. He directed that his luggage be taken to the Hôtel des Bains and followed the hand-car through the avenue, that white-blossoming avenue with taverns, booths, and pensions on either side it, which runs across the island diagonally to the beach.

He entered the hotel from the garden terrace at the back and passed through the vestibule and hall into the office. His arrival

was expected, and he was served with courtesy and dispatch. The manager, a small, soft, dapper man with a black moustache and a caressing way with him, wearing a French frock-coat, himself took him up in the lift and showed him his room. It was a pleasant chamber, furnished in cherry-wood, with lofty windows looking out to sea. It was decorated with strong-scented flowers. Aschenbach, as soon as he was alone, and while they brought in his trunk and bags and disposed them in the room, went up to one of the windows and stood looking out upon the beach in its afternoon emptiness, and at the sunless sea, now full and sending long, low waves with rhythmic beat upon the sand.

A solitary, unused to speaking of what he sees and feels, has mental experiences which are at once more intense and less articulate than those of a gregarious man. They are sluggish, yet more wayward, and never without a melancholy tinge. Sights and impressions which others brush aside with a glance, a light comment, a smile, occupy him more than their due; they sink silently in, they take on meaning, they become experience, emotion, adventure. Solitude gives birth to the original in us, to beauty unfamiliar and perilous — to poetry. But also, it gives birth to the opposite: to the perverse, the illicit, the absurd. Thus the traveller's mind still dwelt with disquiet on the episodes of his journey hither: on the horrible old fop with his drivel about a mistress, on the outlaw boatman and his lost tip. They did not offend his reason, they hardly afforded food for thought; yet they seemed by their very nature fundamentally strange, and thereby vaguely disquieting. Yet here was the sea; even in the midst of such thoughts he saluted it with his eyes, exulting that Venice was near and accessible. At length he turned round, disposed his personal belongings and made certain arrangements with the chambermaid for his comfort, washed up, and was conveyed to the ground floor by the green-uniformed Swiss who ran the lift.

He took tea on the terrace facing the sea and afterwards went down and walked some distance along the shore promenade in the direction of Hôtel Excelsior. When he came back it seemed to be time to change for dinner. He did so, slowly and methodically as his way was, for he was accustomed to work while he dressed; but even so found himself a little early when he en-

tered the hall, where a large number of guests had collected — strangers to each other and affecting mutual indifference, yet united in expectancy of the meal. He picked up a paper, sat down in a leather arm-chair, and took stock of the company, which compared most favourably with that he had just left.

This was a broad and tolerant atmosphere, of wide horizons. Subdued voices were speaking most of the principal European tongues. That uniform of civilization, the conventional evening dress, gave outward conformity to the varied types. There were long, dry Americans, large-familied Russians, English ladies, German children with French *bonnes*. The Slavic element predominated, it seemed. In Aschenbach's neighbourhood Polish was being spoken.

Round a wicker table next him was gathered a group of young folk in charge of a governess or companion — three young girls, perhaps fifteen to seventeen years old, and a long-haired boy of about fourteen. Aschenbach noticed with astonishment the lad's perfect beauty. His face recalled the noblest moment of Greek sculpture — pale, with a sweet reserve, with clustering honey-coloured ringlets, the brow and nose descending in one line, the winning mouth, the expression of pure and godlike serenity. Yet with all this chaste perfection of form it was of such unique personal charm that the observer thought he had never seen, either in nature or art, anything so utterly happy and consummate. What struck him further was the strange contrast the group afforded, a difference in educational method, so to speak, shown in the way the brother and sisters were clothed and treated. The girls, the eldest of whom was practically grown up, were dressed with an almost disfiguring austerity. All three wore half-length slate-coloured frocks of cloister-like plainness, arbitrarily unbecoming in cut, with white turn-over collars as their only adornment. Every grace of outline was wilfully suppressed; their hair lay smoothly plastered to their heads, giving them a vacant expression, like a nun's. All this could only be by the mother's orders; but there was no trace of the same pedagogic severity in the case of the boy. Tenderness and softness, it was plain, conditioned his existence. No scissors had been put to the lovely hair that (like the Spinario's) curled about his brows, above his ears, longer still in the neck. He wore an English sailor suit, with quilted sleeves

that narrowed round the delicate wrists of his long and slender though still childish hands. And this suit, with its breast-knot, lacings, and embroideries, lent the slight figure something "rich and strange," a spoilt, exquisite air. The observer saw him in half profile, with one foot in its black patent leather advanced, one elbow resting on the arm of his basket-chair, the cheek nestled into the closed hand in a pose of easy grace, quite unlike the stiff subservient mien which was evidently habitual to his sisters. Was he delicate? His facial tint was ivory-white against the golden darkness of his clustering locks. Or was he simply a pampered darling, the object of a self-willed and partial love? Aschenbach inclined to think the latter. For in almost every artist nature is inborn a wanton and treacherous proneness to side with the beauty that breaks hearts, to single out aristocratic pretensions and pay them homage.

A waiter announced, in English, that dinner was served. Gradually the company dispersed through the glass doors into the dining-room. Late-comers entered from the vestibule or the lifts. Inside, dinner was being served; but the young Poles still sat and waited about their wicker table. Aschenbach felt comfortable in his deep arm-chair, he enjoyed the beauty before his eyes, he waited with them.

The governess, a short, stout, red-faced person, at length gave the signal. With lifted brows she pushed back her chair and made a bow to the tall woman, dressed in palest grey, who now entered the hall. This lady's abundant jewels were pearls, her manner was cool and measured; the fashion of her gown and the arrangement of her lightly powdered hair had the simplicity prescribed in certain circles whose piety and aristocracy are equally marked. She might have been, in Germany, the wife of some high official. But there was something faintly fabulous, after all, in her appearance, though lent it solely by the pearls she wore: they were well-nigh priceless, and consisted of earrings and a three-stranded necklace, very long, with gems the size of cherries.

The brother and sisters had risen briskly. They bowed over their mother's hand to kiss it, she turning away from them, with a slight smile on her face, which was carefully preserved but rather sharp-nosed and worn. She addressed a few words in French to the governess, then moved towards the glass door.

The children followed, the girls in order of age, then the governess, and last the boy. He chanced to turn before he crossed the threshold, and as there was no one else in the room, his strange, twilight grey eyes met Aschenbach's, as our traveller sat there with the paper on his knee, absorbed in looking after the group.

There was nothing singular, of course, in what he had seen. They had not gone in to dinner before their mother, they had waited, given her a respectful salute, and but observed the right and proper forms on entering the room. Yet they had done all this so expressly, with such self-respecting dignity, discipline, and sense of duty that Aschenbach was impressed. He lingered still a few minutes, then he, too, went into the dining-room, where he was shown a table far off the Polish family, as he noted at once, with a stirring of regret.

Tired, yet mentally alert, he beguiled the long, tedious meal with abstract, even with transcendent matters: pondered the mysterious harmony that must come to subsist between the individual human being and the universal law, in order that human beauty may result; passed on to general problems of form and art, and came at length to the conclusion that what seemed to him fresh and happy thoughts were like the flattering inventions of a dream, which the waking sense proves worthless and insubstantial. He spent the evening in the park, that was sweet with the odours of evening — sitting, smoking, wandering about; went to bed betimes, and passed the night in deep, unbroken sleep, visited, however, by varied and lively dreams.

The weather next day was no more promising. A land breeze blew. Beneath a colourless, overcast sky the sea lay sluggish, and as it were shrunken, so far withdrawn as to leave bare several rows of long sand-banks. The horizon looked close and prosaic. When Aschenbach opened his window he thought he smelt the stagnant odour of the lagoons.

He felt suddenly out of sorts and already began to think of leaving. Once, years before, after weeks of bright spring weather, this wind had found him out; it had been so bad as to force him to flee from the city like a fugitive. And now it seemed beginning again — the same feverish distaste, the pressure on his temples, the heavy eyelids. It would be a nuisance.

to change again; but if the wind did not turn, this was no place for him. To be on the safe side, he did not entirely unpack. At nine o'clock he went down to the buffet, which lay between the hall and the dining-room and served as breakfast-room.

A solemn stillness reigned here, such as it is the ambition of all large hotels to achieve. The waiters moved on noiseless feet. A rattling of tea-things, a whispered word — and no other sounds. In a corner diagonally to the door, two tables off his own, Aschenbach saw the Polish girls with their governess. They sat there very straight, in their stiff blue linen frocks with little turn-over collars and cuffs, their ash-blond hair newly brushed flat, their eyelids red from sleep; and handed each other the marmalade. They had nearly finished their meal. The boy was not there.

Aschenbach smiled. "Aha, little Phæax," he thought. "It seems you are privileged to sleep yourself out." With sudden gaiety he quoted:

"Oft veränderten Schmuck und warme Bäder und Ruhe."

He took a leisurely breakfast. The porter came up with his braided cap in his hand, to deliver some letters that had been sent on. Aschenbach lighted a cigarette and opened a few letters and thus was still seated to witness the arrival of the sluggard.

He entered through the glass doors and passed diagonally across the room to his sisters at their table. He walked with extraordinary grace — the carriage of the body, the action of the knee, the way he set down his foot in its white shoe — it was all so light, it was at once dainty and proud, it wore an added charm in the childish shyness which made him twice turn his head as he crossed the room, made him give a quick glance and then drop his eyes. He took his seat, with a smile and a murmured word in his soft and blurry tongue; and Aschenbach, sitting so that he could see him in profile, was astonished anew, yes, startled, at the godlike beauty of the human being. The lad had on a light sailor suit of blue and white striped cotton, with a red silk breast-knot and a simple white standing collar round the neck — a not very elegant effect — yet above this collar the head was poised like a flower, in incomparable loveli-

ness. It was the head of Eros, with the yellowish bloom of Parian marble, with fine serious brows, and dusky clustering ringlets standing out in soft plenteousness over temples and ears.

"Good, oh, very good indeed!" thought Aschenbach, assuming the patronizing air of the connoisseur to hide, as artists will, their ravishment over a masterpiece. "Yes," he went on to himself, "if it were not that sea and beach were waiting for me, I should sit here as long as you do." But he went out on that, passing through the hall, beneath the watchful eye of the functionaries, down the steps and directly across the board walk to the section of the beach reserved for the guests of the hotel. The bathing-master, a barefoot old man in linen trousers and sailor blouse, with a straw hat, showed him the cabin that had been rented for him, and Aschenbach had him set up table and chair on the sandy platform before it. Then he dragged the reclining-chair through the pale yellow sand, closer to the sea, sat down, and composed himself.

He delighted, as always, in the scene on the beach, the sight of sophisticated society giving itself over to a simple life at the edge of the element. The shallow grey sea was already gay with children wading, with swimmers, with figures in bright colours lying on the sand-banks with arms behind their heads. Some were rowing in little keelless boats painted red and blue, and laughing when they capsized. A long row of *capanne* ran down the beach, with platforms, where people sat as on verandas, and there was social life, with bustle and with indolent repose; visits were paid, amid much chatter, punctilious morning toilettes hob-nobbed with comfortable and privileged dishabille. On the hard wet sand close to the sea figures in white bath-robés or loose wrappings in garish colours strolled up and down. A mammoth sand-hill had been built up on Aschenbach's right, the work of children, who had stuck it full of tiny flags. Vendors of sea-shells, fruit, and cakes knelt beside their wares spread out on the sand. A row of cabins on the left stood obliquely to the others and to the sea, thus forming the boundary of the enclosure on this side; and on the little veranda in front of one of these a Russian family was encamped; bearded men with strong white teeth, ripe, indolent women, a Fräulein from the Baltic provinces, who sat at an easel painting the sea and tearing her hair in despair; two ugly but good-natured children

and an old maidservant in a head-cloth, with the caressing, servile manner of the born dependent. There they sat together in grateful enjoyment of their blessings: constantly shouting at their romping children, who paid not the slightest heed; making jokes in broken Italian to the funny old man who sold them sweetmeats, kissing each other on the cheeks—no jot concerned that their domesticity was overlooked.

"I'll stop," thought Aschenbach. "Where could it be better than here?" With his hands clasped in his lap he let his eyes swim in the wideness of the sea, his gaze lose focus, blur, and grow vague in the misty immensity of space. His love of the ocean had profound sources: the hard-worked artist's longing for rest, his yearning to seek refuge from the thronging manifold shapes of his fancy in the bosom of the simple and vast; and another yearning, opposed to his art and perhaps for that very reason a lure, for the unorganized, the immeasurable, the eternal—in short, for nothingness. He whose preoccupation is with excellence longs fervently to find rest in perfection; and is not nothingness a form of perfection? As he sat there dreaming thus, deep, deep into the void, suddenly the margin line of the shore was cut by a human form. He gathered up his gaze and withdrew it from the illimitable, and lo, it was the lovely boy who crossed his vision coming from the left along the sand. He was barefoot, ready for wading, the slender legs uncovered above the knee, and moved slowly, yet with such a proud, light tread as to make it seem he had never worn shoes. He looked towards the diagonal row of cabins; and the sight of the Russian family, leading their lives there in joyous simplicity, distorted his features in a spasm of angry disgust. His brow darkened, his lips curled, one corner of the mouth was drawn down in a harsh line that marred the curve of the cheek, his frown was so heavy that the eyes seemed to sink in as they uttered beneath the black and vicious language of hate. He looked down, looked threateningly back once more; then giving it up with a violent and contemptuous shoulder-shrug, he left his enemies in the rear.

A feeling of delicacy, a qualm, almost like a sense of shame, made Aschenbach turn away as though he had not seen; he felt unwilling to take advantage of having been, by chance, privy to this passionate reaction. But he was in truth both

moved and exhilarated — that is to say, he was delighted. This childish exhibition of fanaticism, directed against the good-naturedest simplicity in the world — it gave to the godlike and inexpressive the final human touch. The figure of the half-grown lad, a masterpiece from nature's own hand, had been significant enough when it gratified the eye alone; and now it evoked sympathy as well — the little episode had set it off, lent it a dignity in the onlooker's eyes that was beyond its years.

Aschenbach listened with still averted head to the boy's voice announcing his coming to his companions at the sand-heap. The voice was clear, though a little weak, but they answered, shouting his name — or his nickname — again and again. Aschenbach was not without curiosity to learn it, but could make out nothing more exact than two musical syllables, something like *Adgio* — or, oftener still, *Adjju*, with a long-drawn-out *u* at the end. He liked the melodious sound, and found it fitting; said it over to himself a few times and turned back with satisfaction to his papers.

Holding his travelling-pad on his knees, he took his fountain-pen and began to answer various items of his correspondence. But presently he felt it too great a pity to turn his back, and the eyes of his mind, for the sake of mere commonplace correspondence, to this scene which was, after all, the most rewarding one he knew. He put aside his papers and swung round to the sea; in no long time, beguiled by the voices of the children at play, he had turned his head and sat resting it against the chair-back, while he gave himself up to contemplating the activities of the exquisite *Adgio*.

His eye found him out at once, the red breast-knot was unmistakable. With some nine or ten companions, boys and girls of his own age and younger, he was busy putting in place an old plank to serve as a bridge across the ditches between the sand-piles. He directed the work by shouting and motioning with his head, and they were all chattering in many tongues — French, Polish, and even some of the Balkan languages. But his was the name oftenest on their lips, he was plainly sought after, wooed, admired. One lad in particular, a Pole like himself, with a name that sounded something like *Jaschiu*, a sturdy lad with brilliantined black hair, in a belted linen suit, was his particular liegeman and friend. Operations at the sand-pile being

ended for the time, they two walked away along the beach, with their arms round each other's waists, and once the lad Jaschiu gave Adgio a kiss.

Aschenbach felt like shaking a finger at him. "But you, Critobulus," he thought with a smile, "you I advise to take a year's leave. That long, at least, you will need for complete recovery." A vendor came by with strawberries, and Aschenbach made his second breakfast of the great luscious, dead-ripe fruit. It had grown very warm, although the sun had not availed to pierce the heavy layer of mist. His mind felt relaxed, his senses revelled in this vast and soothing communion with the silence of the sea. The grave and serious man found sufficient occupation in speculating what name it could be that sounded like Adgio. And with the help of a few Polish memories he at length fixed on Tadzio, a shortened form of Thaddeus, which sounded, when called, like Tadziu or Adziu.

Tadzio was bathing. Aschenbach had lost sight of him for a moment, then descried him far out in the water, which was shallow a very long way — saw his head, and his arm striking out like an oar. But his watchful family were already on the alert; the mother and governess called from the veranda in front of their bathing-cabin, until the lad's name, with its softened consonants and long-drawn *u*-sound, seemed to possess the beach like a rallying-cry; the cadence had something sweet and wild: "Tadziu! Tadziu!" He turned and ran back against the water, churning the waves to a foam, his head flung high. The sight of this living figure, virginally pure and austere, with dripping locks, beautiful as a tender young god, emerging from the depths of sea and sky, outrunning the element — it conjured up mythologies, it was like a primeval legend, handed down from the beginning of time, of the birth of form, of the origin of the gods. With closed lids Aschenbach listened to this poesy hymning itself silently within him, and anon he thought it was good to be here and that he would stop awhile.

Afterwards Tadzio lay on the sand and rested from his bathe, wrapped in his white sheet, which he wore drawn underneath the right shoulder, so that his head was cradled on his bare right arm. And even when Aschenbach read, without looking up, he was conscious that the lad was there; that it would cost him but the slightest turn of the head to have the

rewarding vision once more in his purview. Indeed, it was almost as though he sat there to guard the youth's repose; occupied, of course, with his own affairs, yet alive to the presence of that noble human creature close at hand. And his heart was stirred, it felt a father's kindness: such an emotion as the possessor of beauty can inspire in one who has offered himself up in spirit to create beauty.

At midday he left the beach, returned to the hotel, and was carried up in the lift to his room. There he lingered a little time before the glass and looked at his own grey hair, his keen and weary face. And he thought of his fame, and how people gazed respectfully at him in the streets, on account of his unerring gift of words and their power to charm. He called up all the worldly successes his genius had reaped, all he could remember, even his patent of nobility. Then went to luncheon down in the dining-room, sat at his little table and ate. Afterwards he mounted again in the lift, and a group of young folk, Tadzio among them, pressed with him into the little compartment. It was the first time Aschenbach had seen him close at hand, not merely in perspective, and could see and take account of the details of his humanity. Someone spoke to the lad, and he, answering, with indescribably lovely smile, stepped out again, as they had come to the first door, backwards, with his eyes cast down. "Beauty makes people self-conscious," Aschenbach thought, and considered within himself imperatively why this should be. He had noted, further, that Tadzio's teeth were imperfect, rather jagged and bluish, without a healthy glaze, and of that peculiar brittle transparency which the teeth of chlorotic people often show. "He is delicate, he is sickly," Aschenbach thought. "He will most likely not live to grow old." He did not try to account for the pleasure the idea gave him.

In the afternoon he spent two hours in his room, then took the *vaporetto* to Venice, across the foul-smelling lagoon. He got out at San Marco, had his tea in the Piazza, and then, as his custom was, took a walk through the streets. But this walk of his brought about nothing less than a revolution in his mood and an entire change in all his plans.

There was a hateful sultriness in the narrow streets. The air was so heavy that all the manifold smells wafted out of houses, shops, and cook-shops — smells of oil, perfumery, and so forth

— hung low, like exhalations, not dissipating. Cigarette smoke seemed to stand in the air, it drifted so slowly away. Today the crowd in these narrow lanes oppressed the stroller instead of diverting him. The longer he walked, the more was he in tortures under that state, which is the product of the sea air and the sirocco and which excites and enervates at once. He perspired painfully. His eyes rebelled, his chest was heavy, he felt feverish, the blood throbbed in his temples. He fled from the huddled, narrow streets of the commercial city, crossed many bridges, and came into the poor quarter of Venice. Beggars waylaid him, the canals sickened him with their evil exhalations. He reached a quiet square, one of those that exist at the city's heart, forsaken of God and man; there he rested awhile on the margin of a fountain, wiped his brow, and admitted to himself that he must be gone.

For the second time, and now quite definitely, the city proved that in certain weathers it could be directly inimical to his health. Nothing but sheer unreasoning obstinacy would linger on, hoping for an unprophesiable change in the wind. A quick decision was in place. He could not go home at this stage, neither summer nor winter quarters would be ready. But Venice had not a monopoly of sea and shore: there were other spots where these were to be had without the evil concomitants of lagoon and fever-breeding vapours. He remembered a little bathing-place not far from Trieste of which he had had a good report. Why not go thither? At once, of course, in order that this second change might be worth the making. He resolved, he rose to his feet and sought the nearest gondola-landing, where he took a boat and was conveyed to San Marco through the gloomy windings of many canals, beneath balconies of delicate marble traceries flanked by carven lions; round slippery corners of wall, past melancholy façades with ancient business shields reflected in the rocking water. It was not too easy to arrive at his destination, for his gondolier, being in league with various lace-makers and glass-blowers, did his best to persuade his fare to pause, look, and be tempted to buy. Thus the charm of this bizarre passage through the heart of Venice, even while it played upon his spirit, yet was sensibly cooled by the predatory commercial spirit of the fallen queen of the seas.

Once back in his hotel, he announced at the office, even be-

fore dinner, that circumstances unforeseen obliged him to leave early next morning. The management expressed its regret, it changed his money and receipted his bill. He dined, and spent the lukewarm evening in a rocking-chair on the rear terrace, reading the newspapers. Before he went to bed, he made his luggage ready against the morning.

His sleep was not of the best, for the prospect of another journey made him restless. When he opened his window next morning, the sky was still overcast, but the air seemed fresher — and there and then his rue began. Had he not given notice too soon? Had he not let himself be swayed by a slight and momentary indisposition? If he had only been patient, not lost heart so quickly, tried to adapt himself to the climate, or even waited for a change in the weather before deciding! Then, instead of the hurry and flurry of departure, he would have before him now a morning like yesterday's on the beach. Too late! He must go on wanting what he had wanted yesterday. He dressed and at eight o'clock went down to breakfast.

When he entered the breakfast-room it was empty. Guests came in while he sat waiting for his order to be filled. As he sipped his tea he saw the Polish girls enter with their governess, chaste and morning-fresh, with sleep-reddened eyelids. They crossed the room and sat down at their table in the window. Behind them came the porter, cap in hand, to announce that it was time for him to go. The car was waiting to convey him and other travellers to the Hôtel Excelsior, whence they would go by motor-boat through the company's private canal to the station. Time pressed. But Aschenbach found it did nothing of the sort. There still lacked more than an hour of train-time. He felt irritated at the hotel habit of getting the guests out of the house earlier than necessary; and requested the porter to let him breakfast in peace. The man hesitated and withdrew, only to come back again five minutes later. The car could wait no longer. Good, then it might go, and take his trunk with it, Aschenbach answered with some heat. He would use the public conveyance, in his own time; he begged them to leave the choice of it to him. The functionary bowed. Aschenbach, pleased to be rid of him, made a leisurely meal, and even had a newspaper of the waiter. When at length he rose, the time

was grown very short. And it so happened that at that moment Tadzio came through the glass door into the room.

To reach his own table he crossed the traveller's path, and modestly cast down his eyes before the grey-haired man of the lofty brows — only to lift them again in that sweet way he had and direct his full soft gaze upon Aschenbach's face. Then he was past. "For the last time, Tadzio," thought the elder man. "It was all too brief!" Quite unusually for him, he shaped a farewell with his lips, he actually uttered it, and added: "May God bless you!" Then he went out, distributed tips, exchanged farewells with the mild little manager in the frock-coat, and, followed by the porter with his hand-luggage, left the hotel. On foot as he had come, he passed through the white-blossoming avenue, diagonally across the island to the boat-landing. He went on board at once — but the tale of his journey across the lagoon was a tale of woe, a passage through the very valley of regrets.

It was the well-known route: through the lagoon, past San Marco, up the Grand Canal. Aschenbach sat on the circular bench in the bows, with his elbow on the railing, one hand shading his eyes. They passed the Public Gardens, once more the princely charm of the Piazzetta rose up before him and then dropped behind, next came the great row of palaces, the canal curved, and the splendid marble arches of the Rialto came in sight. The traveller gazed — and his bosom was torn. The atmosphere of the city, the faintly rotten scent of swamp and sea, which had driven him to leave — in what deep, tender, almost painful draughts he breathed it in! How was it he had not known, had not thought, how much his heart was set upon it all! What this morning had been slight regret, some little doubt of his own wisdom, turned now to grief, to actual wretchedness, a mental agony so sharp that it repeatedly brought tears to his eyes, while he questioned himself how he could have foreseen it. The hardest part, the part that more than once it seemed he could not bear, was the thought that he should never more see Venice again. Since now for the second time the place had made him ill, since for the second time he had had to flee for his life, he must henceforth regard it as a forbidden spot, to be forever shunned; senseless to try it again, after

he had proved himself unfit. Yes, if he fled it now, he felt that wounded pride must prevent his return to this spot where twice he had made actual bodily surrender. And this conflict between inclination and capacity all at once assumed, in this middle-aged man's mind, immense weight and importance; the physical defeat seemed a shameful thing, to be avoided at whatever cost; and he stood amazed at the ease with which on the day before he had yielded to it.

Meanwhile the steamer neared the station landing; his anguish of irresolution amounted almost to panic. To leave seemed to the sufferer impossible, to remain not less so. Torn thus between two alternatives, he entered the station. It was very late, he had not a moment to lose. Time pressed, it scourged him onward. He hastened to buy his ticket and looked round in the crowd to find the hotel porter. The man appeared and said that the trunk had already gone off. "Gone already?" "Yes, it has gone to Como." "To Como?" A hasty exchange of words — angry questions from Aschenbach, and puzzled replies from the porter — at length made it clear that the trunk had been put with the wrong luggage even before leaving the hotel, and in company with other trunks was now well on its way in precisely the wrong direction.

Aschenbach found it hard to wear the right expression as he heard this news. A reckless joy, a deep incredible mirthfulness shook him almost as with a spasm. The porter dashed off after the lost trunk, returning very soon, of course, to announce that his efforts were unavailing. Aschenbach said he would not travel without his luggage; that he would go back and wait at the Hôtel des Bains until it turned up. Was the company's motor-boat still outside? The man said yes, it was at the door. With his native eloquence he prevailed upon the ticket-agent to take back the ticket already purchased; he swore that he would wire, that no pains should be spared, that the trunk would be restored in the twinkling of an eye. And the unbelievable thing came to pass: the traveller, twenty minutes after he had reached the station, found himself once more on the Grand Canal on his way back to the Lido.

What a strange adventure indeed, this right-about face of destiny — incredible, humiliating, whimsical as any dream! To be passing again, within the hour, these scenes from which in

profoundest grief he had but now taken leave forever! The little swift-moving vessel, a furrow of foam at its prow, tacking with droll agility between steamboats and gondolas, went like a shot to its goal; and he, its sole passenger, sat hiding the panic and thrills of a truant schoolboy beneath a mask of forced resignation. His breast still heaved from time to time with a burst of laughter over the contretemps. Things could not, he told himself, have fallen out more luckily. There would be the necessary explanations, a few astonished faces — then all would be well once more, a mischance prevented, a grievous error set right; and all he had thought to have left forever was his own once more, his for as long as he liked. . . . And did the boat's swift motion deceive him, or was the wind now coming from the sea?

The waves struck against the tiled sides of the narrow canal. At Hôtel Excelsior the automobile omnibus awaited the returned traveller and bore him along by the crisping waves back to the Hôtel des Bains. The little mustachioed manager in the frock-coat came down the steps to greet him.

In dulcet tones he deplored the mistake, said how painful it was to the management and himself; applauded Aschenbach's resolve to stop on until the errant trunk came back; his former room, alas, was already taken, but another as good awaited his approval. "*Pas de chance, monsieur,*" said the Swiss lift-porter, with a smile, as he conveyed him upstairs. And the fugitive was soon quartered in another room which in situation and furnishings almost precisely resembled the first.

He laid out the contents of his hand-bag in their wonted places; then, tired out, dazed by the whirl of the extraordinary forenoon, subsided into the arm-chair by the open window. The sea wore a pale-green cast, the air felt thinner and purer, the beach with its cabins and boats had more colour, notwithstanding the sky was still grey. Aschenbach, his hands folded in his lap, looked out. He felt rejoiced to be back, yet displeased with his vacillating moods, his ignorance of his own real desires. Thus for nearly an hour he sat, dreaming, resting, barely thinking. At midday he saw Tadzio, in his striped sailor suit with red breast-knot, coming up from the sea, across the barrier and along the board walk to the hotel. Aschenbach recognized him, even at this height, knew it was he before he actually saw

him, had it in mind to say to himself: "Well, Tadzio, so here you are again too!" But the casual greeting died away before it reached his lips, slain by the truth in his heart. He felt the rapture of his blood, the poignant pleasure, and realized that it was for Tadzio's sake the leavetaking had been so hard.

He sat quite still, unseen at his high post, and looked within himself. His features were lively, he lifted his brows; a smile, alert, inquiring, vivid, widened the mouth. Then he raised his head, and with both hands, hanging limp over the chair-arms, he described a slow motion, palms outward, a lifting and turning movement, as though to indicate a wide embrace. It was a gesture of welcome, a calm and deliberate acceptance of what might come.

Now daily the naked god with cheeks aflame drove his four fire-breathing steeds through heaven's spaces; and with him streamed the strong east wind that fluttered his yellow locks. A sheen, like white satin, lay over all the idly rolling sea's expanse. The sand was burning hot. Awnings of rust-coloured canvas were spanned before the bathing-huts, under the ether's quivering silver-blue; one spent the morning hours within the small, sharp square of shadow they purveyed. But evening too was rarely lovely: balsamic with the breath of flowers and shrubs from the near-by park, while overhead the constellations circled in their spheres, and the murmuring of the night-girted sea swelled softly up and whispered to the soul. Such nights as these contained the joyful promise of a sunlit morrow, brim-full of sweetly ordered idleness, studded thick with countless precious possibilities.

The guest detained here by so happy a mischance was far from finding the return of his luggage a ground for setting out anew. For two days he had suffered slight inconvenience and had to dine in the large salon in his travelling-clothes. Then the lost trunk was set down in his room, and he hastened to unpack, filling presses and drawers with his possessions. He meant to stay on — and on; he rejoiced in the prospect of wearing a silk suit for the hot morning hours on the beach and appearing in acceptable evening dress at dinner.

He was quick to fall in with the pleasing monotony of this manner of life, readily enchanted by its mild soft brilliance and

ease. And what a spot it is, indeed! — uniting the charms of a luxurious bathing-resort by a southern sea with the immediate nearness of a unique and marvellous city. Aschenbach was not pleasure-loving. Always, wherever and whenever it was the order of the day to be merry, to refrain from labour and make glad the heart, he would soon be conscious of the imperative summons — and especially was this so in his youth — back to the high fatigues, the sacred and fasting service that consumed his days. This spot and this alone had power to beguile him, to relax his resolution, to make him glad. At times — of a forenoon perhaps, as he lay in the shadow of his awning, gazing out dreamily over the blue of the southern sea, or in the mildness of the night, beneath the wide starry sky, ensconced among the cushions of the gondola that bore him Lido-wards after an evening on the Piazza, while the gay lights faded and the melting music of the serenades died away on his ear — he would think of his mountain home, the theatre of his summer labours. There clouds hung low and trailed through the garden, violent storms extinguished the lights of the house at night, and the ravens he fed swung in the tops of the fir trees. And he would feel transported to Elysium, to the ends of the earth, to a spot most carefree for the sons of men, where no snow is, and no winter, no storms or downpours of rain; where Oceanus sends a mild and cooling breath, and days flow on in blissful idleness, without effort or struggle, entirely dedicate to the sun and the feasts of the sun.

Aschenbach saw the boy Tadzio almost constantly. The narrow confines of their world of hotel and beach, the daily round followed by all alike, brought him in close, almost uninterrupted touch with the beautiful lad. He encountered him everywhere — in the salons of the hotel, on the cooling rides to the city and back, among the splendours of the Piazza, and besides all this in many another going and coming as chance vouchsafed. But it was the regular morning hours on the beach which gave him his happiest opportunity to study and admire the lovely apparition. Yes, this immediate happiness, this daily recurring boon at the hand of circumstance, this it was that filled him with content, with joy in life, enriched his stay, and lingered out the row of sunny days that fell into place so pleasantly one behind the other.

He rose early — as early as though he had a panting press of work — and was among the first on the beach, when the sun was still benign and the sea lay dazzling white in its morning slumber. He gave the watchman a friendly good-morning and chatted with the barefoot, white-haired old man who prepared his place, spread the awning, trundled out the chair and table onto the little platform. Then he settled down; he had three or four hours before the sun reached its height and the fearful climax of its power; three or four hours while the sea went deeper and deeper blue; three or four hours in which to watch Tadzio.

He would see him come up, on the left, along the margin of the sea; or from behind, between the cabins; or, with a start of joyful surprise, would discover that he himself was late, and Tadzio already down, in the blue and white bathing-suit that was now his only wear on the beach; there and engrossed in his usual activities in the sand, beneath the sun. It was a sweetly idle, trifling, fitful life, of play and rest, of strolling, wading, digging, fishing, swimming, lying on the sand. Often the women sitting on the platform would call out to him in their high voices: "Tadziu! Tadziu!" and he would come running and waving his arms, eager to tell them what he had done, show them what he had found, what caught — shells, sea-horses, jelly-fish, and sideways-running crabs. Aschenbach understood not a word he said; it might be the sheerest commonplace, in his ear it became mingled harmonies. Thus the lad's foreign birth raised his speech to music; a wanton sun showered splendour on him, and the noble distances of the sea formed the background which set off his figure.

Soon the observer knew every line and pose of this form that limned itself so freely against sea and sky; its every loveliness, though conned by heart, yet thrilled him each day afresh; his admiration knew no bounds, the delight of his eye was unending. Once the lad was summoned to speak to a guest who was waiting for his mother at their cabin. He ran up, ran dripping wet out of the sea, tossing his curls, and put out his hand, standing with his weight on one leg, resting the other foot on the toes; as he stood there in a posture of suspense the turn of his body was enchanting, while his features wore a look half shamefaced, half conscious of the duty breeding laid upon him

to please. Or he would lie at full length, with his bath-robe around him, one slender young arm resting on the sand, his chin in the hollow of his hand; the lad they called Jaschius squatting beside him, paying him court. There could be nothing lovelier on earth than the smile and look with which the playmate thus singled out rewarded his humble friend and vassal. Again, he might be at the water's edge, alone, removed from his family, quite close to Aschenbach; standing erect, his hands clasped at the back of his neck, rocking slowly on the balls of his feet, day-dreaming away into blue space, while little waves ran up and bathed his toes. The ringlets of honey-coloured hair clung to his temples and neck, the fine down along the upper vertebræ was yellow in the sunlight; the thin envelope of flesh covering the torso betrayed the delicate outlines of the ribs and the symmetry of the breast-structure. His armpits were still as smooth as a statue's, smooth the glistening hollows behind the knees, where the blue network of veins suggested that the body was formed of some stuff more transparent than mere flesh. What discipline, what precision of thought were expressed by the tense youthful perfection of this form! And yet the pure, strong will which had laboured in darkness and succeeded in bringing this godlike work of art to the light of day — was it not known and familiar to him, the artist? Was not the same force at work in himself when he strove in cold fury to liberate from the marble mass of language the slender forms of his art which he saw with the eye of his mind and would body forth to men as the mirror and image of spiritual beauty?

Mirror and image! His eyes took in the proud bearing of that figure there at the blue water's edge; with an outburst of rapture he told himself that what he saw was beauty's very essence; form as divine thought, the single and pure perfection which resides in the mind, of which an image and likeness, rare and holy, was here raised up for adoration. This was very frenzy — and without a scruple, nay, eagerly, the aging artist bade it come. His mind was in travail, his whole mental background in a state of flux. Memory flung up in him the primitive thoughts which are youth's inheritance, but which with him had remained latent, never leaping up into a blaze. Has it not been written that the sun beguiles our attention from things of the intellect to fix it on things of the sense? The sun, they say,

dazzles; so bewitching reason and memory that the soul for very pleasure forgets its actual state, to cling with doting on the loveliest of all the objects she shines on. Yes, and then it is only through the medium of some corporeal being that it can raise itself again to contemplation of higher things. Amor, in sooth, is like the mathematician who in order to give children a knowledge of pure form must do so in the language of pictures; so, too, the god, in order to make visible the spirit, avails himself of the forms and colours of human youth, gilding it with all imaginable beauty that it may serve memory as a tool, the very sight of which then sets us afire with pain and longing.

Such were the devotee's thoughts, such the power of his emotions. And the sea, so bright with glancing sunbeams, wove in his mind a spell and summoned up a lovely picture: there was the ancient plane-tree outside the walls of Athens, a hallowed, shady spot, fragrant with willow-blossom and adorned with images and votive offerings in honour of the nymphs and Achelous. Clear ran the smooth-pebbled stream at the foot of the spreading tree. Crickets were fiddling. But on the gentle grassy slope, where one could lie yet hold the head erect, and shelter from the scorching heat, two men reclined, an elder with a younger, ugliness paired with beauty and wisdom with grace. Here Socrates held forth to youthful Phædrus upon the nature of virtue and desire, wooing him with insinuating wit and charming turns of phrase. He told him of the shuddering and unwonted heat that come upon him whose heart is open, when his eye beholds an image of eternal beauty; spoke of the impious and corrupt, who cannot conceive beauty though they see its image, and are incapable of awe; and of the fear and reverence felt by the noble soul when he beholds a godlike face or a form which is a good image of beauty: how as he gazes he worships the beautiful one and scarcely dares to look upon him, but would offer sacrifice as to an idol or a god, did he not fear to be thought stark mad. "For beauty, my Phædrus, beauty alone, is lovely and visible at once. For, mark you, it is the sole aspect of the spiritual which we can perceive through our senses, or bear so to perceive. Else what should become of us, if the divine, if reason and virtue and truth, were to speak to us through the senses? Should we not perish and be consumed by love, as Semele aforetime was by Zeus? So beauty, then, is

the beauty-lover's way to the spirit — but only the way, only the means, my little Phædrus." . . . And then, sly arch-lover that he was, he said the subtlest thing of all: that the lover was nearer the divine than the beloved; for the god was in the one but not in the other — perhaps the tenderest, most mocking thought that ever was thought, and source of all the guile and secret bliss the lover knows.

Thought that can merge wholly into feeling, feeling that can merge wholly into thought — these are the artist's highest joy. And our solitary felt in himself at this moment power to command and wield a thought that thrilled with emotion, an emotion as precise and concentrated as thought: namely, that nature herself shivers with ecstasy when the mind bows down in homage before beauty. He felt a sudden desire to write. Eros, indeed, we are told, loves idleness, and for idle hours alone was he created. But in this crisis the violence of our sufferer's seizure was directed almost wholly towards production, its occasion almost a matter of indifference. News had reached him on his travels that a certain problem had been raised, the intellectual world challenged for its opinion on a great and burning question of art and taste. By nature and experience the theme was his own; and he could not resist the temptation to set it off in the glistening foil of his words. He would write, and moreover he would write in Tadzio's presence. This lad should be in a sense his model, his style should follow the lines of this figure that seemed to him divine; he would snatch up this beauty into the realms of the mind, as once the eagle bore the Trojan shepherd aloft. Never had the pride of the word been so sweet to him, never had he known so well that Eros is in the word, as in those perilous and precious hours when he sat at his rude table, within the shade of his awning, his idol full in his view and the music of his voice in his ears, and fashioned his little essay after the model Tadzio's beauty set: that page and a half of choicest prose, so chaste, so lofty, so poignant with feeling, which would shortly be the wonder and admiration of the multitude. Verily it is well for the world that it sees only the beauty of the completed work and not its origins nor the conditions whence it sprang; since knowledge of the artist's inspiration might often but confuse and alarm and so prevent the full effect of its excellence. Strange hours, indeed, these were, and

strangely unnerving the labour that filled them! Strangely fruitful intercourse this, between one body and another mind! When Aschenbach put aside his work and left the beach he felt exhausted, he felt broken — conscience reproached him, as it were after a debauch.

Next morning on leaving the hotel he stood at the top of the stairs leading down from the terrace and saw Tazio in front of him on his way to the beach. The lad had just reached the gate in the railings, and he was alone. Aschenbach felt, quite simply, a wish to overtake him, to address him and have the pleasure of his reply and answering look; to put upon a blithe and friendly footing his relation with this being who all unconsciously had so greatly heightened and quickened his emotions. The lovely youth moved at a loitering pace — he might easily be overtaken; and Aschenbach hastened his own step. He reached him on the board walk that ran behind the bathing-cabins, and all but put out his hand to lay it on shoulder or head, while his lips parted to utter a friendly salutation in French. But — perhaps from the swift pace of his last few steps — he found his heart throbbing unpleasantly fast, while his breath came in such quick pants that he could only have gasped had he tried to speak. He hesitated, sought after self-control, was suddenly panic-stricken lest the boy notice him hanging there behind him and look round. Then he gave up, abandoned his plan, and passed him with bent head and hurried step.

“Too late! Too late!” he thought as he went by. But was it too late? This step he had delayed to take might so easily have put everything in a lighter key, have led to a sane recovery from his folly. But the truth may have been that the aging man did not want to be cured, that his illusion was far too dear to him. Who shall unriddle the puzzle of the artist nature? Who understands that mingling of discipline and licence in which it stands so deeply rooted? For not to be able to want sobriety is licentious folly. Aschenbach was no longer disposed to self-analysis. He had no taste for it; his self-esteem, the attitude of mind proper to his years, his maturity and single-mindedness, disinclined him to look within himself and decide whether it was constraint or puerile sensuality that had prevented him from carrying out his project. He felt confused, he was afraid

someone, if only the watchman, might have been observing his behaviour and final surrender — very much he feared being ridiculous. And all the time he was laughing at himself for his serio-comic seizure. "Quite crestfallen," he thought. "I was like the gamecock that lets his wings droop in the battle. That must be the Love-God himself, that makes us hang our heads at sight of beauty and weighs our proud spirits low as the ground." Thus he played with the idea — he embroidered upon it, and was too arrogant to admit fear of an emotion.

The term he had set for his holiday passed by unheeded; he had no thought of going home. Ample funds had been sent him. His sole concern was that the Polish family might leave, and a chance question put to the hotel barber elicited the information that they had come only very shortly before himself. The sun browned his face and hands, the invigorating salty air heightened his emotional energies. Heretofore he had been wont to give out at once, in some new effort, the powers accumulated by sleep or food or outdoor air; but now the strength that flowed in upon him with each day of sun and sea and idleness he let go up in one extravagant gush of emotional intoxication.

His sleep was fitful; the priceless, equable days were divided one from the next by brief nights filled with happy unrest. He went, indeed, early to bed, for at nine o'clock, with the departure of Tadzio from the scene, the day was over for him. But in the faint greyness of the morning a tender pang would go through him as his heart was minded of its adventure; he could no longer bear his pillow and, rising, would wrap himself against the early chill and sit down by the window to await the sunrise. Awe of the miracle filled his soul new-risen from its sleep. Heaven, earth, and its waters yet lay enfolded in the ghostly, glassy pallor of dawn; one paling star still swam in the shadowy vast. But there came a breath, a winged word from far and inaccessible abodes, that Eos was rising from the side of her spouse; and there was that first sweet reddening of the farthest strip of sea and sky that manifests creation to man's sense. She neared, the goddess, ravisher of youth, who stole away Cleitos and Cephalus and, defying all the envious Olympians, tasted beautiful Orion's love. At the world's edge began a strewing of roses, a shining and a blooming ineffably pure;

baby cloudlets hung illumined, like attendant amoretti, in the blue and blushful haze; purple effulgence fell upon the sea, that seemed to heave it forward on its welling waves; from horizon to zenith went great quivering thrusts like golden lances, the gleam became a glare; without a sound, with godlike violence, glow and glare and rolling flames streamed upwards, and with flying hoof-beats the steeds of the sun-god mounted the sky. The lonely watcher sat, the splendour of the god shone on him, he closed his eyes and let the glory kiss his lids. Forgotten feelings, precious pangs of his youth, quenched long since by the stern service that had been his life and now returned so strangely metamorphosed—he recognized them with a puzzled, wondering smile. He mused, he dreamed, his lips slowly shaped a name; still smiling, his face turned seawards and his hands lying folded in his lap, he fell asleep once more as he sat.

But that day, which began so fierily and festally, was not like other days; it was transmuted and gilded with mythical significance. For whence could come the breath, so mild and meaningful, like a whisper from higher spheres, that played about temple and ear? Troops of small feathery white clouds ranged over the sky, like grazing herds of the gods. A stronger wind arose, and Poseidon's horses ran up, arching their manes, among them too the steers of him with the purpled locks, who lowered their horns and bellowed as they came on; while like prancing goats the waves on the farther strand leaped among the craggy rocks. It was a world possessed, peopled by Pan, that closed round the spellbound man, and his doting heart conceived the most delicate fancies. When the sun was going down behind Venice, he would sometimes sit on a bench in the park and watch Tazio, white-clad, with gay-coloured sash, at play there on the rolled gravel with his ball; and at such times it was not Tazio whom he saw, but Hyacinthus, doomed to die because two gods were rivals for his love. Ah, yes, he tasted the envious pangs that Zephyr knew when his rival, bow and cithara, oracle and all forgot, played with the beauteous youth; he watched the discus, guided by torturing jealousy, strike the beloved head; paled as he received the broken body in his arms, and saw the flower spring up, watered by that sweet blood and signed forevermore with his lament.

There can be no relation more strange, more critical, than

that between two beings who know each other only with their eyes, who meet daily, yes, even hourly, eye each other with a fixed regard, and yet by some whim or freak of convention feel constrained to act like strangers. Uneasiness rules between them, unslaked curiosity, a hysterical desire to give rein to their suppressed impulse to recognize and address each other; even, actually, a sort of strained but mutual regard. For one human being instinctively feels respect and love for another human being so long as he does not know him well enough to judge him; and that he does not, the craving he feels is evidence.

Some sort of relation and acquaintanceship was perforce set up between Aschenbach and the youthful Tadzio; it was with a thrill of joy the older man perceived that the lad was not entirely unresponsive to all the tender notice lavished on him. For instance, what should move the lovely youth, nowadays when he descended to the beach, always to avoid the board walk behind the bathing-huts and saunter along the sand, passing Aschenbach's tent in front, sometimes so unnecessarily close as almost to graze his table or chair? Could the power of an emotion so beyond his own so draw, so fascinate its innocent object? Daily Aschenbach would wait for Tadzio. Then sometimes, on his approach, he would pretend to be preoccupied and let the charmer pass unregarded by. But sometimes he looked up, and their glances met; when that happened both were profoundly serious. The elder's dignified and cultured mien let nothing appear of his inward state; but in Tadzio's eyes a question lay—he faltered in his step, gazed on the ground, then up again with that ineffably sweet look he had; and when he was past, something in his bearing seemed to say that only good breeding hindered him from turning round.

But once, one evening, it fell out differently. The Polish brother and sisters, with their governess, had missed the evening meal, and Aschenbach had noted the fact with concern. He was restive over their absence, and after dinner walked up and down in front of the hotel, in evening dress and a straw hat; when suddenly he saw the nunlike sisters with their companion appear in the light of the arc-lamps, and four paces behind them Tadzio. Evidently they came from the steamer-landing, having dined for some reason in Venice. It had been chilly on the lagoon, for Tadzio wore a dark-blue reefer-jacket with

gilt buttons, and a cap to match. Sun and sea air could not burn his skin, it was the same creamy marble hue as at first — though he did look a little pale, either from the cold or in the bluish moonlight of the arc-lamps. The shapely brows were so delicately drawn, the eyes so deeply dark — lovelier he was than words could say, and as often the thought visited Aschenbach, and brought its own pang, that language could but extol, not reproduce, the beauties of the sense.

The sight of that dear form was unexpected, it had appeared un hoped-for, without giving him time to compose his features. Joy, surprise, and admiration might have painted themselves quite openly upon his face — and just at this second it happened that Tadzio smiled. Smiled at Aschenbach, unabashed and friendly, a speaking, winning, captivating smile, with slowly parting lips. With such a smile it might be that Narcissus bent over the mirroring pool, a smile profound, infatuated, lingering, as he put out his arms to the reflection of his own beauty; the lips just slightly pursed, perhaps half-realizing his own folly in trying to kiss the cold lips of his shadow — with a mingling of coquetry and curiosity and a faint unease, entralling and enthralled.

Aschenbach received that smile and turned away with it as though entrusted with a fatal gift. So shaken was he that he had to flee from the lighted terrace and front gardens and seek out with hurried steps the darkness of the park at the rear. Reproaches strangely mixed of tenderness and remonstrance burst from him: "How dare you smile like that! No one is allowed to smile like that!" He flung himself on a bench, his composure gone to the winds, and breathed in the nocturnal fragrance of the garden. He leaned back, with hanging arms, quivering from head to foot, and quite unmanned he whispered the hackneyed phrase of love and longing — impossible in these circumstances, absurd, abject, ridiculous enough, yet sacred too, and not unworthy of honour even here: "I love you!"

In the fourth week of his stay on the Lido, Gustave von Aschenbach made certain singular observations touching the world about him. He noticed, in the first place, that though the season was approaching its height, yet the number of guests declined and, in particular, that the German tongue had suffered

a rout, being scarcely or never heard in the land. At table and on the beach he caught nothing but foreign words. One day at the barber's — where he was now a frequent visitor — he heard something rather startling. The barber mentioned a German family who had just left the Lido after a brief stay, and rattled on in his obsequious way: "The signore is not leaving — he has no fear of the sickness, has he?" Aschenbach looked at him. "The sickness?" he repeated. Whereat the prattler fell silent, became very busy all at once, affected not to hear. When Aschenbach persisted he said he really knew nothing at all about it, and tried in a fresh burst of eloquence to drown the embarrassing subject.

That was one forenoon. After luncheon Aschenbach had himself ferried across to Venice, in a dead calm, under a burning sun; driven by his mania, he was following the Polish young folk, whom he had seen with their companion, taking the way to the landing-stage. He did not find his idol on the Piazza. But as he sat there at tea, at a little round table on the shady side, suddenly he noticed a peculiar odour, which, it seemed to him now, had been in the air for days without his being aware: a sweetish, medicinal smell, associated with wounds and disease and suspect cleanliness. He sniffed and pondered and at length recognized it; finished his tea and left the square at the end facing the cathedral. In the narrow space the stench grew stronger. At the street corners placards were stuck up, in which the city authorities warned the population against the danger of certain infections of the gastric system, prevalent during the heated season; advising them not to eat oysters or other shell-fish and not to use the canal waters. The ordinance showed every sign of minimizing an existing situation. Little groups of people stood about silently in the squares and on the bridges; the traveller moved among them, watched and listened and thought.

He spoke to a shopkeeper lounging at his door among dangling coral necklaces and trinkets of artificial amethyst, and asked him about the disagreeable odour. The man looked at him, heavy-eyed, and hastily pulled himself together. "Just a formal precaution, signore," he said, with a gesture. "A police regulation we have to put up with. The air is sultry — the sirocco is not wholesome, as the signore knows. Just a precau-

tionary measure, you understand — probably unnecessary. . . .” Aschenbach thanked him and passed on. And on the boat that bore him back to the Lido he smelt the germicide again.

On reaching his hotel he sought the table in the lobby and buried himself in the newspapers. The foreign-language sheets had nothing. But in the German papers certain rumours were mentioned, statistics given, then officially denied, then the good faith of the denials called in question. The departure of the German and Austrian contingent was thus made plain. As for other nationals, they knew or suspected nothing — they were still undisturbed. Aschenbach tossed the newspapers back on the table. “It ought to be kept quiet,” he thought, aroused. “It should not be talked about.” And he felt in his heart a curious elation at these events impending in the world about him. Passion is like crime: it does not thrive on the established order and the common round; it welcomes every blow dealt the bourgeois structure, every weakening of the social fabric, because therein it feels a sure hope of its own advantage. These things that were going on in the unclean alleys of Venice, under cover of an official hushing-up policy — they gave Aschenbach a dark satisfaction. The city’s evil secret mingled with the one in the depths of his heart — and he would have staked all he possessed to keep it, since in his infatuation he cared for nothing but to keep Tadzio here, and owned to himself, not without horror, that he could not exist were the lad to pass from his sight.

He was no longer satisfied to owe his communion with his charmer to chance and the routine of hotel life; he had begun to follow and waylay him. On Sundays, for example, the Polish family never appeared on the beach. Aschenbach guessed they went to mass at San Marco and pursued them thither. He passed from the glare of the Piazza into the golden twilight of the holy place and found him he sought bowed in worship over a prie-dieu. He kept in the background, standing on the fissured mosaic pavement among the devout populace, that knelt and muttered and made the sign of the cross; and the crowded splendour of the oriental temple weighed voluptuously on his sense. A heavily ornate priest intoned and gesticulated before the altar, where little candle-flames flickered helplessly in the reek of incense-breathing smoke; and with that cloying sacrifi-

cial smell another seemed to mingle—the odour of the sickened city. But through all the glamour and glitter Aschenbach saw the exquisite creature there in front turn his head, seek out and meet his lover's eye.

The crowd streamed out through the portals into the brilliant square thick with fluttering doves, and the fond fool stood aside in the vestibule on the watch. He saw the Polish family leave the church. The children took ceremonial leave of their mother, and she turned towards the Piazzetta on her way home, while his charmer and the cloistered sisters, with their governess, passed beneath the clock tower into the Merceria. When they were a few paces on, he followed—he stole behind them on their walk through the city. When they paused, he did so too; when they turned round, he fled into inns and courtyards to let them pass. Once he lost them from view, hunted feverishly over bridges and in filthy *culs-de-sac*, only to confront them suddenly in a narrow passage whence there was no escape, and experience a moment of panic fear. Yet it would be untrue to say he suffered. Mind and heart were drunk with passion, his footsteps guided by the dæmonic power whose pastime it is to trample on human reason and dignity.

Tadzio and his sisters at length took a gondola. Aschenbach hid behind a portico or fountain while they embarked, and directly they pushed off did the same. In a furtive whisper he told the boatman he would tip him well to follow at a little distance the other gondola, just rounding a corner, and fairly sickened at the man's quick, sly grasp and ready acceptance of the go-between's rôle.

Leaning back among soft, black cushions he swayed gently in the wake of the other black-snouted bark, to which the strength of his passion chained him. Sometimes it passed from his view, and then he was assailed by an anguish of unrest. But his guide appeared to have long practice in affairs like these; always, by dint of short cuts or deft manœuvres, he contrived to overtake the coveted sight. The air was heavy and foul, the sun burnt down through a slate-coloured haze. Water slapped gurgling against wood and stone. The gondolier's cry, half warning, half salute, was answered with singular accord from far within the silence of the labyrinth. They passed little gardens, high up the crumbling wall, hung with clustering white and purple flow-

ers that sent down an odour of almonds. Moorish lattices showed shadowy in the gloom. The marble steps of a church descended into the canal, and on them a beggar squatted, displaying his misery to view, showing the whites of his eyes, holding out his hat for alms. Farther on a dealer in antiquities cringed before his lair, inviting the passer-by to enter and be duped. Yes, this was Venice, this the fair frailty that fawned and that betrayed, half fairy-tale, half snare; the city in whose stagnating air the art of painting once put forth so lusty a growth, and where musicians were moved to accords so weirdly lulling and lascivious. Our adventurer felt his senses wooed by this voluptuousness of sight and sound, tasted his secret knowledge that the city sickened and hid its sickness for love of gain, and bent an ever more unbridled leer on the gondola that glided on before him.

It came at last to this — that his frenzy left him capacity for nothing else but to pursue his flame; to dream of him absent, to lavish, loverlike, endearing terms on his mere shadow. He was alone, he was a foreigner, he was sunk deep in this belated bliss of his — all which enabled him to pass unblushing through experiences well-nigh unbelievable. One night, returning late from Venice, he paused by his beloved's chamber door in the second storey, leaned his head against the panel, and remained there long, in utter drunkenness, powerless to tear himself away, blind to the danger of being caught in so mad an attitude.

And yet there were not wholly lacking moments when he paused and reflected, when in consternation he asked himself what path was this on which he had set his foot. Like most other men of parts and attainments, he had an aristocratic interest in his forebears, and when he achieved a success he liked to think he had gratified them, compelled their admiration and regard. He thought of them now, involved as he was in this illicit adventure, seized of these exotic excesses of feeling; thought of their stern self-command and decent manliness, and gave a melancholy smile. What would they have said? What, indeed, would they have said to his entire life, that varied to the point of degeneracy from theirs? This life in the bonds of art, had not he himself, in the days of his youth and in the very spirit of those bourgeois forefathers, pronounced mocking judg-

ment upon it? And yet, at bottom, it had been so like their own! It had been a service, and he a soldier, like some of them; and art was war — a grilling, exhausting struggle that nowadays wore one out before one could grow old. It had been a life of self-conquest, a life against odds, dour, steadfast, abstinent; he had made it symbolical of the kind of overstrained heroism the time admired, and he was entitled to call it manly, even courageous. He wondered if such a life might not be somehow specially pleasing in the eyes of the god who had him in his power. For Eros had received most countenance among the most valiant nations — yes, were we not told that in their cities prowess made him flourish exceedingly? And many heroes of olden time had willingly borne his yoke, not counting any humiliation such if it happened by the god's decree; vows, prostrations, self-abasements, these were no source of shame to the lover; rather they reaped him praise and honour.

Thus did the fond man's folly condition his thoughts; thus did he seek to hold his dignity upright in his own eyes. And all the while he kept doggedly on the traces of the disreputable secret the city kept hidden at its heart, just as he kept his own — and all that he learned fed his passion with vague, lawless hopes. He turned over newspapers at cafés, bent on finding a report on the progress of the disease; and in the German sheets, which had ceased to appear on the hotel table, he found a series of contradictory statements. The deaths, it was variously asserted, ran to twenty, to forty, to a hundred or more; yet in the next day's issue the existence of the pestilence was, if not roundly denied, reported as a matter of a few sporadic cases such as might be brought into a seaport town. After that the warnings would break out again, and the protests against the unscrupulous game the authorities were playing. No definite information was to be had.

And yet our solitary felt he had a sort of first claim on a share in the unwholesome secret; he took a fantastic satisfaction in putting leading questions to such persons as were interested to conceal it, and forcing them to explicit untruths by way of denial. One day he attacked the manager, that small, soft-stepping man in the French frock-coat, who was moving about among the guests at luncheon, supervising the service and making himself socially agreeable. He paused at Aschenbach's

table to exchange a greeting, and the guest put a question, with a negligent, casual air: "Why in the world are they forever disinfecting the city of Venice?" "A police regulation," the adroit one replied; "a precautionary measure, intended to protect the health of the public during this unseasonably warm and sultry weather." "Very praiseworthy of the police," Aschenbach gravely responded. After a further exchange of meteorological commonplaces the manager passed on.

It happened that a band of street musicians came to perform in the hotel gardens that evening after dinner. They grouped themselves beneath an iron stanchion supporting an arc-light, two women and two men, and turned their faces, that shone white in the glare, up towards the guests who sat on the hotel terrace enjoying this popular entertainment along with their coffee and iced drinks. The hotel lift-boys, waiters, and office staff stood in the doorway and listened; the Russian family displayed the usual Russian absorption in their enjoyment—they had their chairs put down into the garden to be nearer the singers and sat there in a half-circle with gratitude painted on their features, the old serf in her turban erect behind their chairs.

These strolling players were adepts at mandolin, guitar, harmonica, even compassing a reedy violin. Vocal numbers alternated with instrumental, the younger woman, who had a high shrill voice, joining in a love-duet with the sweetly falsettoing tenor. The actual head of the company, however, and incontestably its most gifted member, was the other man, who played the guitar. He was a sort of baritone buffo; with no voice to speak of, but possessed of a pantomimic gift and remarkable burlesque *élan*. Often he stepped out of the group and advanced towards the terrace, guitar in hand, and his audience rewarded his sallies with bursts of laughter. The Russians in their parterre seats were beside themselves with delight over this display of southern vivacity; their shouts and screams of applause encouraged him to bolder and bolder flights.

Aschenbach sat near the balustrade, a glass of pomegranate-juice and soda-water sparkling ruby-red before him, with which he now and then moistened his lips. His nerves drank in thirstily the unlovely sounds, the vulgar and sentimental tunes, for passion paralyses good taste and makes its victim accept with rapture what a man in his senses would either laugh at or turn

from with disgust. Idly he sat and watched the antics of the buffoon with his face set in a fixed and painful smile, while inwardly his whole being was rigid with the intensity of the regard he bent on Tadzio, leaning over the railing six paces off.

He lounged there, in the white belted suit he sometimes wore at dinner, in all his innate, inevitable grace, with his left arm on the balustrade, his legs crossed, the right hand on the supporting hip; and looked down on the strolling singers with an expression that was hardly a smile, but rather a distant curiosity and polite toleration. Now and then he straightened himself and with a charming movement of both arms drew down his white blouse through his leather belt, throwing out his chest. And sometimes — Aschenbach saw it with triumph, with horror, and a sense that his reason was tottering — the lad would cast a glance, that might be slow and cautious, or might be sudden and swift, as though to take him by surprise, to the place where his lover sat. Aschenbach did not meet the glance. An ignoble caution made him keep his eyes in leash. For in the rear of the terrace sat Tadzio's mother and governess; and matters had gone so far that he feared to make himself conspicuous. Several times, on the beach, in the hotel lobby, on the Piazza, he had seen, with a stealing numbness, that they called Tadzio away from his neighbourhood. And his pride revolted at the affront, even while conscience told him it was deserved.

The performer below presently began a solo, with guitar accompaniment, a street song in several stanzas, just then the rage all over Italy. He delivered it in a striking and dramatic recitative, and his company joined in the refrain. He was a man of slight build, with a thin, undernourished face; his shabby felt hat rested on the back of his neck, a great mop of red hair sticking out in front; and he stood there on the gravel in advance of his troupe, in an impudent, swaggering posture, twanging the strings of his instrument and flinging a witty and rollicking recitative up to the terrace, while the veins on his forehead swelled with the violence of his effort. He was scarcely a Venetian type, belonging rather to the race of Neapolitan jesters, half bully, half comedian, brutal, blustering, an unpleasant customer, and entertaining to the last degree. The words of his song were trivial and silly, but on his lips, accompanied with gestures of head, hands, arms, and body, with leers and

winks and the loose play of the tongue in the corner of his mouth, they took on meaning; an equivocal meaning, yet vaguely offensive. He wore a white sports shirt with a suit of ordinary clothes, and a strikingly large and naked-looking Adam's apple rose out of the open collar. From that pale, snub-nosed face it was hard to judge of his age; vice sat on it, it was furrowed with grimacing, and two deep wrinkles of defiance and self-will, almost of desperation, stood oddly between the red brows, above the grinning, mobile mouth. But what more than all drew upon him the profound scrutiny of our solitary watcher was that this suspicious figure seemed to carry with it its own suspicious odour. For whenever the refrain occurred and the singer, with waving arms and antic gestures, passed in his grotesque march immediately beneath Aschenbach's seat, a strong smell of carbolic was wafted up to the terrace.

After the song he began to take up money, beginning with the Russian family, who gave liberally, and then mounting the steps to the terrace. But here he became as cringing as he had before been forward. He glided between the tables, bowing and scraping, showing his strong white teeth in a servile smile, though the two deep furrows on the brow were still very marked. His audience looked at the strange creature as he went about collecting his livelihood, and their curiosity was not un-mixed with disfavour. They tossed coins with their finger-tips into his hat and took care not to touch it. Let the enjoyment be never so great, a sort of embarrassment always comes when the comedian oversteps the physical distance between himself and respectable people. This man felt it and sought to make his peace by fawning. He came along the railing to Aschenbach, and with him came that smell no one else seemed to notice.

"Listen!" said the solitary, in a low voice, almost mechanically; "they are disinfecting Venice — why?" The mountebank answered hoarsely: "Because of the police. Orders, ignore. On account of the heat and the sirocco. The sirocco is oppressive. Not good for the health." He spoke as though surprised that anyone could ask, and with the flat of his hand he demonstrated how oppressive the sirocco was. "So there is no plague in Venice?" Aschenbach asked the question between his teeth, very low. The man's expressive face fell, he put on a look of comical innocence. "A plague? What sort of plague? Is the

sirocco a plague? Or perhaps our police are a plague! You are making fun of us, signore! A plague! Why should there be? The police make regulations on account of the heat and the weather. . . .” He gestured. “Quite,” said Aschenbach, once more, soft and low; and dropping an unduly large coin into the man’s hat dismissed him with a sign. He bowed very low and left. But he had not reached the steps when two of the hotel servants flung themselves on him and began to whisper, their faces close to his. He shrugged, seemed to be giving assurances, to be swearing he had said nothing. It was not hard to guess the import of his words. They let him go at last and he went back into the garden, where he conferred briefly with his troupe and then stepped forward for a farewell song.

It was one Aschenbach had never to his knowledge heard before, a rowdy air, with words in impossible dialect. It had a laughing-refrain in which the other three artists joined at the top of their lungs. The refrain had neither words nor accompaniment, it was nothing but rhythmical, modulated, natural laughter, which the soloist in particular knew how to render with most deceptive realism. Now that he was farther off his audience, his self-assurance had come back, and this laughter of his rang with a mocking note. He would be overtaken, before he reached the end of the last line of each stanza; he would catch his breath, lay his hand over his mouth, his voice would quaver and his shoulders shake, he would lose power to contain himself longer. Just at the right moment each time, it came whooping, bawling, crashing out of him, with a verisimilitude that never failed to set his audience off in profuse and unpremeditated mirth that seemed to add gusto to his own. He bent his knees, he clapped his thigh, he held his sides, he looked ripe for bursting. He no longer laughed, but yelled, pointing his finger at the company there above as though there could be in all the world nothing so comic as they; until at last they laughed in hotel, terrace, and garden, down to the waiters, lift-boys, and servants — laughed as though possessed.

Aschenbach could no longer rest in his chair, he sat poised for flight. But the combined effect of the laughing, the hospital odour in his nostrils, and the nearness of the beloved was to hold him in a spell; he felt unable to stir. Under cover of the general commotion he looked across at Tadzio and saw that

the lovely boy returned his gaze with a seriousness that seemed the copy of his own; the general hilarity, it seemed to say, had no power over him, he kept aloof. The grey-haired man was overpowered, disarmed by this docile, childlike deference; with difficulty he refrained from hiding his face in his hands. Tadzio's habit, too, of drawing himself up and taking a deep sighing breath struck him as being due to an oppression of the chest. "He is sickly, he will never live to grow up," he thought once again, with that dispassionate vision to which his madness of desire sometimes so strangely gave way. And compassion struggled with the reckless exultation of his heart.

The players, meanwhile, had finished and gone; their leader bowing and scraping, kissing his hands and adorning his leave-taking with antics that grew madder with the applause they evoked. After all the others were outside, he pretended to run backwards full tilt against a lamp-post and slunk to the gate apparently doubled over with pain. But there he threw off his buffoon's mask, stood erect, with an elastic straightening of his whole figure, ran out his tongue impudently at the guests on the terrace, and vanished in the night. The company dispersed. Tadzio had long since left the balustrade. But he, the lonely man, sat for long, to the waiters' great annoyance, before the dregs of pomegranate-juice in his glass. Time passed, the night went on. Long ago, in his parental home, he had watched the sand filter through an hourglass — he could still see, as though it stood before him, the fragile, pregnant little toy. Soundless and fine the rust-red streamlet ran through the narrow neck, and made, as it declined in the upper cavity, an exquisite little vortex.

The very next afternoon the solitary took another step in pursuit of his fixed policy of baiting the outer world. This time he had all possible success. He went, that is, into the English travel bureau in the Piazza, changed some money at the desk, and posing as the suspicious foreigner, put his fateful question. The clerk was a tweed-clad young Britisher, with his eyes set close together, his hair parted in the middle, and radiating that steady reliability which makes his like so strange a phenomenon in the *gamin*, agile-witted south. He began: "No ground for alarm, sir. A mere formality. Quite regular in view of the unhealthy climatic conditions." But then, looking up, he

chanced to meet with his own blue eyes the stranger's weary, melancholy gaze, fixed on his face. The Englishman coloured. He continued in a lower voice, rather confused: "At least, that is the official explanation, which they see fit to stick to. I may tell you there's a bit more to it than that." And then, in his good, straightforward way, he told the truth.

For the past several years Asiatic cholera had shown a strong tendency to spread. Its source was the hot, moist swamps of the delta of the Ganges, where it bred in the mephitic air of that primeval island-jungle, among whose bamboo thickets the tiger crouches, where life of every sort flourishes in rankest abundance, and only man avoids the spot. Thence the pestilence had spread throughout Hindustan, raging with great violence; moved eastwards to China, westward to Afghanistan and Persia; following the great caravan routes, it brought terror to Astrakhan, terror to Moscow. Even while Europe trembled lest the spectre be seen striding westward across country, it was carried by sea from Syrian ports and appeared simultaneously at several points on the Mediterranean littoral; raised its head in Toulon and Malaga, Palermo and Naples, and soon got a firm hold in Calabria and Apulia. Northern Italy had been spared — so far. But in May the horrible vibrions were found on the same day in two bodies: the emaciated, blackened corpses of a bargee and a woman who kept a green-grocer's shop. Both cases were hushed up. But in a week there were ten more — twenty, thirty in different quarters of the town. An Austrian provincial, having come to Venice on a few days' pleasure trip, went home and died with all the symptoms of the plague. Thus was explained the fact that the German-language papers were the first to print the news of the Venetian outbreak. The Venetian authorities published in reply a statement to the effect that the state of the city's health had never been better; at the same time instituting the most necessary precautions. But by that time the food supplies — milk, meat, or vegetables — had probably been contaminated, for death unseen and unacknowledged was devouring and laying waste in the narrow streets, while a brooding, unseasonable heat warmed the waters of the canals and encouraged the spread of the pestilence. Yes, the disease seemed to flourish and wax strong, to redouble its generative powers. Recoveries were rare. Eighty out of every hundred died, and

horribly, for the onslaught was of the extremest violence, and not infrequently of the "dry" type, the most malignant form of the contagion. In this form the victim's body loses power to expel the water secreted by the blood-vessels, it shrivels up, he passes with hoarse cries from convulsion to convulsion, his blood grows thick like pitch, and he suffocates in a few hours. He is fortunate indeed, if, as sometimes happens, the disease, after a slight *malaise*, takes the form of a profound unconsciousness, from which the sufferer seldom or never rouses. By the beginning of June the quarantine buildings of the *ospedale civico* had quietly filled up, the two orphan asylums were entirely occupied, and there was a hideously brisk traffic between the *Nuovo Fundamento* and the island of San Michele, where the cemetery was. But the city was not swayed by high-minded motives or regard for international agreements. The authorities were more actuated by fear of being out of pocket, by regard for the new exhibition of paintings just opened in the Public Gardens, or by apprehension of the large losses the hotels and the shops that catered to foreigners would suffer in case of panic and blockade. And the fears of the people supported the persistent official policy of silence and denial. The city's first medical officer, an honest and competent man, had indignantly resigned his office and been privily replaced by a more compliant person. The fact was known; and this corruption in high places played its part, together with the suspense as to where the walking terror might strike next, to demoralize the baser elements in the city and encourage those antisocial forces which shun the light of day. There was intemperance, indecency, increase of crime. Evenings one saw many drunken people, which was unusual. Gangs of men in surly mood made the streets unsafe, theft and assault were said to be frequent, even murder; for in two cases persons supposedly victims of the plague were proved to have been poisoned by their own families. And professional vice was rampant, displaying excesses heretofore unknown and only at home much farther south and in the east.

Such was the substance of the Englishman's tale. "You would do well," he concluded, "to leave today instead of tomorrow. The blockade cannot be more than a few days off."

"Thank you," said Aschenbach, and left the office.

The Piazza lay in sweltering sunshine. Innocent foreigners

sat before the cafés or stood in front of the cathedral, the centre of clouds of doves that, with fluttering wings, tried to shoulder each other away and pick the kernels of maize from the extended hand. Aschenbach strode up and down the spacious flags, feverishly excited, triumphant in possession of the truth at last, but with a sickening taste in his mouth and a fantastic horror at his heart. One decent, expiatory course lay open to him; he considered it. Tonight, after dinner, he might approach the lady of the pearls and address her in words which he precisely formulated in his mind: "Madame, will you permit an entire stranger to serve you with a word of advice and warning which self-interest prevents others from uttering? Go away. Leave here at once, without delay, with Tadzio and your daughters. Venice is in the grip of pestilence." Then might he lay his hand in farewell upon the head of that instrument of a mocking deity; and thereafter himself flee the accursed morass. But he knew that he was far indeed from any serious desire to take such a step. It would restore him, would give him back himself once more; but he who is beside himself revolts at the idea of self-possession. There crossed his mind the vision of a white building with inscriptions on it, glittering in the sinking sun — he recalled how his mind had dreamed away into their transparent mysticism; recalled the strange pilgrim apparition that had wakened in the aging man a lust for strange countries and fresh sights. And these memories, again, brought in their train the thought of returning home, returning to reason, self-mastery, an ordered existence, to the old life of effort. Alas! the bare thought made him wince with a revulsion that was like physical nausea. "It must be kept quiet," he whispered fiercely. "I will not speak!" The knowledge that he shared the city's secret, the city's guilt — it put him beside himself, intoxicated him as a small quantity of wine will a man suffering from brain-fag. His thoughts dwelt upon the image of the desolate and calamitous city, and he was giddy with fugitive, mad, unreasoning hopes and visions of a monstrous sweetness. That tender sentiment he had a moment ago evoked, what was it compared with such images as these? His art, his moral sense, what were they in the balance beside the boons that chaos might confer? He kept silence, he stopped on.

That night he had a fearful dream — if dream be the right

word for a mental and physical experience which did indeed befall him in deep sleep, as a thing quite apart and real to his senses, yet without his seeing himself as present in it. Rather its theatre seemed to be his own soul, and the events burst in from outside, violently overcoming the profound resistance of his spirit; passed him through and left him, left the whole cultural structure of a lifetime trampled on, ravaged, and destroyed.

The beginning was fear; fear and desire, with a shuddering curiosity. Night reigned, and his senses were on the alert; he heard loud, confused noises from far away, clamour and hubbub. There was a rattling, a crashing, a low dull thunder; shrill halloos and a kind of howl with a long-drawn *u*-sound at the end. And with all these, dominating them all, flute-notes of the cruellest sweetness, deep and cooing, keeping shamelessly on until the listener felt his very entrails bewitched. He heard a voice, naming, though darkly, that which was to come: "The stranger god!" A glow lighted up the surrounding mist and by it he recognized a mountain scene like that about his country home. From the wooded heights, from among the tree-trunks and crumbling moss-covered rocks, a troop came tumbling and raging down, a whirling rout of men and animals, and overflowed the hillside with flames and human forms, with clamour and the reeling dance. The females stumbled over the long, hairy pelts that dangled from their girdles; with heads flung back they uttered loud hoarse cries and shook their tambourines high in air; brandished naked daggers or torches vomiting trails of sparks. They shrieked, holding their breasts in both hands; coiling snakes with quivering tongues they clutched about their waists. Horned and hairy males, girt about the loins with hides, drooped heads and lifted arms and thighs in unison, as they beat on brazen vessels that gave out droning thunder, or thumped madly on drums. There were troops of beardless youths armed with garlanded staves; these ran after goats and thrust their staves against the creatures' flanks, then clung to the plunging horns and let themselves be borne off with triumphant shouts. And one and all the mad rout yelled that cry, composed of soft consonants with a long-drawn *u*-sound at the end, so sweet and wild it was together, and like nothing ever heard before! It would ring through the air like

the bellow of a challenging stag, and be given back many-tongued; or they would use it to goad each other on to dance with wild excess of tossing limbs — they never let it die. But the deep, beguiling notes of the flute wove in and out and over all. Beguiling too it was to him who struggled in the grip of these sights and sounds, shamelessly awaiting the coming feast and the uttermost surrender. He trembled, he shrank, his will was steadfast to preserve and uphold his own god against this stranger who was sworn enemy to dignity and self-control. But the mountain wall took up the noise and howling and gave it back manifold; it rose high, swelled to a madness that carried him away. His senses reeled in the steam of panting bodies, the acrid stench from the goats, the odour as of stagnant waters — and another, too familiar smell — of wounds, uncleanness, and disease. His heart throbbed to the drums, his brain reeled, a blind rage seized him, a whirling lust, he craved with all his soul to join the ring that formed about the obscene symbol of the godhead, which they were unveiling and elevating, monstrous and wooden, while from full throats they yelled their rallying-cry. Foam dripped from their lips, they drove each other on with lewd gesturings and beckoning hands. They laughed, they howled, they thrust their pointed staves into each other's flesh and licked the blood as it ran down. But now the dreamer was in them and of them, the stranger god was his own. Yes, it was he who was flinging himself upon the animals, who bit and tore and swallowed smoking gobbets of flesh — while on the trampled moss there now began the rites in honour of the god, an orgy of promiscuous embraces — and in his very soul he tasted the bestial degradation of his fall.

The unhappy man woke from this dream shattered, unhinged, powerless in the dæmon's grip. He no longer avoided men's eyes nor cared whether he exposed himself to suspicion. And anyhow, people were leaving; many of the bathing-cabins stood empty, there were many vacant places in the dining-room, scarcely any foreigners were seen in the streets. The truth seemed to have leaked out; despite all efforts to the contrary, panic was in the air. But the lady of the pearls stopped on with her family; whether because the rumours had not reached her or because she was too proud and fearless to heed them. Tadzio remained; and it seemed at times to Aschenbach, in his ob-

sessed state, that death and fear together might clear the island of all other souls and leave him there alone with him he coveted. In the long mornings on the beach his heavy gaze would rest, a fixed and reckless stare, upon the lad; towards nightfall, lost to shame, he would follow him through the city's narrow streets where horrid death stalked too, and at such time it seemed to him as though the moral law were fallen in ruins and only the monstrous and perverse held out a hope.

Like any lover, he desired to please; suffered agonies at the thought of failure, and brightened his dress with smart ties and handkerchiefs and other youthful touches. He added jewellery and perfumes and spent hours each day over his toilette, appearing at dinner elaborately arrayed and tensely excited. The presence of the youthful beauty that had bewitched him filled him with disgust of his own aging body; the sight of his own sharp features and grey hair plunged him in hopeless mortification; he made desperate efforts to recover the appearance and freshness of his youth and began paying frequent visits to the hotel barber. Enveloped in the white sheet, beneath the hands of that garrulous personage, he would lean back in the chair and look at himself in the glass with misgiving.

"Grey," he said, with a grimace.

"Slightly," answered the man. "Entirely due to neglect, to a lack of regard for appearances. Very natural, of course, in men of affairs, but, after all, not very sensible, for it is just such people who ought to be above vulgar prejudice in matters like these. Some folk have very strict ideas about the use of cosmetics; but they never extend them to the teeth, as they logically should. And very disgusted other people would be if they did. No, we are all as old as we feel, but no older, and grey hair can misrepresent a man worse than dyed. You, for instance, signore, have a right to your natural colour. Surely you will permit me to restore what belongs to you?"

"How?" asked Aschenbach.

For answer the oily one washed his client's hair in two waters, one clear and one dark, and lo, it was as black as in the days of his youth. He waved it with the tongs in wide, flat undulations, and stepped back to admire the effect.

"Now if we were just to freshen up the skin a little," he said.

And with that he went on from one thing to another, his

enthusiasm waxing with each new idea. Aschenbach sat there comfortably; he was incapable of objecting to the process — rather as it went forward it roused his hopes. He watched it in the mirror and saw his eyebrows grow more even and arching, the eyes gain in size and brilliance, by dint of a little application below the lids. A delicate carmine glowed on his cheeks where the skin had been so brown and leathery. The dry, anæmic lips grew full, they turned the colour of ripe strawberries, the lines round eyes and mouth were treated with a facial cream and gave place to youthful bloom. It was a young man who looked back at him from the glass — Aschenbach's heart leaped at the sight. The artist in cosmetic at last professed himself satisfied; after the manner of such people, he thanked his client profusely for what he had done himself. "The merest trifle, the merest, signore," he said as he added the final touches. "Now the signore can fall in love as soon as he likes." Aschenbach went off as in a dream, dazed between joy and fear, in his red neck-tie and broad straw hat with its gay striped band.

A lukewarm storm-wind had come up. It rained a little now and then, the air was heavy and turbid and smelt of decay. Aschenbach, with fevered cheeks beneath the rouge, seemed to hear rushing and flapping sounds in his ears, as though storm-spirits were abroad — unhallowed ocean harpies who follow those devoted to destruction, snatch away and defile their viands. For the heat took away his appetite and thus he was haunted with the idea that his food was infected.

One afternoon he pursued his charmer deep into the stricken city's huddled heart. The labyrinthine little streets, squares, canals, and bridges, each one so like the next, at length quite made him lose his bearings. He did not even know the points of the compass; all his care was not to lose sight of the figure after which his eyes thirsted. He slunk under walls, he lurked behind buildings or people's backs; and the sustained tension of his senses and emotions exhausted him more and more, though for a long time he was unconscious of fatigue. Tadzio walked behind the others, he let them pass ahead in the narrow alleys, and as he sauntered slowly after, he would turn his head and assure himself with a glance of his strange, twilight grey eyes that his lover was still following. He saw him — and he did

not betray him. The knowledge enraptured Aschenbach. Lured by those eyes, led on the leading-string of his own passion and folly, utterly lovesick, he stole upon the footsteps of his unseemly hope — and at the end found himself cheated. The Polish family crossed a small vaulted bridge, the height of whose archway hid them from his sight, and when he climbed it himself they were nowhere to be seen. He hunted in three directions — straight ahead and on both sides the narrow, dirty quay — in vain. Worn quite out and unnerved, he had to give over the search.

His head burned, his body was wet with clammy sweat, he was plagued by intolerable thirst. He looked about for refreshment, of whatever sort, and found a little fruit-shop where he bought some strawberries. They were overripe and soft; he ate them as he went. The street he was on opened out into a little square, one of those charmed, forsaken spots he liked; he recognized it as the very one where he had sat weeks ago and conceived his abortive plan of flight. He sank down on the steps of the well and leaned his head against its stone rim. It was quiet here. Grass grew between the stones, and rubbish lay about. Tall, weather-beaten houses bordered the square, one of them rather palatial, with vaulted windows, gaping now, and little lion balconies. In the ground floor of another was an apothecary's shop. A waft of carbolic acid was borne on a warm gust of wind.

There he sat, the master: this was he who had found a way to reconcile art and honours; who had written *The Abject*, and in a style of classic purity renounced bohemianism and all its works, all sympathy with the abyss and the troubled depths of the outcast human soul. This was he who had put knowledge underfoot to climb so high; who had outgrown the ironic pose and adjusted himself to the burdens and obligations of fame; whose renown had been officially recognized and his name ennobled, whose style was set for a model in the schools. There he sat. His eyelids were closed, there was only a swift, sidelong glint of the eyeballs now and again, something between a question and a leer; while the rouged and flabby mouth uttered single words of the sentences shaped in his disordered brain by the fantastic logic that governs our dreams.

“For mark you, Phædrus, beauty alone is both divine and

visible; and so it is the sense way, the artist's way, little Phædrus, to the spirit. But, now tell me, my dear boy, do you believe that such a man can ever attain wisdom and true manly worth, for whom the path to the spirit must lead through the senses? Or do you rather think — for I leave the point to you — that it is a path of perilous sweetness, a way of transgression, and must surely lead him who walks in it astray? For you know that we poets cannot walk the way of beauty without Eros as our companion and guide. We may be heroic after our fashion, disciplined warriors of our craft, yet are we all like women, for we exult in passion, and love is still our desire — our craving and our shame. And from this you will perceive that we poets can be neither wise nor worthy citizens. We must needs be wanton, must needs rove at large in the realm of feeling. Our magisterial style is all folly and pretence, our honourable repute a farce, the crowd's belief in us is merely laughable. And to teach youth, or the populace, by means of art is a dangerous practice and ought to be forbidden. For what good can an artist be as a teacher, when from his birth up he is headed direct for the pit? We may want to shun it and attain to honour in the world; but however we turn, it draws us still. So, then, since knowledge might destroy us, we will have none of it. For knowledge, Phædrus, does not make him who possesses it dignified or austere. Knowledge is all-knowing, understanding, forgiving; it takes up no position, sets no store by form. It has compassion with the abyss — it *is* the abyss. So we reject it, firmly, and henceforward our concern shall be with beauty only. And by beauty we mean simplicity, largeness, and renewed severity of discipline; we mean a return to detachment and to form. But detachment, Phædrus, and preoccupation with form lead to intoxication and desire, they may lead the noblest among us to frightful emotional excesses, which his own stern cult of the beautiful would make him the first to condemn. So they too, they too, lead to the bottomless pit. Yes, they lead us thither, I say, us who are poets — who by our natures are prone not to excellence but to excess. And now, Phædrus, I will go. Remain here; and only when you can no longer see me, then do you depart also."

A few days later Gustave Aschenbach left his hotel rather later than usual in the morning. He was not feeling well and

had to struggle against spells of giddiness only half physical in their nature, accompanied by a swiftly mounting dread, a sense of futility and hopelessness — but whether this referred to himself or to the outer world he could not tell. In the lobby he saw a quantity of luggage lying strapped and ready; asked the porter whose it was, and received in answer the name he already knew he should hear — that of the Polish family. The expression of his ravaged features did not change; he only gave that quick lift of the head with which we sometimes receive the uninteresting answer to a casual query. But he put another: "When?" "After luncheon," the man replied. He nodded, and went down to the beach.

It was an unfriendly scene. Little crisping shivers ran all across the wide stretch of shallow water between the shore and the first sand-bank. The whole beach, once so full of colour and life, looked now autumnal, out of season; it was nearly deserted and not even very clean. A camera on a tripod stood at the edge of the water, apparently abandoned; its black cloth snapped in the freshening wind.

Tadzio was there, in front of his cabin, with the three or four playfellows still left him. Aschenbach set up his chair some halfway between the cabins and the water, spread a rug over his knees, and sat looking on. The game this time was unsupervised, the elders being probably busy with their packing, and it looked rather lawless and out-of-hand. Jaschiu, the sturdy lad in the belted suit, with the black, brilliantined hair, became angry at a handful of sand thrown in his eyes; he challenged Tadzio to a fight, which quickly ended in the downfall of the weaker. And perhaps the coarser nature saw here a chance to avenge himself at last, by one cruel act, for his long weeks of subserviency: the victor would not let the vanquished get up, but remained kneeling on Tadzio's back, pressing Tadzio's face into the sand — for so long a time that it seemed the exhausted lad might even suffocate. He made spasmodic efforts to shake the other off, lay still, and then began a feeble twitching. Just as Aschenbach was about to spring indignantly to the rescue, Jaschiu let his victim go. Tadzio, very pale, half sat up, and remained so, leaning on one arm, for several minutes, with darkening eyes and rumpled hair. Then he rose and walked slowly away. The others called him, at first gaily, then imploringly;

he would not hear. Jaschiu was evidently overtaken by swift remorse; he followed his friend and tried to make his peace, but Tadzio motioned him back with a jerk of one shoulder and went down to the water's edge. He was barefoot and wore his striped linen suit with the red breast-knot.

There he stayed a little, with bent head, tracing figures in the wet sand with one toe; then stepped into the shallow water, which at its deepest did not wet his knees; waded idly through it and reached the sand-bar. Now he paused again, with his face turned seaward; and next began to move slowly leftwards along the narrow strip of sand the sea left bare. He paced there, divided by an expanse of water from the shore, from his mates by his moody pride; a remote and isolated figure, with floating locks, out there in sea and wind, against the misty inane. Once more he paused to look: with a sudden recollection, or by an impulse, he turned from the waist up, in an exquisite movement, one hand resting on his hip, and looked over his shoulder at the shore. The watcher sat just as he had sat that time in the lobby of the hotel when first the twilit grey eyes had met his own. He rested his head against the chair-back and followed the movements of the figure out there, then lifted it, as it were in answer to Tadzio's gaze. It sank on his breast, the eyes looked out beneath their lids, while his whole face took on the relaxed and brooding expression of deep slumber. It seemed to him the pale and lovely Summoner out there smiled at him and beckoned; as though, with the hand he lifted from his hip, he pointed outward as he hovered on before into an immensity of richest expectation.

Some minutes passed before anyone hastened to the aid of the elderly man sitting there collapsed in his chair. They bore him to his room. And before nightfall a shocked and respectful world received the news of his decease.

II

From BUDDENBROOKS

BUDDENBROOKS

I shall be in all those who have
 ever, do ever, or ever shall say
*"I" — especially, however, in all
 those who say it most fully,
 potently, and gladly!*

IN HIS twenty-third year Thomas Mann returned to Germany from an extended sojourn in Italy, his luggage weighted down with a thick manuscript. It was the longhand draft of the first parts of *Buddenbrooks*. He had gone to Italy the previous year (1897) to join his brother Heinrich. In Rome the two had taken rooms in a *pensione* near the Pantheon and had spent the summer months at Palestrina, in the Sabine Hills, once the haunts of Pliny the Younger and of Horace, and now remembered as the birthplace of the great sixteenth-century composer.

But neither the Italian landscape nor, back in Rome again, the scenes and memories of Italian and Roman greatness stirred the mind or imagination of the young German. He was pre-occupied with other memories and with recollections of another landscape. Instead of gazing at monuments and vistas or contemplating famous ruins, his eyes were bent to the pages of the great Russian, Scandinavian, and French storytellers of the nineteenth century. Quite often, too, he was at his desk. Stories, one after another, were finished in the Roman South and sent off to periodicals in the Teutonic North.

Time was running short; the year of freedom from a clerkship in an insurance office, a gift from his mother, was almost over. He had come to Italy "to get his hand in" as a writer, and he was just beginning to find his talent. He was hardly ever out of doors now. Cigarettes and meals were brought in to him. The reading and writing went on, and the memories grew more vivid and intense as the pages of a particular story began to pile up on his desk. At last the day came that he must leave. He stuffed the big pile of scribbled sheets into his suitcase, said farewell to his brother, and was off to Germany.

Home again, though for some years home had been in Munich in the German South rather than the gabled old house of great memories at Lübeck in the Baltic North, Thomas Mann joined the staff of the famous *Simplicissimus*. In his comfortable bachelor rooms he continued the story begun in Italy. Occasionally he rested by playing his violin or piano, more often the former. Sometimes he lifted his eyes from the pages of Wagner or Chopin on the music rack and gazed at a garlanded portrait of Tolstoy propped up on the green cloth of his work table. He also read intensely; but now it was the philosophers, a great deal of Nietzsche, chiefly for the verbal music of his style, and above all Schopenhauer, the romantic pessimist.

Now and then the young writer journeyed across the city to his mother's apartment, and there, among members of his family, he read aloud from the enormous manuscript. They would know, as no others could, of what he was writing. It was their experience, too. All of them were participants in a joint ownership of memories. What did they think of it all? The family, we are told, more than once exhibited a rather surprising response to the readings by the slight and somewhat dandified young man who was not yet twenty-five. "I think I am quite right in saying that they thought I was merely amusing myself and them with the obstinate and ambitious enterprise," Thomas Mann recalled many years afterward.

When it was all done and published in book form (1901), there were different opinions, however. The critics, to be sure, were hostile, but a small public liked it and urged friends to buy the large book. Within a short time *Buddenbrooks* was the most popular novel in Germany, and its young author was bearing the burdens of early fame. As the years passed, *Buddenbrooks* established itself in the hearts and minds of the German people as one of their most cherished classics. By 1933 the book was well beyond its nine-hundredth printing, and a critic could remark: "Every German family, it seems, has a copy of Luther's *Bible* and Mann's *Buddenbrooks* somewhere in the house, usually on a table in the living room."

The book became famous outside Germany, and, following the publication of *Death in Venice* in 1913, literary circles had it that the author, not yet forty, was likely to be the next recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature. That flurry passed

with the coming of the war in 1914. Ten years later another major work of fiction by Thomas Mann appeared, *The Magic Mountain*. The critics praised it at once, as they had not *Buddenbrooks*; some went so far as to say that as the earlier work was the first great *German* novel so was the new work the first completely *European* novel. Five years after publication of *The Magic Mountain*, Germany and the world heard of the award of the Nobel Prize to Thomas Mann. The official citation read: "Principally for his great novel *Buddenbrooks*. . . ."

Tony Buddenbrook and the Account Book of Life

{The full title of the novel is *Buddenbrooks: The Decline of a Family*, and its narrative spans the years 1835-77. At times, in fact much of the way, *Buddenbrooks* is a sombre and oppressing story, for it is above all a novel of *life* and therefore of individual lives and deaths. Births and christenings, betrothals and marriages, funerals and festivals, triumphs, betrayals, and defeats—in short, the joy and sorrow of life *lived* are the substance of *Buddenbrooks*. Rich in event and character, full of the concrete, the colorful, the detailed, the novel is an imaginative history of Mann's forbears and family. To give his record of a family's life permanent form and artistic structure, the author used the methods of naturalism to relate an inner experience, to write, as it were, a realistic novel on a spiritual question. The question that tormented Thomas Mann, barely out of his teens, into writing his memorial of a family's experience was hardly the trite "What is the meaning of it all?" It was, rather, the Schopenhauerian question, as Nietzsche phrased it, "Has existence a significance?"

The opening words of the novel are spoken by Tony Buddenbrook, an eight-year-old girl sitting on her grandfather's knee. Forty-two years later we hear for the last time Tony's voice, and in another moment the novel closes. She is everywhere in its pages, although the story is not hers, but is *the* Buddenbrooks' story through three generations of life and decline. Charming and often irritating, intense yet painfully shallow, Tony lives with great vitality but never acquires much understanding of herself or others. She draws our love, though, as no one else in the novel does, through all the years of her bewilderments, her catastrophes, and her few real joys.

The chapters that follow are a complete sequence from Book III. They contain one of the less sombre episodes of the novel, the wooing of Tony by the clownish Herr Grünlich, later a villain, and they relate with tenderness and delicate irony the idyll of Tony's summer love at Travemünde. In the concluding pages of the episode, Mann employs an important symbolic device of the novel, the great folio volume, *The Buddenbrooks' Account Book of Life.*]

CHAPTER I

ON A JUNE afternoon, not long after five o'clock, the family were sitting before the "portal" in the garden, where they had drunk coffee. They had pulled the rustic furniture outside, for it was too close in the white-washed garden house, with its tall mirror decorated with painted birds and its varnished folding doors, which were really not folding doors at all and had only painted latches.

The Consul, his wife, Tony, Tom, and Clothilde sat in a half-circle around the table, which was laid with its usual shining service. Christian, sitting a little to one side, conned the second oration of Cicero against Catiline. He looked unhappy. The Consul smoked his cigar and read the *Advertiser*. His wife had let her embroidery fall into her lap and sat smiling at little Clara; the child, with Ida Jungmann, was looking for violets in the grass-plot. Tony, her head propped on both hands, was deep in Hoffmann's "Serapion Brethren," while Tom tickled her in the back of the neck with a grass-blade, an attention which she very wisely ignored. And Clothilde, looking thin and old-maidish in her flowered cotton frock, was reading a story called "Blind, Deaf, Dumb, and Still Happy." As she read, she scraped up the biscuit-crumbs carefully with all five fingers from the cloth and ate them.

A few white clouds stood motionless in the slowly paling sky. The small town garden, with its carefully laid-out paths and beds, looked gay and tidy in the afternoon sun. The scent of the mignonette borders floated up now and then.

"Well, Tom," said the Consul expansively, and took the cigar out of his mouth, "we are arranging that rye sale I told you about, with van Henkdom and Company."

"What is he giving?" Tom asked with interest, ceasing to tickle Tony.

"Sixty thaler for a thousand kilo — not bad, eh?"

"That's very good." Tom knew this was excellent business.

"Tony, your position is not *comme il faut*," remarked the Frau Consul. Whereat Tony, without raising her eyes from her book, took one elbow off the table.

"Never mind," Tom said. "She can sit how she likes, she will

always be Tony Buddenbrook. Tilda and she are certainly the beauties of the family."

Clothilde was astonished almost to death. "Good gracious, Tom," she said. It was inconceivable how she could drawl out the syllables. Tony bore the jeer in silence. It was never any use, Tom was more than a match for her. He could always get the last word and have the laugh on his side. Her nostrils dilated a little, and she shrugged her shoulders. But when the Consul's wife began to talk of the coming dance at the house of Consul Huneus, and let fall something about new patent leather shoes, Tony took the other elbow off the table and displayed a lively interest.

"You keep talking and talking," complained Christian fretfully, "and I'm having such a hard time. I wish I were a business man."

"Yes, you're always wanting something different," said Tom. Anton came across the garden with a card on his tray. They all looked at him expectantly.

"Grünlich, Agent," read the Consul. "He is from Hamburg — an agreeable man, and well recommended, the son of a clergyman. I have business dealings with him. There is a piece of business now. — Is it all right, Betsy, if I ask him to come out here?"

A middle-sized man, his head thrust a little forward of his body, carrying his hat and stick in one hand, came across the garden. He was some two-and-thirty years old; he wore a fuzzy greenish-yellow suit with a long-skirted coat, and grey worsted gloves. His face, beneath the sparse light hair, was rosy and smiling; but there was an undeniable wart on one side of his nose. His chin and upper lip were smooth-shaven; he wore long, drooping side-whiskers, in the English fashion, and these adornments were conspicuously golden-yellow in colour. Even at a distance, he began making obsequious gestures with his broad-brimmed grey hat, and as he drew near he took one last very long step, and arrived describing a half-circle with the upper part of his body, by this means bowing to them all at once.

"I am afraid I am disturbing the family circle," he said in a soft voice, with the utmost delicacy of manner. "You are con-

versing, you are indulging in literary pursuits — I must really beg your pardon for my intrusion."

"By no means, my dear Herr Grünlich," said the Consul. He and his sons got up and shook hands with the stranger. "You are very welcome. I am delighted to see you outside the office and in my family circle. Herr Grünlich, Betsy — a friend of mine and a keen man of business. This is my daughter Antonie, and my niece Clothilde. Thomas you know already, and this is my second son, Christian, in High School." Herr Grünlich responded to each name with an inclination of the body.

"I must repeat," he said, "that I have no desire to intrude. I came on business. If the Herr Consul would be so good as to take a walk with me round the gardens —" The Consul's wife answered: "It will give us pleasure to have you sit down with us for a little before you begin to talk business with my husband. Do sit down."

"A thousand thanks," said Herr Grünlich, apparently quite flattered. He sat down on the edge of the chair which Tom brought, laid his hat and stick on his knees, and settled himself, running his hand over his long beard with a little hemming and hawing, as if to say, "Well, now we've got past the introduction — what next?"

The Frau Consul began the conversation. "You live in Hamburg?" she asked, inclining her head and letting her work fall into her lap.

"Yes, Frau Consul," responded Herr Grünlich with a fresh bow. "At least, my house is in Hamburg, but I am on the road a good deal. My business is very flourishing — ahem — if I may be permitted to say so."

The Frau Consul lifted her eyebrows and made respectful motions with her mouth, as if she were saying "Ah — indeed?"

"Ceaseless activity is a condition of my being," added he, half turning to the Consul. He coughed again as he noticed that Fräulein Antonie's glance rested upon him. She gave him, in fact, the cold, calculating stare with which a maiden measures a strange young man — a stare which seems always on the point of passing over into actual contempt.

"We have relatives in Hamburg," said she, in order to be saying something.

"The Duchamps," explained the Consul. "The family of my late Mother."

"Oh, yes," Herr Grünlich hastened to say. "I have the honour of a slight acquaintance with the family. They are very fine people, in mind and heart. Ahem! This would be a better world if there were more families like them in it. They have religion, benevolence, and genuine piety; in short, they are my ideal of the true Christlike spirit. And in them it is united to a rare degree with a brilliant cosmopolitanism, an elegance, an aristocratic bearing, which I find most attractive, Frau Consul."

Tony thought: "How can he know my Father and Mother so well? He is saying exactly what they like best to hear." The Consul responded approvingly, "The combination is one that is becoming in everybody." And the Frau Consul could not resist stretching out her hand to their guest with her sweeping gesture, palm upward, while the bracelets gave a little jingle. "You speak as though you read my inmost thoughts, dear Herr Grünlich," she said.

Upon which, Herr Grünlich made another deep bow, settled himself again, stroked his beard, and coughed as if to say: "Well, let us get on."

The Frau Consul mentioned the disastrous fire which had swept Hamburg in May of the year 1842. "Yes, indeed," said Herr Grünlich, "truly a fearful misfortune. A distressing visitation. The loss amounted to one hundred and thirty-five millions, at a rough estimate. I am grateful to Providence that I came off without any loss whatever. The fire raged chiefly in the parishes of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. — What a charming garden!" he interrupted himself, taking the cigar which the Consul offered. "It is so large for a town garden, and the beds of colour are magnificent. I confess my weakness for flowers, and for nature in general. Those climbing roses over there trim up the garden uncommonly well." He went on, praising the refinement of the location, praising the town itself, praising the Consul's cigar. He had a pleasant word for each member of the circle.

"May I venture to inquire what you are reading, Fräulein Antonie?" he said smiling.

Tony drew her brows together sharply at this, for some rea-

son, and answered without looking at him, "Hoffmann's 'Serapion Brethren.'"

"Really! He is a wonderful writer, is he not? Ah, pardon me — I forgot the name of your younger son, Frau Consul?"

"Christian."

"A beautiful name. If I may so express myself" — here he turned again to the Consul — "I like best the names which show that the bearer is a Christian. The name of Johann, I know, is hereditary in your family — a name which always recalls the beloved disciple. My own name — if I may be permitted to mention it," he continued, waxing eloquent, "is that of most of my forefathers — Bendix. It can only be regarded as a shortened form of Benedict. And you, Herr Buddenbrook, are reading — ? ah, Cicero. The works of this great Roman orator make pretty difficult reading, eh? '*Quousque tandem — Catilina*' . . . ahem. Oh, I have not forgotten quite all my Latin."

"I disagree with my late Father on this point," the Consul said. "I have always objected to the perpetual occupation of young heads with Greek and Latin. When there are so many other important subjects, necessary as a preparation for the practical affairs of life —"

"You take the words out of my mouth," Herr Grünlich hastened to say. "It is hard reading, and not by any means always unexceptionable — I forgot to mention that point. Everything else aside, I can recall passages that were positively offensive —"

There came a pause, and Tony thought "Now it's my turn." Herr Grünlich had turned his gaze upon her. And, sure enough: he suddenly started in his chair, made a spasmodic but always highly elegant gesture toward the Frau Consul and whispered ardently, "Pray look, Frau Consul, I beg of you. — Fräulein, I implore you," he interrupted himself aloud, just as if Tony could not hear the rest of what he said, "to keep in that same position for just a moment. Do you see," he began whispering again, "how the sunshine is playing in your daughter's hair? Never," he said solemnly, as if transported, speaking to nobody in particular, "have I seen more beautiful hair." It was as if he were addressing his remarks to God or to his own soul.

The Consul's wife smiled, well pleased. The Consul said,

"Don't be putting notions into the girl's head." And again Tony drew her brows together without speaking. After a short pause, Herr Grünlich got up.

"But I won't disturb you any longer now — no, Frau Consul, I refuse to disturb you any longer," he repeated. "I only came on business, but I could not resist — indeed, who could resist you? Now duty calls. May I ask the Consul —"

"I hope I do not need to assure you that it would give us pleasure if you would let us put you up while you are here," said the Frau Consul. Herr Grünlich appeared for the moment struck dumb with gratitude. "From my soul I am grateful, Frau Consul," he said, and his look was indeed eloquent with emotion. "But I must not abuse your kindness. I have a couple of rooms at the City of Hamburg —"

"A *couple* of rooms," thought the Frau Consul — which was just what Herr Grünlich meant her to think.

"And, in any case," he said, as she offered her hand cordially, "I hope we have not seen each other for the last time." He kissed her hand, waited a moment for Antonie to extend hers — which she did not do — described another half-circle with his upper torso, made a long step backward and another bow, threw back his head and put his hat on with a flourish, then walked away in company with the Consul.

"A pleasant man," the Father said later, when he came back and took his place again.

"I think he's silly," Tony permitted herself to remark with some emphasis.

"Tony! Heavens and earth, what an idea!" said the Consul's wife, displeased. "Such a Christian young man!"

"So well brought up, and so cosmopolitan," went on the Consul. "You don't know what you are talking about." He and his wife had a way of taking each other's side like this, out of sheer politeness. It made them the more likely to agree.

Christian wrinkled up his long nose and said, "He was so important. 'You are conversing' — when we weren't at all. And the roses over there 'trim things up uncommonly.' He acted some of the time as if he were talking to himself. 'I am disturbing you' — 'I beg pardon' — 'I have never seen more beautiful hair.'" Christian mocked Herr Grünlich so cleverly that they all had to laugh, even the Consul.

"Yes, he gave himself too many airs," Tony went on. "He talked the whole time about himself — *his* business is good, and *he* is fond of nature, and *he* likes such-and-such names, and *his* name is Bendix — what is all that to us, I'd like to know? Everything he said was just to spread himself." Her voice was growing louder all the time with vexation. "He said all the very things you like to hear, Mamma and Papa, and he said them just to make a fine impression on you both."

"That is no reproach, Tony," the Consul said sternly. "Everybody puts his best foot foremost before strangers. We all take care to say what will be pleasant to hear. That is a commonplace."

"I think he is a good man," Clothilde pronounced with drawling serenity — she was the only person in the circle about whom Herr Grünlich had not troubled himself at all. Thomas refrained from giving an opinion.

"Enough," concluded the Consul. "He is a capable, cultured, and energetic Christian man, and you, Tony, should try to bridle your tongue — a great girl of eighteen or nineteen years old, like you! And after he was so polite and gallant to you, too. We are all weak creatures; and you, let me say, are one of the last to have a right to throw stones. Tom, we'll get to work."

Pert little Tony muttered to herself "A golden goat's beard!" and scowled as before.

CHAPTER II

TONY, coming back from a walk some days later, met Herr Grünlich at the corner of Meng Street. "I was most grieved to have missed you, Fräulein," he said. "I took the liberty of paying my respects to your Mother the other day, and I regretted your absence more than I can say. How delightful that I should meet you like this!"

Fräulein Buddenbrook had paused as he began to speak; but her half-shut eyes looked no further up than the height of Herr Grünlich's chest. On her lips rested the mocking, merciless smile with which a young girl measures and rejects a man. Her lips moved — what should she say? It must be something that would demolish this Herr Bendix Grünlich once and for all — simply annihilate him. It must be clever, witty, and effective,

must at one and the same time wound him to the quick and impress him tremendously.

"The pleasure is not mutual, Herr Grünlich," said she, keeping her gaze meanwhile levelled at his chest. And after she had shot this poisoned arrow, she left him standing there and went home, her head in the air, her face red with pride in her own powers of repartee—to learn that Herr Grünlich had been invited to dinner next Sunday.

And he came. He came in a not quite new-fashioned, rather wrinkled, but still handsome bell-shaped frock coat which gave him a solid, respectable look. He was rosy and smiling, his scant hair carefully parted, his whiskers curled and scented. He ate a ragout of shell-fish, julienne soup, fried soles, roast veal with creamed potatoes and cauliflower, maraschino pudding, and pumpernickel with roquefort; and he found a fresh and delicate compliment for each fresh course. Over the sweet he lifted his dessert-spoon, gazed at one of the tapestry statues, and spoke aloud to himself, thus: "God forgive me, I have eaten far too well already. But this pudding—! It is *too* wonderful! I must beg my good hostess for another slice." And he looked roguishly at the Consul's wife. With the Consul he talked business and politics, and spoke soundly and weightily. He discussed the theatre and the fashions with the Frau Consul, and he had a good word for Tom and Christian and Clothilde, and even for little Clara and Ida Jungmann. Tony sat in silence, and he did not undertake to engage her; only gazing at her now and then, with his head a little tilted, his face looking dejected and encouraged by turns.

When Herr Grünlich took his leave that evening, he had only strengthened the impressions left by his first visit. "A thoroughly well-bred man," said the Frau Consul. "An estimable Christian gentleman," was the Consul's opinion. Christian imitated his speech and actions even better than before; and Tony said her good nights to them all with a frowning brow, for something told her that she had not yet seen the last of this gentleman who had won the hearts of her parents with such astonishing ease and rapidity.

And, sure enough, coming back one afternoon from a visit with some girl friends, she found Herr Grünlich cosily established in the landscape-room, reading aloud to the Frau Consul

out of Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley." His pronunciation was perfect, for, as he explained, his business trips had taken him to England. Tony sat down apart with another book, and Herr Grünlich softly questioned: "Our book is not to your taste, Fräulein?" To which she replied, with her head in the air, something in a sarcastic vein, like "Not in the very least."

But he was not taken aback. He began to talk about his long-dead parents and communicated the fact that his father had been a clergyman, a Christian, and at the same time a highly cosmopolitan gentleman. — After this visit, he departed for Hamburg. Tony was not there when he called to take leave. "Ida," she said to Mamsell Jungmann, "Ida, the man has gone." But Mamsell Jungmann only replied, "You'll see, child."

And eight days later, in fact, came that scene in the breakfast room. Tony came down at nine o'clock and found her father and mother still at table. She let her forehead be kissed and sat down, fresh and hungry, her eyes still red with sleep, and helped herself to sugar, butter, and herb cheese.

"How nice to find you still here, for once, Papa," she said as she held her egg in her napkin and opened it with her spoon.

"But to-day I have been waiting for our slug-a-bed," said the Consul. He was smoking and tapping on the table with his folded newspaper. His wife finished her breakfast with her slow, graceful motions, and leaned back in the sofa.

"Tilda is already busy in the kitchen," went on the Consul, "and I should have been long since at work myself, if your Mother and I had not been speaking seriously about a matter that concerns our little daughter."

Tony, her mouth full of bread and butter, looked first at her father and then her mother, with a mixture of fear and curiosity.

"Eat your breakfast, my child," said the Frau Consul. But Tony laid down her knife and cried, "Out with it quickly, Papa — please." Her father only answered: "Eat your breakfast first."

So Tony drank her coffee and ate her egg and bread and cheese silently, her appetite quite gone. She began to guess. The fresh morning bloom disappeared from her cheek, and she even grew a little pale. She said "Thank you" for the honey,

and soon after announced in a subdued voice that she had finished.

"My dear child," said the Consul, "the matter we desire to talk over with you is contained in this letter." He was tapping the table now with a big blue envelope instead of the newspaper. "To be brief: Bendix Grünlich, whom we have learned, during his short stay here, to regard as a good and a charming man, writes to me that he has conceived a strong inclination for our daughter, and he here makes a request in form for her hand. What does my child say?"

Tony was leaning back in her seat, her head bent, her right hand slowly twirling the silver napkin-ring round and round. But suddenly she looked up, and her eyes had grown quite dark with tears. She said, her voice full of distress: "What does this man want of me? What have I done to him?" And she burst into weeping.

The Consul shot a glance at his wife and then regarded his empty cup, embarrassed.

"Tony dear," said the Frau Consul gently, "why this — *échauffement*? You know quite well your parents can only desire your good. And they cannot counsel you to reject forthwith the position offered you. I know you feel so far no particular inclination for Herr Grünlich, but that will come; I assure you it comes, with time. Such a young thing as you is never sure what she wants. The mind is as confused as the heart. One must just give the heart time — and keep the mind open to the advice of experienced people who think and plan only for our good."

"I don't know him the least little bit," Tony said in a dejected tone, wiping her eyes on the little white batiste serviette, stained with egg. "All I know is, he has a yellow beard, like a goat's, and a flourishing business —" Her upper lip, trembling on the verge of tears, had an expression that was indescribably touching.

With a movement of sudden tenderness the Consul jerked his chair nearer hers and stroked her hair, smiling.

"My little Tony, what should you like to know of him? You are still a very young girl, you know. You would know him no better if he had been here for fifty-two weeks instead of four. You are a child, with no eyes yet for the world, and you must trust other people who mean well by you."

"I don't understand — I don't understand," Tony sobbed helplessly, and put down her head as a kitten does beneath the hand that strokes it. "He comes here and says something pleasant to everybody, and then goes away again; and then he writes to you that he — that I — I don't understand. What made him? What have I done to him?"

The Consul smiled again. "You said that once before, Tony; and it illustrates so well your childish way of reasoning. My little daughter must not feel that people mean to urge or torment her. We can consider it all very quietly; in fact, we must consider it all very quietly and calmly, for it is a very serious matter. Meanwhile I will write an answer to Herr Grünlich's letter, without either consenting or refusing. There is much to be thought of. — Well, is that agreed? What do you say? — And now Papa can go back to his work, can't he? — Adieu, Betsy."

"Au revoir, dear Jean."

"Do take a little more honey, Tony," said the Frau Consul to her daughter, who sat in her place motionless, with her head bent. "One must eat."

Tony's tears gradually dried. Her head felt hot and heavy with her thoughts. Good gracious, what a business! She had always known, of course, that she should one day marry, and be the wife of a business man, and embark upon a solid and advantageous married life, commensurate with the position of the family and the firm. But suddenly, for the first time in her life, somebody, some actual person, in serious earnest, wanted to marry her. How did people act? To her, her, Tony Buddenbrook, were now applicable all those tremendous words and phrases which she had hitherto met with only in books: her "hand," her "consent," "as long as life shall last!" Goodness gracious, what a step to take, all at once!

"And you, Mamma? Do you too advise me to — to — to yield my consent?" She hesitated a little before the "yield my consent." It sounded high-flown and awkward. But then, this was the first occasion in her life that was worthy of fine language. She began to blush for her earlier lack of self-control. It seemed to her now not less unreasonable than it had ten minutes ago that she should marry Herr Grünlich; but the dignity of her situation began to fill her with a sense of importance which was satisfying indeed.

"I advise you to accept, my child? Has Papa advised you to do so? He has only not advised you not to, that is all. It would be very irresponsible of either of us to do that. The connection offered you is a very good one, my dear Tony. You would go to Hamburg on an excellent footing and live there in great style."

Tony sat motionless. She was having a sort of vision of silk portières, like those in grandfather's salon. And, as Madame Grünlich, should she drink morning chocolate? She thought it would not be seemly to ask.

"As your Father says, you have time to consider," the Frau Consul continued. "But we are obliged to tell you that such an offer does not come every day, that it would make your fortune, and that it is exactly the marriage which duty and vocation prescribe. This, my child, it is my business to tell you. You know yourself that the path which opens before you to-day is the prescribed one which your life ought to follow."

"Yes," Tony said thoughtfully. She was well aware of her responsibilities toward the family and the firm, and she was proud of them. She was saturated with her family history — she, Tony Buddenbrook, who, as the daughter of Consul Buddenbrook, went about the town like a little queen, before whom Matthiesen the porter took off his hat and made a low bow! The Rostock tailor had been very well off, to begin with; but since his time, the family fortunes had advanced by leaps and bounds. It was her vocation to enhance the brilliance of family and firm in her allotted way, by making a rich and aristocratic marriage. To the same end, Tom worked in the office. Yes, the marriage was undoubtedly precisely the right one. But — but — She saw him before her, saw his gold-yellow whiskers, his rosy, smiling face, the wart on his nose, his mincing walk. She could feel his woolly suit, hear his soft voice. . . .

"I felt sure," the Consul's wife said, "that we were accessible to quiet reason. Have we perhaps already made up our mind?"

"Oh, goodness, *no!*" cried Tony, suddenly. She uttered the "Oh" with an outburst of irritation. "What nonsense! Why should I marry him? I have always made fun of him. I never did anything else. I can't understand how he can possibly endure me. The man must have some sort of pride in his bones!" She began to drip honey upon a slice of bread.

CHAPTER III

THIS year the Buddenbrooks took no holiday during Christian's and Clara's vacation. The Consul said he was too busy; but it was Tony's unsettled affair as well, that kept them lingering in Mengstrasse. A very diplomatic letter, written by the Consul himself, had been dispatched to Herr Grünlich; but the progress of the wooing was hindered by Tony's obstinacy. She expressed herself in the most childish way. "Heaven forbid, Mamma," she would say. "I simply can't *endure* him!" with tremendous emphasis on the second syllable. Or she would explain solemnly, "Father" (Tony never otherwise said anything but "Papa"), "I can never yield him my consent."

And at this point the matter would assuredly have stuck, had it not been for events that occurred some ten days after the talk in the breakfast-room — in other words, about the middle of July.

It was afternoon — a hot blue afternoon. The Frau Consul was out, and Tony sat with a book alone at the window of the landscape room, when Anton brought her a card. Before she had time to read the name, a young man in a bell-skirted coat and pea-green pantaloons entered the room. It was, of course, Herr Grünlich, with an expression of imploring tenderness upon his face.

Tony started up indignantly and made a movement to flee into the next room. How could one possibly talk to a man who had proposed for one's hand? Her heart was in her throat and she had gone very pale. While he had been at a safe distance she had hugely enjoyed the solemn conferences with her Father and Mother and the suddenly enhanced importance of her own person and destiny. But now, here he was — he stood before her. What was going to happen? And again she felt that she was going to weep.

At a rapid stride, his head tipped on one side, his arms outstretched, with the air of a man who says: "Here I am, kill me if you will!" he approached. "What a providence!" he cried. "I find you here, Antonie —" (He said "Antonie"!)

Tony stood erect, her novel in her right hand. She stuck out her lips and gave her head a series of little jerks upward, relieving her irritation by stressing, in that manner, each word as she

spoke it. She got out: "What is the matter with you?" — But the tears were already rising. And Herr Grünlich's own excitement was too great for him to realize the check.

"How could I wait longer? Was I not driven to return?" he said in impassioned tones. "A week ago I had your Father's letter, which filled me with hope. I could bear it no longer. Could I thus linger on in half-certainty? I threw myself into a carriage, I hastened hither, I have taken a couple of rooms at the City of Hamburg — and here I am, Antonie, to hear from your lips the final word which will make me happier than I can express."

Tony was stunned. Her tears retreated abashed. This, then, was the effect of her Father's careful letter, which had indefinitely postponed the decision. Two or three times she stammered: "You are mistaken — you are mistaken."

Herr Grünlich had drawn an arm-chair close to her seat in the window. He sat down, he obliged her to sit as well, and, bowing over her hand, which, limp with indecision, she resigned to him, he went on in a trembling voice: "Fräulein Antonie, since first I saw you, that afternoon, — do you remember that afternoon, when I saw you, a vision of loveliness, in your own family circle? — Since then, your name has been indelibly written on my heart." He went back, corrected himself, and said "graven": "Since that day, Fräulein Antonie, it has been my only, my most ardent wish, to win your beautiful hand. What your Father's letter permitted me only to hope, that I implore you to confirm to me now in all certainty. I may feel sure of your consent — I may be assured of it?" He took her other hand in his and looked deep into her wide-open, frightened eyes. He had left off his worsted gloves to-day, and his hands were long and white, marked with blue veins. Tony stared at his pink face, at his wart, at his eyes, which were as blue as a goose's.

"Oh, no, no," she broke out, rapidly, in terror. And then she added, "No, I will never yield my consent." She took great pains to speak firmly, but she was already in tears.

"How have I deserved this doubt and hesitation?" he asked in a lower, well-nigh reproachful tone. "I know you are a maiden cherished and sheltered by the most loving care. But I swear to you, I pledge you my word of honour as a man, that I

would carry you in my arms, that as my wife you would lack nothing, that you would live in Hamburg a life altogether worthy of you — ”

Tony sprang up. She freed her hand and, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, cried out in desperation, “No, no! I said *no!* I am refusing you — for heaven’s sake, can’t you understand?” Then Herr Grünlich rose up too. He took one backward step and stretched out his arms toward her, palms up. Seriously, like a man of honour and resolution, he spoke.

“Mademoiselle Buddenbrook, you understand that I cannot permit myself to be insulted?”

“But I am not insulting you, Herr Grünlich,” said Tony, repenting her brusqueness. Oh, dear, oh dear, *why* did all this have to happen to her? Such a wooing as this she had never imagined. She had supposed that one only had to say: “Your offer does me great honour, but I cannot accept it,” and that would be an end of the matter. “Your offer does me great honour,” she said, as calmly as she could, “but I cannot accept it. And now I must go; please excuse me — I am busy — ” But Herr Grünlich stood in front of her.

“You reject me?” he said gloomily.

“Yes,” Tony said; adding with tact, “unfortunately.”

Herr Grünlich gave a gusty sigh. He took two big steps backward, bent his torso to one side, pointed with his forefinger to the carpet and said in an awful voice: “Antoniel!” Thus for the space of a moment they stood, he in a posture of commanding rage, Tony pale, weepy, and trembling, her damp handkerchief to her mouth. Then he turned from her and, with his hands on his back, measured the room twice through, as if he were at home. He paused at the window and looked out into the early dusk. Tony moved cautiously toward the glass doors, but she got only as far as the middle of the room when he stood beside her again.

“Tony!” he murmured, and gently took her hand. Then he sank, yes, he sank slowly upon his knees beside her! His two gold whiskers lay across her hand!

“Tony!” he repeated. “You behold me here — you see to what you have brought me. Have you a heart to feel what I endure? Listen. You behold a man condemned to death, devoted to destruction, a man who — who will certainly die of grief,”

he interrupted himself, "if you scorn his love. Here I lie. Can you find it in your heart to say: 'I despise you'?"

"No, no," Tony said quickly in a consoling tone. Her tears were conquered, pity stirred. Heavens, how he must adore her, to go on like that, while she herself felt completely indifferent! Was it to her, Tony Buddenbrook, that all this was happening? One read of it in the novels. But here in real life was a man in a frock-coat, on his knees in front of her, weeping, imploring. The idea of marrying him was simply idiotic, because she had found him silly; but just at this moment he did not seem silly; heavens, no! Honourable, upright, desperate entreaty were in his voice and face.

"No, no," she repeated, bending over him quite touched. "I don't despise you, Herr Grünlich. How can you say such a thing? Do get up — please do!"

"Then you will not kill me?" he asked again; and she answered, in a consoling, almost motherly tone, "No, no."

"That is a promise!" he cried, springing to his feet. But when he saw Tony's frightened face he got down again and went on in a wheedling tone: "Good, good, say no more, Antonie. Enough, for this time. We shall speak of this again. No more now — farewell. I will return — farewell!" He had got quickly to his feet. He took his broad grey hat from the table, kissed her hand, and was out through the glass doors in a twinkling.

Tony saw him take his stick from the hall and disappear down the corridor. She stood, bewildered and worn out, in the middle of the room, with the damp handkerchief in one of her limp hands.

CHAPTER IV

CONSUL BUDDENBROOK said to his wife: "If I thought Tony had a motive in refusing this match — But she is a child, Betsy. She enjoys going to balls and being courted by the young fellows; she is quite aware that she is pretty and from a good family. Of course, it is possible that she is consciously or unconsciously seeking a mate herself — but I know the child, and I feel sure she has never yet found her heart, as the saying goes. If you asked her, she would turn this way and that way, and consider — but she would find nobody. She is a child, a little bird, a hoyden. Directly she once says yes, she will find her place. She

will have *carte blanche* to set herself up, and she will love her husband, after a few days. He is no beau, God knows. But he is perfectly presentable. One mustn't ask for five legs on a sheep, as we say in business. If she waits for somebody to come along who is an Adonis and a good match to boot — well, God bless us, Tony Buddenbrook could always find a husband, but it's a risk, after all. Every day is fishing-day, but not every day catching-day, to use another homely phrase — . Yesterday I had a long talk with Grünlich. He is a most constant wooer. He showed me all his books. They are good enough to frame. I told him I was completely satisfied. The business is young, but in fine condition — assets must be somewhere about a hundred and twenty thousand thaler, and that is obviously only the situation at the moment, for he makes a good slice every year. I asked the Duchamps. What they said doesn't sound at all bad. They don't know his connections, but he lives like a gentleman, mingles in society, and his business is known to be expanding. And some other people in Hamburg have told me things — a banker named Kesselmeyer, for instance — that I feel pleased with. In short, as you know, Betsy, I can only wish for the consummation of this match, which would be highly advantageous for the family and the firm. I am heartily sorry the child feels so pressed. She hardly speaks at all, and acts as if she were in a state of siege. But I can't bring myself to refuse him out and out. You know, Betsy, there is another thing I can't emphasize often enough: in these last years we haven't been doing any too brilliantly. Not that there's anything to complain of. Oh, no. Faithful work always finds its reward. Business goes quietly on — but a bit *too* quietly for me. And it only does that because I am eternally vigilant. We haven't perceptibly advanced since Father was taken away. The times aren't good for merchants. No, our prospects are not too bright. Our daughter is in a position to make a marriage that would undoubtedly be honourable and advantageous; she is of an age to marry, and she ought to do it. Delay isn't advisable — it isn't advisable, Betsy. Speak to her again. I said all I could, this afternoon."

Tony was besieged, as the Consul said. She no longer said no — but she could not bring herself to say yes. She could not wring a "yes" out of herself — God knew why; she did not.

Meanwhile, first her Father would draw her aside and speak

seriously, and then her Mother would take up the tale, both pressing for a decision. Uncle Gotthold and family were not brought into the affair; their attitude toward the Mengstrasse was not exactly sympathetic. But Sesemi Weichbrodt got wind of it and came to give good advice, with correct enunciation. Even Mademoiselle Jungmann said, "Tony, my little one, why should you worry? You will always be in the best society." And Tony could not pay a visit to the admired silken salon outside the Castle Gate without getting a dose from old Madame Kröger: "A propos, little one, I hear there is an affair! I hope you are going to listen to reason, child."

One Sunday, as she sat in St. Mary's with her parents and brothers, Pastor Kölling began preaching from the text about the wife leaving father and mother and cleaving only to her husband. His language was so violent that she began listening with a jump, staring up to see if he were looking at her. No, thank goodness, his head was turned in the other direction, and he seemed to be preaching in general to all the faithful. Still, it was plain that this was a new attack upon her, — every word struck home. A young, a still childish girl, he said, could have as yet no will and no wisdom; and if she set herself up against the loving advice of her parents she was as deserving of punishment as the guilty are; she was one of those whom the Lord spews out of his mouth. With this phrase, which was the kind Pastor Kölling adored, she encountered a piercing glance from his eyes, as he made a threatening gesture with his right arm. Tony saw how her Father, sitting next to her, raised his hand, as though he would say, "Not so hard." But it was perfectly plain that either he or her Mother had let the Pastor into the secret. Tony crouched in her place with her face like fire, and felt the eyes of all the world upon her. Next Sunday she flatly refused to go to church.

She moved dumbly about the house, she laughed no more, she lost her appetite. Sometimes she gave such heart-breaking sighs as would move a stone to pity. She was growing thinner too, and would soon lose her freshness. It would not do. At length the Consul said:

"This cannot go on, Betsy. We must not ill-use the child. She must get away a bit, to rest and be able to think quietly. You'll

see she will listen to reason then. I can't leave, and the holidays are almost over. But there is no need for us to go. Yesterday old Schwarzkopf from Travemünde was here, and I spoke to him. He said he would be glad to take the child for a while. I'd give them something for it. She would have a good home, where she could bathe and be in the fresh air and get clear in her mind. Tom can take her — so it's all arranged. Better to-morrow than day after."

Tony was much pleased with this idea. True, she hardly ever saw Herr Grünlich, but she knew he was in town, in touch with her parents. Any day he might appear before her and begin shrieking and importuning. She would feel safer at Travemünde, in a strange house. So she packed her trunk with alacrity, and on one of the last days in July she mounted with Tom into the majestic Kröger equipage. She said good-bye in the best of spirits; and breathed more freely as they drove out of the Castle Gate.

CHAPTER V

THE ROAD to Travemünde first crosses the ferry and then goes straight ahead. The grey high-road glided away under the hoofs of Lebrecht Kröger's fat brown Mecklenburgs. The sound of their trotting was hollow and rhythmical, the sun burned hot, and dust concealed the meagre view. The family had eaten at one o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, and the brother and sister set out punctually at two. They would arrive shortly after four; for what a hired carriage could do in three hours, the Kröger pair were mettlesome enough to make in two.

Tony sat half asleep, nodding under her broad straw hat and her lace-trimmed parasol, which she held tipped back against the hood of the chaise. The parasol was twine-grey with cream-coloured lace, and matched her neat, simply cut frock. She reclined in the luxurious ease proper to the equipage, with her feet, in their white stockings and strap shoes, daintily crossed before her.

Tom was already twenty years old. He wore an extremely well cut blue suit, and sat smoking Russian cigarettes, with his hat on the back of his head. He was not very tall; but already he boasted a considerable moustache, darker in tone than his

brows and eyelashes. He had one eyebrow lifted a trifle—a habit with him—and sat looking at the dust and the trees that fled away behind them as the carriage rolled on.

Tony said: "I was never so glad to come to Travemünde before—for various reasons. You needn't laugh, Tom. I wish I could leave a certain pair of yellow mutton-chops even further behind! And then, it will be an entirely different Travemünde at the Schwarzkopfs', on the sea front. I shan't be bothered with the Kurhouse society, I can tell you that much. I am not in the mood for it. Besides, that—that man could come there too as well as not. He has nerve enough—it wouldn't trouble him at all. Some day he'd be bobbing up in front of me and putting on all his airs and graces."

Tom threw away the stub of his cigarette and took a fresh one out of the box, a pretty little affair with an inlaid picture inside the lid, of an overturned troika being set upon by wolves. It was a present from a Russian customer of the Consul. The cigarettes, those biting little trifles with the yellow mouthpiece, were Tom's passion. He smoked quantities of them, and had the bad habit of inhaling the smoke, breathing it slowly out again as he talked.

"Yes," he said. "As far as that goes, the garden of the Kurhouse is alive with Hamburgers. Consul Fritsche, who has bought it, is a Hamburger himself. He must be doing a wonderful business now, Papa says. But you'll miss something if you don't take part in it a bit. Peter Döhlmann is there—he never stops in town this time of year. His business goes on at a jog-trot, all by itself, I suppose. Funny! Well—and Uncle Justus comes out for a little on a Sunday, of course, to visit the roulette table. Then there are the Möllendorfs and the Kistenmakers, I suppose, in full strength, and the Hagenströms—"

"H'm. Yes, of course. They couldn't get on without Sarah Semlinger!"

"Her name is Laura, my child. Let us be accurate."

"And Julchen with her, of course. Julchen ought to get engaged to August Möllendorpf this summer—and she will do it, too. After all, they belong together. Disgusting, isn't it, Tom? This adventurer's family—"

"Yes, but good heavens, they are the firm of Strunck and Hagenström. That is the point."

"Naturally, they make the firm. Of course. And everybody knows *how* they do it. With their *elbows*. Pushing and shoving — entirely without courtesy or elegance. Grandfather said that Hinrich Hagenström could coin money out of paving-stones. Those were his very words."

"Yes, yes, that is exactly it. It is money talks. And this match is perfectly good business. Julchen will be a Möllendorpf, and August will get a snug position —"

"Oh, you just want to make me angry, Tom, that's all. You know how I despise that lot."

Tom began to laugh. "Goodness, one has to get along with them," he replied. "As Papa said the other day, they are the coming people; while the Möllendorpfs, for example — And one can't deny that the Hagenströms are clever. Hermann is already useful in the business, and Moritz is very able. He finished school brilliantly, in spite of his weak chest; and he is going to study law."

"That's all very well, Tom, but all the same I am glad there are families that don't have to knuckle down to them. For instance, we Buddenbrooks —"

"Oh," Tom said, "don't let's begin to boast. Every family has its own skeleton," he went on in a lower voice, with a glance at Jock's broad back. "For instance, God knows what state Uncle Julius' affairs are in. Papa shakes his head when he speaks of him, and Grandfather Kröger has had to come forward once or twice with large sums, I hear. The cousins aren't just the thing, either. Jürgen wants to study, but he still hasn't come up for his finals; and they are not very well satisfied with Jacob, at Dalbeck and Company. He is always in debt, even with a good allowance, and when Uncle Justus refuses to send any more, Aunt Rosalie does — No, I find it doesn't do to throw stones. If you want to balance the scale with the Hagenströms, you'd better marry Grünlich."

"Did we get into this wagon to discuss that subject? — Oh, yes, I suppose you're right. I ought to marry him — but I won't think about it now! I want to forget it. We are going to the Schwarzkopfs'. I've never seen them to know them: are they nice people?"

"Oh, old Diederich Schwarzkopf — he's not such a bad old chap. Doesn't speak such atrocious dialect, unless he's had more

than five glasses of grog. Once he was at the office, and we went together to the Ships' Company. He drank like a tank. His father was born on a Norwegian freighter and grew up to be captain on the very same line. Diederich has had a good education; the pilot command is a responsible office, and pretty well paid. Diederich is an old bear — but very gallant with the ladies. Look out: he'll flirt with you."

"Ah — well, and his wife?"

"I don't know her, myself. She must be nice, I should think. There is a son, too. He was in first or second, in my time at school, and is a student now, I expect. Look, there's the sea. We shall be there inside a quarter of an hour."

They drove for a while along the shore on an avenue bordered with young beech-trees. There was the water, blue and peaceful in the sunshine; the round yellow light-house tower came into view, then the bay and the breakwater, the red roofs of the little town, the harbour with its sails, tackle, and shipping. They drove between the first houses, passed the church, and rolled along the front close to the water and up to a pretty little house, the verandah of which was overhung with vines.

Pilot-Captain Schwarzkopf stood before his door and took off his seaman's cap as the calèche drove up. He was a broad, stocky man with a red face, sea-blue eyes, and a bristling grizzled beard that ran fan-shaped from one ear to the other. His mouth turned down at the corners, in one of which he held a wooden pipe. His smooth-shaven, red upper lip was hard and prominent; he looked thoroughly solid and respectable, with big bones and well-rounded paunch; and he wore a coat decorated with gold braid, underneath which a white piqué waistcoat was visible.

"Servant, Mademoiselle," he said, as he carefully lifted Tony from the calèche. "We know it's an honour you do us, coming to stop with us like this. Servant, Herr Buddenbrook. Papa well? And the honoured Frau Consul? Come in, come in! My wife has some sort of a bite ready, I suppose. Drive over to Pedersen's Inn," he said in his broadest dialect to the coachman, who was carrying in the trunk. "You'll find they take good care of the horses there." Then, turning to Thomas, "you'll stop the night with us, Herr Buddenbrook? Oh, yes, you must. The

horses want a bait and a rest, and you wouldn't get home until after dark."

"Upon my word, one lives at least as well here as at the Kur-house," Tony said a quarter of an hour later, as they sat around the coffee-table in the verandah. "What wonderful air! You can smell the sea-weed from here. How frightfully glad I am to be in Travemünde again!"

Between the vine-clad columns of the verandah one could look out on the broad river-mouths, glittering in the sun; there were the piers and the boats, and the ferry-house on the "Privat" opposite, the projecting peninsula of Mecklenburg. — The clumsy, blue-bordered cups on the table were almost like basins. How different from the delicate old porcelain at home! But there was a bunch of flowers at Tony's place, the food looked inviting, and the drive had whetted her appetite.

"Yes, Mademoiselle will see, she will pick up here fast enough," the housewife said. "She looks a little poorly, if I might say so. That is the town air, and the parties."

Frau Schwarzkopf was the daughter of a Schlutup pastor. She was a head shorter than Tony, rather thin, and looked to be about fifty. Her hair was still black, and neatly dressed in a large-meshed net. She wore a dark brown dress with white crocheted collar and cuffs. She was spotless, gentle, and hospitable, urging upon her guests the currant bread that lay in a boat-shaped basket surrounded by cream, butter, sugar, and honeycomb. This basket had a border of bead-work embroidery, done by little Meta, the eight-year-old daughter, who now sat next her mother, dressed in a plaid frock, her flaxen hair in a thick pigtail.

Frau Schwarzkopf made excuses for Tony's room, whither she had already been to make herself tidy after the journey. It was so very simple —

"Oh, all the better," Tony said. It had a view of the ocean, which was the main thing. And she dipped her fourth piece of currant bread into her coffee. Tom walked with the pilot-captain about the *Wullenwewer*, now undergoing repairs in the town.

There came suddenly into the verandah a young man of some twenty years. He took off his grey felt hat, blushed, and bowed rather awkwardly.

"Well, my son," said Herr Schwarzkopf, "you are late." He presented him to the guests: "This is my son, studying to be a doctor. He is spending his vacation with us." He had mentioned the young man's name, but Tony failed to understand it.

"Pleased to meet you," said Tony, primly. Tom rose and shook hands. Young Schwarzkopf bowed again, put down his book, and took his place at the table, blushing afresh. He was of medium height, very slender, and as fair as he could possibly be. His youthful moustaches, colourless as the hair which covered his long head, were scarcely visible; and he had a complexion to match, a tint like translucent porcelain, which grew pink on the slightest provocation. His eyes, slightly darker than his father's, had the same not very animated but good-natured quizzical expression; and his features were regular and rather pleasing. When he began to eat he displayed unusually regular teeth, glistening in close ranks of polished ivory. For the rest, he wore a grey jacket buttoned up, with flaps on the pockets, and an elastic belt at the back.

"Yes, I am sorry I am late," he said. His speech was somewhat slow and grating. "I was reading on the beach, and did not look soon enough at my watch." Then he ate silently, looking up now and then to glance at Tom and Tony.

Later on, Tony being again urged by the housewife to take something, he said, "You can rely on the honey, Fräulein Budenbrook; it is a pure nature product — one knows what one is eating. You must eat, you know. The air here consumes one — it accelerates the process of metabolism. If you do not eat well, you will get thin." He had a pleasant, naïve, way of now and then bending forward as he spoke and looking at some other person than the one whom he addressed.

His mother listened to him tenderly and watched Tony's face to see the impression he made. But old Schwarzkopf said, "Now, now, Herr Doctor. Don't be blowing off about your metabolism — *we* don't know anything about that sort of talk." Whereupon the young man laughed, blushed again, and looked at Tony's plate.

The pilot-captain mentioned more than once his son's Christian name, but Tony could never quite catch what it was. It sounded like Moor — or Mort; but the Father's broad, flat pronunciation was impossible to understand.

They finished their meal. Herr Diederich sat blinking in the sun, his coat flung wide open over his white waistcoat, and he and his son took out their short pipes. Tom smoked his cigarettes, and the young people began a lively conversation, the subject of which was their old school and all the old school recollections. Tony took part gaily. They quoted Herr Stengel: "What! You were to make a line, and what are you making? A dash!" What a pity Christian was not here! he could imitate him so much better.

Once Tom pointed to the flowers at Tony's place and said to his sister: "That trims things up uncommonly well, as Herr Grünlich would say!" Whereat Tony, red with anger, gave him a push and darted an embarrassed glance at young Schwarzkopf.

The coffee-hour had been unusually late, and they had prolonged it. It was already half-past six, and twilight was beginning to descend over the Prival, when the captain got up.

"The company will excuse me," he said; "I've some work down at the pilot-house. We'll have supper at eight o'clock, if that suits the young folk. Or even a little later to-night, eh, Meta? And you" (here he used his son's name again), "don't be lolling about here. Just go and dig up your bones again. Fräulein Buddenbrook will want to unpack. Or perhaps the guests would like to go down on the beach. Only don't get in the way."

"Diederich, for pity's sake, why shouldn't he sit still a bit?" Frau Schwarzkopf said, with mild reproach. "And if our guests like to go down on the beach, why shouldn't he go along? Is he to see nothing at all of our visitors?"

CHAPTER VI

IN her neat little room with the flower-covered furniture, Tony woke next morning with the fresh, happy feeling which one has at the beginning of a new chapter. She sat up in bed and, with her hands clasped round her knees and her tousled head flung back, blinked at the stream of light that poured through the closed shutters into the room. She began to sort out the experiences of the previous day.

Her thoughts scarcely touched upon the Grünlich affair. The town, his hateful apparition in the landscape room, the ex-

hortations of her family and Pastor Kölling—all that lay far behind her. Here, every morning, there would be a care-free waking. These Schwarzkopfs were splendid people. Last night there had been pineapple punch, and they had made part of a happy family circle. It had been very jolly. Herr Schwarzkopf had told his best sea tales, and young Schwarzkopf stories about student life at Göttingen. How odd it was, that she still did not know his first name! And she had strained her ear to hear too, but even at dinner she did not succeed, and somehow it did not seem proper to ask. She tried feverishly to think how it sounded—was it Moor—Mord—? Anyhow, she had liked him pretty well, this young Moor or Mord. He had such a sly, good-natured laugh when he asked for the water and called it by letters and numbers, so that his father got quite furious. But it was only the scientific formula for water—that is, for ordinary water, for the Travemünde product was a much more complicated affair, of course. Why, one could find a jelly-fish in it, any time! The authorities, of course, might have what notions they chose about fresh water. For this he only got another scolding from his father, for speaking slightly of the authorities. But Frau Schwarzkopf watched Tony all the time, to see how much she admired the young man—and really, it was most interesting, he was so learned and so jolly, all at the same time. He had given her considerable attention. She had complained that her head felt hot, while eating, and that she must have too much blood. What had he replied? He had given her a careful scrutiny, and then said, Yes, the arteries in the temples might be full; but that did not prove that she had too much blood. Perhaps, instead, it meant she had too little—or rather, that there were too few red corpuscles in it. In fact, she was perhaps a little anæmic.

The cuckoo sprang out of his carven house on the wall and cuckooed several times, clear and loud. "Seven, eight, nine," counted Tony. "Up with you!" She jumped out of bed and opened the blinds. The sky was partly overcast, but the sun was visible. She looked out over the Leuchtenfeld with its tower, to the ruffled sea beyond. On the right it was bounded by the curve of the Mecklenburg coast; but before her it stretched on and on till its blue and green streaks mingled with the misty horizon. "I'll bathe afterwards," she thought, "but

first I'll eat a big breakfast, so as not to be consumed by my metabolism." She washed and dressed with quick, eager movements.

It was shortly after half-past nine when she left her room. The door of the chamber in which Tom had slept stood open; he had risen early and driven back to town. Even up here in the upper story, it smelled of coffee — that seemed to be the characteristic odour of the little house, for it grew stronger as she descended the simple staircase with its plain board baluster and went down the corridor, where lay the living-room, which was also the dining-room and the office of the pilot-captain. She went out into the verandah, looking, in her white piqué frock, perfectly fresh, and in the gayest of tempers. Frau Schwarzkopf sat with her son at the table. It was already partly cleared away, and the housewife wore a blue checked kitchen apron over her brown frock. A key-basket stood beside her.

"A thousand pardons for not waiting," she said, as she stood up. "We simple folk rise early. There is so much to be done! Schwarzkopf is in his office. I hope you don't take it ill?"

Tony excused herself in her turn. "You must not think I always sleep so late as this," she said. "I feel very guilty. But the punch last night —"

The young man began to laugh. He stood behind the table with his short pipe in his hand and a newspaper before him.

"Good morning," Tony said. "Yes, it is your fault. You kept urging me. Now I deserve only cold coffee. I ought to have had breakfast and a bathe as well, by this time."

"Oh, no, that would be rather too early, for a young lady. At seven o'clock the water was rather cold — eleven degrees. That's pretty sharp, after a warm bed."

"How do you know I wanted a warm bath, monsieur?" and Tony sat down beside Frau Schwarzkopf. "Oh, you have kept the coffee hot for me, Frau Schwarzkopf! But I will pour it out myself, thank you so much."

The housewife looked on as her guest began to eat. "Fräulein slept well, the first night? The mattress, dear knows, is only stuffed with sea-weed — we are simple folk! And now, good appetite, and a good morning. You will surely find many friends on the beach. If you like, my son shall bear you company. Pardon me for not sitting longer, but I must look after

the dinner. The joint is in the oven. We will feed you as well as we can."

"I shall stick to the honeycomb," Tony said when the two were alone. "You know what you are getting."

Young Schwarzkopf laid his pipe on the verandah rail.

"But please smoke. I don't mind it at all. At home, when I come down to breakfast, Papa's cigar-smoke is already in the room. Tell me," she said suddenly. "Is it true that an egg is as good as a quarter of a pound of meat?"

He grew red all over. "Are you making fun of me?" he asked, partly laughing but partly vexed. "I got another wiggling from my Father last night for what he calls my silly professional airs."

"No, really, I was asking because I wanted to know." Tony stopped eating in consternation. "How could anybody call them airs? I should be so glad to learn something. I'm such a goose, you see. At Sesemi Weichbrodt's I was always one of the very laziest. I'm sure you know a great deal." Inwardly her thoughts ran: "Everybody puts his best foot foremost, before strangers. We all take care to say what will be pleasant to hear—that is a commonplace. . . ."

"Well, you see they are the same thing, in a way. The chemical constituents of food-stuffs—" And so on, while Tony breakfasted. Next they talked about Tony's boarding-school days, and Sesemi Weichbrodt, and Gerda Arnoldsén, who had gone back to Amsterdam, and Armgard von Schilling, whose home, a large white house, could be seen from the beach here, at least in clear weather. Tony finished eating, wiped her mouth, and asked, pointing to the paper, "Is there any news?" Young Schwarzkopf shook his head and laughed cynically.

"Oh, no. What would there be? You know these little provincial news-sheets are wretched affairs."

"Oh, are they? Papa and Mamma always take it in."

He reddened again. "Oh, well you see I always read it, too. Because I can't get anything else. But it is not very thrilling to hear that So-and-So, the merchant prince, is about to celebrate his silver wedding. Yes, you laugh. But you ought to read other papers—the *Königsberg Gazette*, for instance, or the *Rhenish Gazette*. You'd find a different story there, entirely. There it's what the King of Prussia says."

"What does he say?"

"Well — er — I really couldn't repeat it to a lady." He got red again. "He expressed himself rather strongly on the subject of this same press," he went on with another cynical laugh, which, for a moment, made a painful impression on Tony. "The press, you know, doesn't feel any too friendly toward the government or the nobility or the parsons and junkers. It knows pretty well how to lead the censor by the nose."

"Well, and you? Aren't you any too friendly with the nobility, either?"

"I?" he asked, and looked very embarrassed. Tony rose.

"Shall we talk about this again another time?" she suggested. "Suppose I go down to the beach now. Look, the sky is blue nearly all over. It won't rain any more. I am simply longing to jump into the water. Will you go down with me?"

CHAPTER VII

SHE had put on her big straw hat, and she raised her sunshade; for it was very hot, though there was a little sea-breeze. Young Schwarzkopf, in his grey felt, book in hand, walked beside her and sometimes gave her a shy side-glance. They went along the front and walked through the garden of the Kurhouse, which lay there in the sun shadeless and still, with its rose-bushes and pebbly paths. The music pavilion, hidden among pine trees, stood opposite the Kurhouse, the pastry-cook's, and the two Swiss cottages, which were connected by a long gallery. It was about half-past eleven, and the hotel guests were probably down on the beach.

They crossed the playground, where there were many benches and a large swing, passed close to the building where one took the hot baths, and strolled slowly across the Leuchtenfeld. The sun brooded over the grass, and there rose up a spicy smell from the warm weeds and clover; blue-bottle flies buzzed and droned about. A dull, booming roar came up from the ocean, whose waters now and then lifted a crested head of spray in the distance.

"What is that you are reading?" Tony asked. The young man took the book in both hands and ran it quickly through, from cover to cover.

"Oh, that is nothing for you, Fräulein Buddenbrook. Noth-

ing but blood and entrails and such awful things. This part treats of nodes in the lungs. What we call pulmonary catarrh. The lungs get filled up with a watery fluid. It is a very dangerous condition, and occurs in inflammation of the lungs. In bad cases, the patient simply chokes to death. And that is all described with perfect coolness, from a scientific point of view."

"Oh, horrors! But if one wants to be a doctor — I will see that you become our family physician, when old Grabow retires. You'll see!"

"Ha, ha! And what are you reading, if I may ask, Fräulein Buddenbrook?"

"Do you know Hoffmann?" Tony asked.

"About the choir-master, and the gold pot? Yes, that's very pretty. But it is more for ladies. Men want something different, you know."

"I must ask you one thing," Tony said, taking a sudden resolution, after they had gone a few steps. "And that is, do, I beg of you, tell me your first name. I haven't been able to understand it a single time I've heard it, and it is making me dreadfully nervous. I've simply been racking my brains — I have, quite."

"You have been racking your brains?"

"Now don't make it worse — I'm sure it couldn't have been proper for me to ask, only I'm naturally curious. There's really no reason whatever why I should know."

"Why, my name is Morten," said he, and became redder than ever.

"Morten? That is a nice name."

"Oh — *nice!*"

"Yes, indeed. At least, it's prettier than to be called something like Hinz, or Kunz. It is unusual; it sounds foreign."

"You are romantic, Fräulein Buddenbrook. You have read too much Hoffmann. My grandfather was half Norwegian, and I was named after him. That is all there is to it."

Tony picked her way through the rushes on the edge of the beach. In front of them was a row of round-topped wooden pavilions, and beyond they could see the basket-chairs at the water's edge and people camped by families on the warm sand — ladies with blue sun-spectacles and books out of the loan-library; gentlemen in light suits idly drawing pictures in the

sand with their walking-sticks; sun-burnt children in enormous straw hats, tumbling about, shovelling sand, digging for water, baking with wooden moulds, paddling bare-legged in the shallow pools, floating little ships. To the right, the wooden bathing-pavilion ran out into the water.

"We are going straight across to Möllendorpf's pier," said Tony. "Let's turn off."

"Certainly; but don't you want to meet your friends? I can sit down yonder on those boulders."

"Well, I suppose I ought to just greet them. But I don't want to, you know. I came here to be in peace and quiet."

"Peace? From what?"

"Why — from — from —"

"Listen, Fräulein Buddenbrook. I must ask you something. No, I'll wait till another day — till we have more time. Now I will say *au revoir* and go and sit down there on the rocks."

"Don't you want me to introduce you, then?" Tony asked, importantly.

"Oh, no," Morten said, hastily. "Thanks, but I don't fit very well with those people, you see. I'll just sit down over there on the rocks."

It was a rather large company which Tony was approaching while Morten Schwarzkopf betook himself to the great heap of boulders on the right, near to the bathing-house and washed by the waves. The party was encamped before the Möllendorpf's pier, and was composed of the Möllendorpf, Hagenström, Kistenmaker, and Fritsche families. Except for Herr Fritsche, the owner, from Hamburg, and Peter Döhlmann, the idler, the group consisted of women, for it was a week-day, and most of the men were in their offices. Consul Fritsche, an elderly, smooth-shaven gentleman with a distinguished face, was up on the open pier, busy with a telescope, which he trained upon a sailboat visible in the distance. Peter Döhlmann, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and a beard with a nautical cut, stood chatting with the ladies perched on camp-stools or stretched out on rugs on the sand. There were Frau Senator Möllendorpf, born Langhals, with her long-handled lorgnon and untidy grey hair; Frau Hagenström, with Julchen, who had not grown much, but already wore diamonds in her ears, like her mother; Frau Consul Kistenmaker and her daughters;

and Frau Consul Fritsche, a wrinkled little lady in a cap, who performed the duties of hospitality at the bath and went about perpetually hot and tired, thinking only about balls and routs and raffles, children's parties and sailboat excursions. At a little distance sat her paid companion.

Kistenmaker and Son was the new firm of wine-merchants which had, in the last few years, managed to put C. F. Köppen rather in the shade. The two sons, Edouard and Stephan, worked in their father's office. Consul Döhlmann possessed none of those graces of manner upon which Justus Kröger laid such stress. He was an idler pure and simple, whose special characteristic was a sort of rough good humour. He could and did take a good many liberties in society, being quite aware that his loud, brusque voice and bluff ways caused the ladies to set him down as an original. Once at a dinner at the Buddenbrooks', when a course failed to come in promptly and the guests grew dull and the hostess flustered, he came to the rescue and put them into a good humour by bellowing in his big voice the whole length of the table: "Please don't wait for me, Frau Consul!" Just now, in this same reverberating voice, he was relating questionable anecdotes seasoned with low-German idioms. Frau Senator Möllendorpf, in paroxysms of laughter, was crying out over and over again: "Stop, Herr Döhlmann, stop! for heaven's sake, don't tell any more."

They greeted Tony—the Hagenströms coldly, the others with great cordiality. Consul Fritsche even came down the steps of the pier, for he hoped that the Buddenbrooks would return next year to swell the population of the baths.

"Yours to command, Fräulein Buddenbrook," said Consul Döhlmann, with his very best pronunciation; for he was aware that Mademoiselle did not especially care for his manners.

"Mademoiselle Buddenbrook!"

"You here?"

"How lovely!"

"When did you come?"

"What a sweet frock!"

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Schwarzkopfs'?"

"With the pilot-captain? How original!"

"How *frightfully* original."

"You are stopping in the town?" asked Consul Fritsche, the owner of the baths. He did not betray that he felt the blow.

"Will you come to our next assembly?" his wife asked.

"Oh, you are only here for a short time?" — this from another lady.

"Don't you think, darling, the Buddenbrooks rather give themselves airs?" Frau Hagenström whispered to Frau Senator Möllendorpf.

"Have you been in yet?" somebody asked. "Which of the rest of you hasn't bathed yet, young ladies? Marie? Julie, Louise? Your friends will go bathing with you, of course, Fräulein Antonie." Some of the young girls rose, and Peter Döhlmann insisted on accompanying them up the beach.

"Do you remember how we used to go back and forth to school together?" Tony asked Julie Hagenström.

"Yes, and you were always the one that got into mischief," Julie said, joining in her laugh. They went across the beach on a foot-bridge made of a few boards, and reached the bathhouse. As they passed the boulders where Morten Schwarzkopf sat, Tony nodded to him from a distance, and somebody asked, "who is that you are bowing to, Tony?"

"That was young Schwarzkopf," Tony answered. "He walked down here with me."

"The son of the pilot-captain?" Julchen asked, and peered across at Morten with her staring black eyes. He on his side watched the gay troop with rather a melancholy air. Tony said in a loud voice: "What a pity August is not here. It must be stupid on the beach."

CHAPTER VIII

AND now began for Tony Buddenbrook a stretch of beautiful summer weeks, briefer, lovelier, than any she had ever spent in Travemünde. She bloomed as she felt her burden no longer upon her; her gay, pert, careless manner had come back. The Consul looked at her with satisfaction when he came on Sundays with Tom and Christian. On those days they ate at the table-d'hôte, sat under the awnings at the pastry-cook's, drinking coffee and listening to the band, and peeped into the roulette-room at the gay folk there, like Justus Kröger and Peter Döhlmann. The Consul himself never played. Tony sunned

herself, took baths, ate sausages with ginger-nut sauce, and took long walks with Morten. They went out on the high-road to the next village, or along the beach to the "ocean temple" on its height, whence a wide view was to be had over land and sea; or to the woods behind the Kurhouse, where was a great bell used to call the guests to the table-d'hôte. Sometimes they rowed across the Trave to the Prival, to look for amber.

Morten made an entertaining companion, though his opinions were often dogmatic, not to say heated. He had a severe and righteous judgment for everything, and he expressed it with finality, blushing all the time. It saddened Tony to hear him call the nobility idiots and wretches and to see the contemptuous if awkward gesture that accompanied the words. She scolded him, but she was proud to have him express so freely in her presence the views and opinions which she knew he concealed from his parents. Once he confided in her: "I'll tell you something: I've a skeleton in my room at Göttingen — a whole set of bones, you know, held together by wire. I've put an old policeman's uniform on it. Ha, ha! Isn't that great? But don't say anything to my Father about it."

Tony was naturally often in the society of her town friends, or drawn into some assembly or boating party. Then Morten "sat on the rocks." And after their first day this phrase became a convenient one. To "sit on the rocks" meant to feel bored and lonely. When a rainy day came and a grey mist covered the sea far and wide till it was one with the deep sky; when the beach was drenched and the roads streaming with wet, Tony would say: "To-day we shall both have to sit on the rocks — that is, in the verandah or sitting-room. There is nothing left to do but for you to play me some of your student songs, Morten — even if they do bore me horribly."

"Yes," Morten said, "come and sit down. But you know that when you are here, there are no rocks!" He never said such things when his father was present. His mother he did not mind.

"Well, what now?" asked the pilot-captain, as Tony and Morten both rose from table and were about to take their leave. "Where are the young folk off to?"

"I was going to take a little walk with Fräulein Antonie, as far as the temple."

"Oh, is that it? Well, my son Filius, what do you say to going up to your room and conning over your nerves? You'll lose everything out of your head before you get back to Göttingen."

But Frau Schwarzkopf would intervene: "Now, Diederich, aren't these his holidays? Why shouldn't he take a walk? Is he to have nothing of our visitor?" So Morten went.

They paced along the beach close to the water, on the smooth, hard sand that made walking easy. It was strewn with common tiny white mussel-shells, and others too, pale opalescent and longish in shape; yellow-green wet sea-weed with hollow round fruit that snapped when you squeezed it; and pale, translucent, reddish-yellow jelly-fish, which were poisonous and burned your leg when you touched one bathing.

"I used to be frightfully stupid, you know," Tony said. "I wanted the bright star out of the jelly-fish, so I brought a lot home in my pocket-handkerchief and put them on the balcony, to dry in the sunshine. When I looked at them again, of course there was just a big wet spot that smelled of sea-weed."

The waves whispered rhythmically beside them as they walked, and the salt wind blew full in their faces, streaming over and about them, closing their ears to other sounds and causing a pleasant slight giddiness. They walked in this hushed, whispering peacefulness by the sea, whose every faint murmur, near or far, seemed to have a deep significance.

To their left was a precipitous cliff of lime and boulders, with jutting corners that came into view as they rounded the bay. When the beach was too stony to go on, they began to climb, and continued upward through the wood until they reached the temple. It was a round pavilion, built of rough timbers and boards, the inside of which was covered with scribbled inscriptions and poetry, carved hearts and initials. Tony and Morten seated themselves in one of the little rooms facing the sea; it smelled of wood, like the cabins at the bath-house. It was very quiet, even solemn, up here at this hour of the afternoon. A pair of birds chattered, and the faint rustling of the leaves mingled with the sound of the sea spread out below them. In the distance they could see the rigging of a ship. Sheltered now from the wind that had been thrumming at their ears, they suddenly experienced a quiet, almost pensive mood.

Tony said, "Is it coming or going?"

"What?" asked Morten, his subdued voice sounding as if he were coming back from a far distance. "Oh — going — That is the *Bürgermeister Steenbock*, for Russia." He added after a pause: "I shouldn't like to be going with it. It must be worse there than here."

"Now," Tony said, "you are going to begin again on the nobility. I see it in your face. And it's not at all nice of you. Tell me, did you ever know a single one of them?"

"No!" Morten shouted, quite insulted. "Thank God, no."

"Well, there, then, I have — Armgard von Schilling over there, that I told you about. She was much better-natured than either of us; she hardly knew she was a *von* — she ate sausage-meat and talked about her cows."

"Oh, of course. There are naturally exceptions. Listen, Fräulein Tony. You are a woman, you see, so you take everything personally. You happen to know a single member of the nobility, and you say she is a good creature — certainly! But one does not need to know any of them to be able to judge them all. It is a question of the principle, you understand — of — the organization of the state. You can't answer that, can you? They need only to be born to be the pick of everything, and look down on all the rest of us. While we, however hard we strive, cannot climb to their level." Morten spoke with a naïve, honest irritation. He tried to fit his speech with gestures, then perceived that they were awkward, and gave it up: But he was in the vein to talk, and he went on, sitting bent forward, with his thumb between the buttons of his jacket, a defiant expression in his usually good-natured eyes. "We, the bourgeoisie — the Third Estate, as we have been called — we recognize only that nobility which consists of merit; we refuse to admit any longer the rights of the indolent aristocracy, we repudiate the class distinctions of the present day, we desire that all men should be free and equal, that no person shall be subject to another, but all subject to the law. There shall be no more privilege and arbitrary rule. All shall be sovereign children of the state; and as no middlemen exist any longer between the people and almighty God, so shall the citizen stand in direct relation to the State. We will have freedom of the press, of trade and industry, so that all men, without distinction, shall be able to strive to-

gether and receive their reward according to their merit. We are enslaved, muzzled! — What was it I wanted to say? Oh, yes! Four years ago they renewed the laws of the Confederation touching the universities and the press. Fine laws they are! No truth may be written or taught which might not agree with the established order of things. Do you understand? The truth is suppressed — forbidden to be spoken. Why? For the sake of an obsolete, idiotic, decadent class which everybody knows will be destroyed some day, anyhow. I do not think you can comprehend such meanness. It is the stupid, brutal application of force, the immediate physical strength of the police, without the slightest understanding of new, spiritual forces. And apart from all that, there is the final fact of the great wrong the King of Prussia has done us. In 1813, when the French were in the country, he called us together and promised us a Constitution. We came to the rescue, we freed Germany from the invader — ”

Tony, chin in hand, stole a look at him and wondered for a moment if he could have actually helped to drive out Napoleon.

“—but do you think he kept his promise? Oh, no! The present king is a fine orator, a dreamer; a romantic, like you, Fräulein Tony. But I'll tell you something: take any general principle or conception of life. It always happens that, directly it has been found wanting and discarded by the poets and philosophers, there comes along a King to whom it is a perfectly new idea, and who makes it a guiding principle. That is what kings are like. It is not only that kings are men — they are even very distinctly average men; they are always a good way in the rear. Oh, yes, Germany is just like a students' society; it had its brave and spirited youth at the time of the great revolution, but now it is just a lot of fretful Philistines.”

“Ye—es,” Tony said. “But let me ask you this: Why are you so interested in Prussia? You aren't a Prussian.”

“Oh, it is all the same thing, Fräulein Buddenbrook. Yes, I said Fräulein Buddenbrook on purpose, I ought even to have said Demoiselle Buddenbrook, and given you your entire title. Are the men here freer, more brotherly, more equal than in Prussia? Conventions, classes, aristocracy, here as there. You have sympathy for the nobility. Shall I tell you why? Because

you belong to it yourself. Yes, yes, didn't you know it? Your father is a great gentleman, and you are a princess. There is a gulf between you and us, because we do not belong to your circle of ruling families. You can walk on the beach with one of us for the sake of your health, but when you get back into your own class, then the rest of us can go and sit on the rocks." His voice had grown quite strangely excited.

"Morten," said Tony, sadly. "You have been angry all the time, then, when you were sitting on the rocks! And I always begged you to come and be introduced."

"Now you are taking the affair personally again, like a young lady, Fräulein Tony, I'm only speaking of the principle. I say that there is no more fellowship of humanity with us than in Prussia. — And even if I were speaking personally," he went on, after a little pause, with a softer tone, out of which, however, the strange excitement had not disappeared, "I shouldn't be speaking of the present, but rather, perhaps, of the future. When you as Madame So-and-So finally vanish into your proper sphere, one is left to sit on the rocks all the rest of one's life."

He was silent, and Tony too. She did not look at him, but in the other direction, at the wooden partition. There was an uneasy stillness for some time.

"Do you remember," Morten began again, "I once said to you that there was a question I wanted to ask you? Yes, I have wanted to know, since the first afternoon you came. Don't guess. You couldn't guess what I mean. I am going to ask you another time; there is no hurry; it has really nothing to do with me; it is only curiosity. No, to-day I will only show you one thing. Look." He drew out of the pocket of his jacket the end of a narrow gaily-striped ribbon, and looked with a mixture of expectation and triumph into Tony's eyes.

"How pretty," she said uncomprehendingly. "What is it?"

Morten spoke solemnly: "That means that I belong to a students' fraternity in Göttingen. — Now you know. I have a cap in the same colours, but my skeleton in the policeman's uniform is wearing it for the holidays. I couldn't be seen with it here, you understand. I can count on your saying nothing, can't I? Because it would be very unfortunate if my father were to hear of it."

"Not a word, Morten. You can rely on me. But I don't understand—have you all taken a vow against the nobility? What is it you want?"

"We want freedom," Morten said.

"Freedom?" she asked.

"Yes, freedom, you know—*Freedom!*" he repeated; and he made a vague, awkward, fervent gesture outward and downward, not toward the side where the coast of Mecklenburg narrowed the bay, but in the direction of the open sea, whose rippling blue, green, yellow, and grey stripes rolled as far as eye could see out to the misty horizon.

Tony followed his gesture with her eye; they sat, their hands lying close together on the bench, and looked into the distance. Thus they remained in silence a long time, while the sea sent up to them its soft enchanting whispers. . . . Tony suddenly felt herself one with Morten in a great, vague yearning comprehension of this portentous something which he called "Freedom."

CHAPTER IX

"It is wonderful how one doesn't get bored, here at the seashore, Morten. Imagine lying anywhere else for hours at a time, flat on your back, doing nothing, not even thinking—"

"Yes. But I must confess that I used to be bored sometimes—only not in the last few weeks."

Autumn was at hand. The first strong wind had risen. Thin, tattered grey clouds raced across the sky. The dreary, tossing sea was covered far and wide with foam. Great, powerful waves rolled silently in, relentless, awesome; towered majestically, in a metallic dark-green curve, then crashed thundering on the sand.

The season was quite at an end. On that part of the beach usually occupied by the throng of bathers, the pavilions were already partly dismantled, and it lay as quiet as the grave, with only a very few basket-chairs. But Tony and Morten spent the afternoon in a distant spot, at the edge of the yellow loam, where the waves hurled their spray as far up as Sea-gull Rock. Morten had made her a solid sand fortress, and she leaned against it with her back, her feet in their strap shoes and white stockings crossed in front of her. Morten lay turned toward her, his chin in his hands. Now and then a sea-gull flew past

them, shrieking. They looked at the green wall of wave, streaked with sea-weed, that came threateningly on and on and then broke against the opposing boulders, with the eternal, confused tumult that deafens and silences and destroys all sense of time.

Finally Morten made a movement as though rousing himself from deep thought, and said, "Well, you will soon be leaving us, Fräulein Tony."

"No; why?" Tony said absently.

"Well, it is the tenth of September. My holidays are nearly at an end, anyhow. How much longer can it last? Shall you be glad to get back to the society of your own kind? Tell me—I suppose the gentlemen you dance with are very agreeable?—No, no, that was not what I wanted to say. Now you must answer me," he said, with a sudden resolution, shifting his chin in his hands and looking at her. "Here is the question I have been waiting so long to ask. Now: who is Herr Grünlich?"

Tony sat up, looking at him quickly, her eyes shifting back and forth like those of a person recollecting himself on coming out of a dream. She was feeling again the sense of increased personal importance first experienced when Herr Grünlich proposed for her hand.

"Oh, is that what you want to know, Morten?" she said weightily. "Well, I will tell you. It was really very painful for me to have Thomas mention his name like that, the first afternoon; but since you have already heard of him—well, Herr Grünlich, Bendix Grünlich, is a business friend of my father, a well-to-do Hamburg merchant, who has asked for my hand. No, no," she replied quickly to a movement of Morten's, "I have refused him; I have never been able to make up my mind to yield him my consent for life."

"And why not?—if I may ask," said Morten awkwardly.

"Why? Oh, good heavens, because I couldn't endure him," she cried out in a passion. "You ought to have seen him, how he looked and how he acted. Among other things, he had yellow whiskers—dreadfully unnatural. I'm sure he curled them and put on gold powder, like the stuff we use for the Christmas nuts. And he was underhanded. He fawned on my Father and Mother and chimed in with them in the most shameful way—"

Morten interrupted her. "But what does this mean: 'That trims it up uncommonly'?"

Tony broke into a nervous giggle.

"Well, he talked like that, Morten. He wouldn't say 'That looks very well' or 'It goes very well with the room.' He was frightfully silly, I tell you. And very persistent; he simply wouldn't be put off, although I never gave him anything but sarcasm. Once he made such a scene—he nearly wept—imagine a man weeping!"

"He must have worshipped you," Morten said softly.

"Well, what affair was that of mine?" she cried out, astonished, turning around on her sand-heap.

"You are cruel, Fräulein Tony. Are you always cruel? Tell me: You didn't like this Herr Grünlich. But is there any one to whom you have been more gracious? Sometimes I think: Has she a cold heart? Let me tell you something: a man is not idiotic simply because he weeps when you won't look at him. I swear it. I am not sure, not at all, that I wouldn't do the same thing. You see, you are such a dainty, spoilt thing. Do you always make fun of people that lie at your feet? Have you really a cold heart?"

After the first giggle, Tony's lip began to quiver. She turned on him a pair of great distressed eyes, which slowly filled with tears as she said softly: "No, Morten, you should not think that of me—you must not think that of me."

"I don't; indeed I don't," he cried, with a laugh of mingled emotion and hardly suppressed exultation. He turned fully about, so that he lay supporting himself on his elbows, took her hands in both his, and looked straight into hers with his kind steel-blue eyes, which were excited and dreamy and exalted all at once.

"Then you—you won't mock at me if I tell you—?"

"I know, Morten," she answered gently, looking away from him at the fine white sand sifting through the fingers of her free hand.

"You know—and you—oh, Fräulein Tony!"

"Yes, Morten. I care a great deal for you. More than for any one else I know."

He started up, making awkward gestures with his arms, like a man bewildered. Then he got to his feet, only to throw him-

self down again by her side and cry in a voice that stammered, wavered, died away and rose again, out of sheer joy: "Oh, thank you, thank you! I am so happy! more than I ever was in all my life!" And he fell to kissing her hands. After a moment he said more quietly: "You will be going back to town soon, Tony, and my holidays will be over in two weeks; then I must return to Göttingen. But will you promise me that you will never forget this afternoon here on the beach—till I come back again with my degree, and can ask your Father—however hard that's going to be? And you won't listen to any Herr Grünlich meantime? Oh, it won't be so long—I will work like a—like anything! it will be so easy!"

"Yes, Morten," she said dreamily, looking at his eyes, his mouth, his hands holding hers.

He drew her hand close to his breast and asked very softly and imploringly: "And won't you—may I—seal the promise?"

She did not answer, she did not look at him, but moved nearer to him on the sand-heap, and Morten kissed her slowly and solemnly on the mouth. Then they stared in different directions across the sand, and both felt furiously embarrassed.

CHAPTER X

DEAREST MADemoisELLE BUDDENBROOK,

For how long must the undersigned exist without a glimpse of his enchantress? These few lines will tell you that the vision has never ceased to hover before his spiritual eye; that never has he during these interminably anxious months ceased to think of the precious afternoon in your parental salon, when you let fall a blushing promise which filled me with bliss unspeakable! Since then long weeks have flown, during which you have retired from the world for the sake of calm and self-examination. May I now hope that the period of probation is past? The undersigned permits himself, dearest Mademoiselle, to send the enclosed ring as an earnest of his undying tenderness. With the most tender compliments, and devotedly kissing your hand, I remain,

Your obedient servant,
GRÜNLICH.

DEAR PAPA,

How angry I've been! I had the enclosed letter and ring just now from Grünlich, and my head aches fearfully from excitement. I don't know what else to do but send them both to you. He simply will not understand me, and what he so poetically writes about the promise isn't in the least true, and I beg you emphatically to make it immediately perfectly clear to him that I am a thousand times less able to say yes to him than I was before, and that he must leave me in peace. He makes himself ridiculous. To you, my dearest Father, I can say that I have bound myself elsewhere, to one who adores me and whom I love more than I can say. Oh, Papa! I could write pages to you! I mean Herr Morten Schwarzkopf, who is studying to be a physician, and who as soon as that happens will ask for my hand. I know that it is the rule of the family to marry a business man, but Morten belongs to the other section of respectable men, the scholars. He is not rich, which I know is important to you and Mamma: but I must tell you that, young as I am, I have learned that riches do not make every one happy. With a thousand kisses,

Your obedient daughter,

ANTONIE.

P.S. I find the ring very poor gold, and too narrow.

MY DEAR TONY,

Your letter duly received. As regards its contents, I must tell you that I did not fail to communicate them to Herr Grünlich: the result was of such a nature as to shock me very much. You are a grown girl, and at a serious time of life, so I need not scruple to tell you the consequences that a frivolous step of yours may draw after it. Herr Grünlich, then, burst into despair at my announcement, declaring that he loved you so dearly, and could so little console himself for your loss, that he would be in a state to take his own life if you remain firm in your resolve. As I cannot take seriously what you write me of another attachment, I must beg you to master your excitement over the ring, and consider everything again very carefully. It is my Christian conviction, my dear daughter, that one must have regard for the feelings of others. We do not know that you may

not be made responsible by the most high Judge if a man whose feelings you have coldly and obstinately scorned should trespass against his own life. But the thing I have so often told you by word of mouth, I must recall again to your remembrance, and I am glad to have the occasion to repeat it in writing; for though speech is more vivid and has the more immediate effect, the written word has the advantage that it can be chosen with pains and fixed in a form well-weighed and calculated by the writer, to be read over and over again, with proportionate effect. — My child, we are not born for that which, with our short-sighted vision, we reckon to be our own small personal happiness. We are not free, separate, and independent entities, but like links in a chain, and we could not by any means be what we are without those who went before us and showed us the way, by following the straight and narrow path, not looking to right or left. Your path, it seems to me, has lain all these weeks sharply marked out for you, and you would not be my daughter, nor the granddaughter of your Grandfather who rests in God, nor a worthy member of our own family, if you really have it in your heart, alone, wilfully, and light-headedly to choose your own unregulated path. Your Mother, Thomas, Christian, and I beg you, my dear Antonie, to weigh all this in your heart. Mlle. Jungmann and Clara greet you affectionately, likewise Clothilde, who has been the last several weeks with her father at Thankless. We all rejoice at the thought of embracing you once more.

With unfailing affection,
YOUR LOVING FATHER.

CHAPTER XI

It rained in streams. Heaven, earth, and sea were in flood, while the driving wind took the rain and flung it against the panes as though not drops but brooks were flowing down and making them impossible to see through. Complaining and despairing voices sounded in the chimney.

When Morten Schwarzkopf went out into the verandah with his pipe shortly after dinner to look at the sky, he found there a gentleman with a long, narrow yellow-checked ulster and a grey hat. A closed carriage, its top glistening with wet, its wheels clogged with mud, was before the door. Morten stared

irresolutely into the rosy face of the gentleman. He had mutton-chop whiskers that looked as though they had been dressed with gold paint.

The gentleman in the ulster looked at Morten as one looks at a servant, blinking gently without seeing him, and said in a soft voice: "Is Herr Pilot-Captain Schwarzkopf at home?"

"Yes," stammered Morten, "I think my Father —"

Hereupon the gentleman fixed his eyes upon him; they were as blue as a goose's.

"Are you Herr Morten Schwarzkopf?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Morten, trying to keep his face straight.

"Ah—indeed!" remarked the gentleman in the ulster, and went on, "Have the goodness to announce me to your Father, young man. My name is Grünlich."

Morten led the gentleman through the verandah, opened for him the right-hand door that led into the office, and went back into the sitting-room to tell his Father. Then the youth sat down at the round table, resting his elbow on it, and seemed, without noticing his Mother, who was sitting at the dark window mending stockings, to busy himself with the "wretched news-sheet" which had nothing in it except the announcements of the silver wedding of Consul So-and-So. Tony was resting in her room.

The pilot-captain entered his office with the air of a man satisfied with his meal. His uniform-coat stood open over the usual white waistcoat. His face was red, and his ice-grey beard coldly set off against it; his tongue travelled about agreeably among his teeth, making his good mouth take the most extraordinary shapes. He bowed shortly, jerkily, with the air of one conforming to the conventions as he understood them.

"Good afternoon," he said. "At your service."

Herr Grünlich, on his side, bowed with deliberation, although one corner of his mouth seemed to go down. He said softly: "Ahem!"

The office was rather a small room, the walls of which had wainscoting for a few feet and then simple plaster. Curtains, yellow with smoke, hung before the window, on whose panes the rain beat unceasingly. On the right of the door was a rough table covered with papers, above it a large map of Europe, and a smaller one of the Baltic Sea fastened to the wall. From the

middle of the ceiling hung the well-cut model of a ship under full sail.

The Captain made his guest take the sloping sofa, covered with cracked oil-cloth, that stood opposite the door, and made himself comfortable in a wooden arm-chair, folding his hands across his stomach; while Herr Grünlich, his ulster tightly buttoned up, his hat on his knees, sat bolt upright on the edge of the sofa.

"My name is, I repeat, Grünlich," he said; "from Hamburg. I may say by way of introduction that I am a close business friend of Herr Buddenbrook."

"Servant, Herr Grünlich; pleased to make your acquaintance. Won't you make yourself comfortable? Have a glass of grog after your journey? I'll send right into the kitchen."

"I must permit myself to remark that my time is limited, my carriage is waiting, and I am really obliged to ask for the favour of a few words with you."

"At your service," repeated Herr Schwarzkopf, taken aback. There was a pause.

"Herr Captain," began Herr Grünlich, wagging his head with determination and throwing himself back on his seat. After this he was silent again; and by way of enhancing the effect of his address he shut his mouth tight, like a purse drawn together with strings.

"Herr Captain," he repeated, and went on without further pause, "The matter about which I have come to you directly concerns the young lady who has been for some weeks stopping in your house."

"Mademoiselle Buddenbrook?" asked the Consul.

"Precisely," assented Herr Grünlich. He looked down at the floor, and spoke in a voice devoid of expression. Hard lines came out at the corners of his mouth.

"I am obliged to inform you," he went on in a sing-song tone, his sharp eyes jumping from one point in the room to another and then to the window, "that some time ago I proposed for the hand of Mademoiselle Buddenbrook. I am in possession of the fullest confidence of both parents, and the young lady herself has unmistakably given me a claim to her hand, though no betrothal has taken place in form."

"You don't say — God keep us!" said Herr Schwarzkopf, in

a sprightly tone. "I never heard that before! Congratulations, Herr — er — Grünlich. She's a good girl — genuine good stuff."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Herr Grünlich, coldly. He went on in his high sing-song: "What brings me to you on this occasion, my good Herr Captain, is the circumstance that certain difficulties have just arisen — and these difficulties — appear to have their source in your house — ?" He spoke the last words in a questioning tone, as if to say, "Can this disgraceful state of things be true, or have my ears deceived me?"

Herr Schwarzkopf answered only by lifting his eyebrows as high as they would go, and clutching the arms of his chair with his brown, blond-felled fisherman's hands.

"Yes. This is the fact. So I am informed," Herr Grünlich said, with dreary certitude. "I hear that your son — *studiosus medicinae*, I am led to understand — has allowed himself — of course unconsciously — to encroach upon my rights. I hear that he has taken advantage of the present visit of the young lady to extract certain promises from her."

"What?" shouted the pilot-captain, gripping the arms of his chair and springing up. "That we shall soon — we can soon see — !" With two steps he was at the door, tore it open, and shouted down the corridor in a voice that would have out-roared the wildest seas: "Meta, Morten! Come in here, both of you."

"I shall regret it exceedingly if the assertion of my prior rights runs counter to your fatherly hopes, Herr Captain."

Diederich Schwarzkopf turned and stared, with his sharp blue eyes in their wrinkled setting, straight into the stranger's face, as though he strove in vain to comprehend his words.

"Sir!" he said. Then, with a voice that sounded as though he had just burnt his throat with hot grog, "I'm a simple sort of a man, and don't know much about landlubber's tricks and skin games; but if you mean, maybe, that — well, sir, you can just set it down right away that you've got on the wrong tack, and are making a pretty bad miscalculation about my fatherly hopes. I know who my son is, and I know who Mademoiselle Buddenbrook is, and there's too much respect and too much pride in my carcase to be making any plans of the sort you've mentioned. — And now," he roared, jerking his head toward

the door, "it's your turn to talk, boy. You tell me what this affair is; what is this I hear—hey?"

Frau Schwarzkopf and her son stood in the doorway, she innocently arranging her apron, he with the air of a hardened sinner. Herr Grünlich did not rise at their entrance. He waited, erect and composed, on the edge of the sofa, buttoned up tight in his ulster.

"So you've been behaving like a silly fool?" bellowed the captain to Morten.

The young man had his thumb stuck between the buttons of his jacket. He scowled and puffed out his cheeks defiantly.

"Yes, Father," he said, "Fräulein Buddenbrook and I—"

"Well, then, I'll just tell you you're a perfect Tom-fool, a young ninny, and you'll be packed off to-morrow for Göttingen—to-morrow, understand? It's all damned childish nonsense, and rascality into the bargain."

"Good heavens, Diederich," said Frau Schwarzkopf, folding her hands, "you can't just say that, you know. Who knows—?" She stopped, she said no more; but it was plain from her face that a mother's beautiful dream had been shattered in that moment.

"Would the gentleman like to see the young lady?" Schwarzkopf turned to Herr Grünlich and spoke in a harsh voice.

"She is upstairs in her room asleep," Frau Schwarzkopf said with feeling.

"I regret," said Herr Grünlich, and he got up, obviously relieved. "But I repeat that my time is limited, and the carriage waits. I permit myself," he went on, describing with his hat a motion in the direction of Herr Schwarzkopf, "to acknowledge to you, Herr Captain, my entire recognition of your manly and high-principled bearing. I salute you. Good-bye."

Diederich Schwarzkopf did not offer to shake hands with him. He merely gave a jerky bow with the upper part of his heavy figure, that had an air of saying: "This is the proper thing, I suppose."

Herr Grünlich, with measured tread, passed between Morten and his mother and went out the door.

CHAPTER XII

THOMAS appeared with the Kröger calèche. The day was at hand.

The young man arrived at ten o'clock in the forenoon and took a bite with the family in the living-room. They sat together as on the first day, except that now summer was over; it was too cold and windy to sit in the verandah; and — Morten was not there. He was in Göttingen. Tony and he had not even been able to say good-bye. The Captain had stood there and said, "Well, so that's the end of that, eh!"

At eleven the brother and sister mounted into the wagon, where Tony's trunk was already fastened at the back. She was pale and shivered in her soft autumn coat — from cold, weariness, excitement, and a grief that now and then rose up suddenly and filled her breast with a painful oppression. She kissed little Meta, pressed the house-wife's hand, and nodded to Herr Schwarzkopf when he said, "Well, you won't forget us, little Miss, will you? And no bad feeling, eh? And a safe journey and best greetings to your honoured Father and the Frau Consul." Then the coach door slammed, the fat brown horses pulled at their traces, and the three Schwarzkopfs waved their handkerchiefs.

Tony crooked her neck in the corner of the coach, in order to peer out of the window. The sky was covered with white cloud-flakes; the Trave broke into little waves that hurried before the wind. Now and then drops of rain pattered against the glass. At the end of the front people sat in the doors of their cottages and mended nets; barefoot children came running to look curiously at the carriage. *They* did not have to go away!

As they left the last houses behind, Tony bent forward to look at the lighthouse; then she leaned back and closed her tired and burning eyes. She had hardly slept for excitement. She had risen early to finish her packing, and discovered no desire for breakfast. There was a dull taste in her mouth, and she felt so weak that she made no effort to dry the slow, hot tears that kept rising every minute.

But directly her eyes were shut, she found herself again in Travemünde, on the verandah. She saw Morten in the flesh before her; he seemed to speak and to lean toward her as he al-

ways did, and then look good-naturedly and searchingly at the next person, unconsciously showing his beautiful teeth as he smiled. Slowly her mind grew calm and peaceful again. She recalled everything that she had heard and learned from him in many a talk, and it solaced her to promise herself that she would preserve all this as a secret holy and inviolate and cherish it in her heart. That the King of Prussia had committed a great wrong against his people; that the local newspaper was a lamentable sheet; yes, that the laws of the League concerning universities had been renewed four years ago—all these were from now on consoling and edifying truths, a hidden treasure which she might store up within herself and contemplate whenever she chose. On the street, in the family circle, at the table she would think of them. Who knew? Perhaps she might even go on in the path prescribed for her and marry Herr Grünlich—that was a detail, after all—but when he spoke to her she could always say to herself, “I know something you don’t: the nobility is in principle despicable.”

She smiled to herself and was assuaged. But suddenly, in the noise of the wheels, she heard Morten’s voice with miraculous clearness. She distinguished every nuance of his kindly, dragging speech as he said: “To-day we must both ‘sit on the rocks,’ Fräulein Tony,” and this little memory overpowered her. Her breast contracted with her grief, and she let the tears flow down unopposed. Bowed in her corner, she held her handkerchief before her face and wept bitterly.

Thomas, his cigarette in his mouth, looked somewhat blankly at the high-road. “Poor Tony,” he said at last, stroking her jacket. “I feel so sorry—I understand so well, you know. But what can you do? One has to bear these things. Believe me, I do understand what you feel.”

“Oh, you don’t understand at all, Tom,” sobbed Tony.

“Don’t say that. Did you know it is decided that I am to go to Amsterdam at the beginning of next year? Papa has obtained a place for me with van der Kellen and Company. That means I must say good-bye for a long, long time.”

“Oh, Tom! Saying good-bye to your father and mother and sisters and brothers—that isn’t anything.”

“Ye-es,” he said, slowly. He sighed, as if he did not wish to say more, and was silent. He let the cigarette rove from one

corner of his mouth to the other, lifted one eyebrow, and turned his head away.

"Well, it doesn't last for ever," he began again after a while. "Naturally one forgets."

"But I don't want to forget," Tony cried out in desperation. "Forgetting — is that any consolation?"

CHAPTER XIII

THEN CAME the ferry, and Israelsdorf Avenue, Jerusalem Hill, the Castle Field. The wagon passed the Castle Gate, with the walls of the prison rising on the right, and rolled along Castle Street and over the Koberg. Tony looked at the grey gables, the oil lamps hung across the streets, Holy Ghost Hospital with the already almost bare lindens in front of it. Oh, how everything was exactly as it had been! It had been standing here, in immovable dignity, while she had thought of it as a dream worthy only to be forgotten. These grey gables were the old, the accustomed, the traditional, to which she was returning, in the midst of which she must live. She wept no more. She looked about curiously. The pain of parting was almost dulled at the sight of these well-known streets and faces. At that moment — the wagon was rolling through Broad Street — the porter Matthiesen passed and took off his stove-pipe hat so obsequiously that it seemed he must be thinking, "Bow, you dog of a porter — you can't bow low enough."

The equipage turned into the Mengstrasse, and the fat brown horses stood snorting and stamping before the Buddenbrook door. Tom was very attentive in helping his sister out, while Anton and Line hastened up to unfasten the trunk. But they had to wait before they could enter the house. Three great lorries were being driven through, one close behind another, piled high with full corn sacks, with the firm name written on them in big black letters. They jolted along over the great boards and down the shallow steps to the cart-yard with a heavy rumbling noise. Part of the corn was evidently to be unloaded at the back of the house and the rest taken to the "Walrus," the "Lion," or the "Oak."

The Consul came out of the office with his pen behind his ear as the brother and sister reached the entry, and stretched out his arms to his daughter.

"Welcome home, my dear Tony!"

She kissed him, looking a little shame-faced, her eyes still red with weeping. But he was very tactful; he made no allusions; he only said: "It is late, but we waited with the second breakfast."

The Frau Consul, Christian, Clothilde, Clara, and Ida Jungmann stood above on the landing to greet her.

Tony slept soundly and well the first night in Mengstrasse. She rose the next morning, the twenty-second of September, refreshed and calmed, and went down into the breakfast-room. It was still quite early, hardly seven o'clock. Only Mamsell Jungmann was there, making the morning coffee.

"Well, well, Tony, my little child," she said, looking round with her small, blinking brown eyes. "Up so early?"

Tony sat down at the open desk, clasped her hands behind her head, and looked for a while at the pavement of the court, gleaming black with wet, and at the damp, yellow garden. Then she began to rummage curiously among the visiting-cards and letters on the desk. Close by the inkstand lay the well-known large copybook with the stamped cover, gilt edges, and leaves of various qualities and colours. It must have been used the evening before, and it was strange that Papa had not put it back in its leather portfolio and laid it in its special drawer.

She took it and turned over the pages, began to read, and became absorbed. What she read were mostly simple facts well known to her; but each successive writer had followed his predecessor in a stately but simple chronicle style which was no bad mirror of the family attitude, its modest but honourable self-respect, and its reverence for tradition and history. The book was not new to Tony; she had sometimes been allowed to read in it. But its contents had never made the impression upon her that they made this morning. She was thrilled by the reverent particularity with which the simplest facts pertinent to the family were here treated. She propped herself on her elbows and read with growing absorption, seriousness and pride.

No point in her own tiny past was lacking. Her birth, her childish illnesses, her first school, her boarding-school days at Mademoiselle Weichbrodt's, her confirmation—everything was carefully entered, with an almost reverent observation of

facts, in the Consul's small, flowing business hand; for was not the least of them the will and work of God, who wonderfully guided the destinies of the family? What, she mused, would there be entered here in the future after her name, which she had received from her grandmother Antoinette? All that was yet to be written there would be conned by later members of the family with a piety equal to her own.

She leaned back sighing; her heart beat solemnly. She was filled with reverence for herself: the familiar feeling of personal importance possessed her, heightened by all she had been reading. She felt thrilled and shuddery. "Like a link in a chain," Papa had written. Yes, yes. She was important precisely as a link in this chain. Such was her significance and her responsibility, such her task: to share by deed and word in the history of her family.

She turned back to the end of the great volume, where on a rough folio page was entered the genealogy of the whole Buddenbrook family, with parentheses and rubrics, indicated in the Consul's hand, and all the dates set down: from the marriage of the earliest scion of the family with Brigitta Schuren, the pastor's daughter, down to the wedding of Consul Johann Buddenbrook with Elizabeth Kröger in 1825. From this marriage, it said, four children had resulted: whereupon these were all entered, with the days and years of their birth, and their baptismal names, one after another. Under that of the eldest son it was recorded that he had entered as apprentice in his father's business in the Easter of 1842.

Tony looked a long time at her name and at the blank space next it. Then, suddenly, with a jerk, with a nervous, feverish accompaniment of sobbing breaths and quick-moving lips—she clutched the pen, plunged it rather than dipped it into the ink, and wrote, with her forefinger crooked, her hot head bent far over on her shoulder, in her awkward handwriting that climbed up the page from left to right: "Betrothed, on Sept. 22, 1845, to Herr Bendix Grünlich, Merchant, of Hamburg."

Hanno Buddenbrook Closes the Account Book of Life

[Three characters occupy a central position in the long narrative of the Buddenbrook family: Tony, her brother Thomas, and his only child and son Hanno. A gifted, sickly, and extraordinarily beautiful and sensitive child, Hanno is clearly the symbol of final decline in the Buddenbrook family organism. What vitality he has is a vitality of the spirit, in his case a phenomenal musical talent, and this vitality, in terms of the pattern of the novel, is insufficient to thrust the last of the Buddenbrooks into the midst of life as lived by the less gifted and the less sensitive. I have chosen two very brief episodes from Hanno's life, his first recital, and the incident in which he closes the Buddenbrooks' Account Book of Life. The episodes follow each other very closely in the novel.]

ON HIS eighth birthday, April 15th, 1869, Hanno played before the assembled family a fantasy of his own composition. It was a simple affair, a motif entirely of his own invention, which he had slightly developed. When he showed it to Herr Pfühl, the organist, of course, had some criticism to make.

"What sort of theatrical ending is that, Johann? It doesn't go with the rest of it. In the beginning it is all pretty good; but why do you suddenly fall from B major into the six-four chord on the fourth note with a minor third? These are tricks; and you tremolo here, too—where did you pick that up? I know, of course: you have been listening when I played certain things for your mother. Change the end, child: then it will be quite a clean little piece of work."

But it appeared that Hanno laid the greatest stress precisely on this minor chord and this finale; and his mother was so very pleased with it that it remained as it was. She took her violin and played the upper part, and varied it with runs in demi-semi-quavers. That sounded gorgeous: Hanno kissed her out of sheer happiness, and they played it together to the family on the 15th of April.

The Frau Consul, Frau Permaneder, Christian,¹ Clothilde, Herr and Frau Consul Kröger, Herr and Frau Director Weinschenk, the Broad Street Buddenbrooks, and Therese Weichbrodt were all bidden to dinner at four o'clock, with the Senator and his wife, in honour of Hanno's birthday; and now they sat in the salon and looked at the child, perched on the music-stool in his sailor suit, and at the elegant, foreign appearance his mother made as she played a wonderful cantilena on the G string, and then, with profound virtuosity, developed a stream of purling, foaming cadences. The silver on the end of her bow gleamed in the gas-light.

Hanno was pale with excitement, and had hardly eaten any dinner. But now he forgot all else in his absorbed devotion to his task, which would, alas, be all over in ten minutes! The little melody he had invented was more harmonic than rhythmic in its structure; there was an extraordinary contrast between the simple primitive material which the child had at his command, and the impressive, impassioned, almost over-refined method with which that material was employed. He brought out each leading note with a forward inclination of the little head; he sat far forward on the music-stool, and strove by the use of both pedals to give each new harmony an emotional value. In truth, when Hanno concentrated upon an effect, the result was likely to be emotional rather than merely sentimental. He gave every simple harmonic device a special and mysterious significance by means of retardation and accentuation; his surprising skill in effects was displayed in each chord, each new harmony, by a suddenly introduced pianissimo. And he sat with lifted eyebrows, swaying back and forth with the whole upper part of his body. Then came the finale, Hanno's beloved finale, which crowned the elevated simplicity of the whole piece. Soft and clear as a bell sounded the E minor chord, tremolo pianissimo, amid the purling, flowing notes of the violin. It swelled, it broadened, it slowly, slowly rose: suddenly, in the forte, he introduced the discord C sharp, which led back to the original key, and the Stradivarius ornamented it with its welling and singing. He dwelt on the dissonance until it became fortissimo. But he de-

¹ The Frau Consul is Hanno's grandmother, Frau Permaneder his aunt Tony, and Christian, his uncle, is the brother of Tony and Thomas Buddenbrook. The latter is now a Senator in the Free City of Lübeck. (Editor's note.)

nied himself and his audience the resolution; he kept it back. What would it be, this resolution, this enchanting, satisfying absorption into the B major chord? A joy beyond compare, a gratification of overpowering sweetness! Peace! Bliss! The kingdom of Heaven: only not yet — not yet! A moment more of striving, hesitation, suspense, that must become well-nigh intolerable in order to heighten the ultimate moment of joy. — Once more — a last, a final tasting of this striving and yearning, this craving of the entire being, this last forcing of the will to deny oneself the fulfilment and the conclusion, in the knowledge that joy, when it comes, lasts only for the moment. The whole upper part of Hanno's little body straightened, his eyes grew larger, his closed lips trembled, he breathed short, spasmodic breaths through his nose. At last, at last, joy would no longer be denied. It came, it poured over him; he resisted no more. His muscles relaxed, his head sank weakly on his shoulder, his eyes closed, and a pathetic, almost an anguished smile of speechless rapture hovered about his mouth; while his tremolo, among the rippling and rustling runs from the violin, to which he now added runs in the bass, glided over into B major, swelled up suddenly into forte, and after one brief, resounding burst, broke off.

It was impossible that all the effect which this had upon Hanno should pass over into his audience. Frau Permaneder, for instance, had not the slightest idea what it was all about. But she had seen the child's smile, the rhythm of his body, the beloved little head swaying enraptured from side to side — and the sight had penetrated to the depths of her easily moved nature.

"How the child can play! Oh, how he can play!" she cried, hurrying to him half-weeping and folding him in her arms. "Gerda, Tom, he will be a Meyerbeer, a Mozart, a —" As no third name of equal significance occurred to her, she confined herself to showering kisses on her nephew, who sat there, still quite exhausted, with an absent look in his eyes.

"That's enough, Tony," the Senator said softly. "Please don't put such ideas into the child's head."

One day, some three quarters of an hour before dinner, Hanno had gone down alone to the first storey. He had practised

for a long time on the piano, and now was idling about in the living-room. He half lay, half sat, on the chaise-longue, tying and untying his sailor's knot, and his eyes, roving aimlessly about, caught sight of an open portfolio on his mother's nut-wood writing-table. It was the leather case with the family papers. He rested his elbow on the sofa-cushion, and his chin in his hand, and looked at the things for a while from a distance. Papa must have had them out after second breakfast, and left them there because he was not finished with them. Some of the papers were sticking in the portfolio, some loose sheets lying outside were weighted with a metal ruler, and the large gilt-edged notebook with the motley paper lay there open.

Hanno slipped idly down from the sofa and went to the writing-table. The book was open at the Buddenbrook family tree, set forth in the hand of his various forbears, including his father; complete, with rubrics, parentheses, and plainly marked dates. Kneeling with one knee on the desk-chair, leaning his head with its soft waves of brown hair on the palm of his hand, Hanno looked at the manuscript sidewise, carelessly critical, a little contemptuous, and supremely indifferent, letting his free hand toy with Mamma's gold-and-ebony pen. His eyes roved all over these names, masculine and feminine, some of them in queer old-fashioned writing with great flourishes, written in faded yellow or thick black ink, to which little grains of sand were sticking. At the very bottom, in Papa's small, neat handwriting that ran so fast over the page, he read his own name, under that of his parents: Justus, Johann, Kasper, born April 15, 1861. He liked looking at it. He straightened up a little, and took the ruler and pen, still rather idly; let his eye travel once more over the whole genealogical host; then, with absent care, mechanically and dreamily, he made with the gold pen a beautiful, clean double line diagonally across the entire page, the upper one heavier than the lower, just as he had been taught to embellish the page of his arithmetic book. He looked at his work with his head on one side, and then moved away.

After dinner the Senator called him up and surveyed him with his eyebrows drawn together.

"What is this? Where did it come from? Did you do it?"

Hanno had to think a minute, whether he really had done it; and then he answered "Yes."

"What for? What is the matter with you? Answer me! What possessed you, to do such a mischievous thing?" cried the Senator, and struck Hanno's cheek lightly with the rolled-up notebook.

And little Johann stammered, retreating, with his hand to his cheek, "I thought—I thought—there was nothing else coming."

The Suffering, Love, and Death of Thomas Buddenbrook

[*Buddenbrooks* has no chapter titles, but I have suggested the words above as a key to the sequence, near the end of the novel, that relates the supreme experiences of its third central figure, Thomas Buddenbrook. In his *A Sketch of My Life* Thomas Mann remarks: "It happened to me as I made it happen to Thomas Buddenbrook . . . the hour came that bade me read, and I read day and night, as perhaps one reads only once in his life." Mann's consuming experience, we are told, was not so much an intellectual as "a metaphysical intoxication . . . less philosophical than passionate and mystical." More personal than any other part of this novel of memories, the Schopenhauer "experience" is entirely Thomas Buddenbrook's, rather than the author's, as might have been the case with a lesser artist. No dry or abstract theorizing breaks or dilutes the moving narrative of the single encounter of a bewildered, suffering, and abjectly lonely man with the purely spiritual. It is altogether the contrary; nowhere in the entire novel is the narrative closer to the actual and detailed experience of life, in this instance Thomas Buddenbrook's, than in these pages. He can, in fact, encounter pure *idea* and undergo the transports of an ensuing mystical experience only because the idea and its attendant emotions speak directly to the facts and pressures of his own experience of *life*. Although Thomas Buddenbrook cannot sustain the transport (can anyone?) he can, following his experience, speak with "simplicity" of invisible spirit and of the visible earth as for the last time he looks at the wideness of the sea at Travemünde, late in autumn, with his sister Tony beside him. And then, in the winter, he dies.

These chapters are, I think, the culmination of Thomas Mann's successful endeavor to write a realistic novel on a spiritual question.]

I

THE MARRIAGE of which little Johann had been the issue had never lost charm in the town as a subject for conversation. Since both of the parties to it were still felt to have something queer about them, the union itself must partake of that character of

the strange and uncanny which they each possessed. To get behind it even a little, to look beneath the scanty outward facts to the bottom of this relation, seemed a difficult, but certainly a stimulating task. And in bedrooms and sitting-rooms, in clubs and casinos, yes, even on 'Change itself, people still talked about Gerda and Thomas Buddenbrook.

How had these two come to marry, and what sort of relationship was theirs? Everybody remembered the sudden resolve of Thomas Buddenbrook eighteen years ago, when he was thirty years old. "This one or no one," he had said. It must have been something of the same sort with Gerda, for it was well known that she had refused everybody up to her twenty-seventh year, and then forthwith lent an ear to this particular wooer. It must have been a love match, people said: they granted that the three hundred thousand thaler had probably not played much of a rôle. But of that which any ordinary person would call love, there was very little to be seen between the pair. They had displayed from the very beginning a correct, respectful politeness, quite extraordinary between husband and wife. And what was still more odd it seemed not to proceed out of any inner estrangement, but out of a peculiar, silent, deep mutual knowledge. This had not at all altered with the years. The one change due to the passage of time was an outward one. It was only this: that the difference in years began to make itself plainly visible.

When you saw them together you felt that here was a rapidly aging man, already a little heavy, with his young wife at his side. Thomas Buddenbrook was going off very much, and this despite the now almost laughable vanity by which he kept himself up. On the other hand, Gerda had scarcely altered in these eighteen years. She seemed to be, as it were, conserved in the nervous coldness which was the essence of her being. Her lovely dark red hair had kept its colour, the white skin its smooth texture, the figure its lofty aristocratic slimness. In the corners of her rather too small and close-set brown eyes were the same blue shadows. You could not trust those eyes. Their look was strange, and what was written in it impossible to decipher. This woman's personality was so cool, so reserved, so repressed, so distant, she showed so little human warmth for anything but her music—how could one help feeling a vague mistrust? People unearthed wise old saws on the subject of

human nature and applied them to Senator Buddenbrook's wife. Still waters were known to run deep. Some people were slyer than foxes. And as they searched for an explanation, their limited imaginations soon led them to the theory that the lovely Gerda was deceiving her aging husband.

They watched, and before long they felt sure that Gerda's conduct, to put it mildly, passed the bounds of propriety in her relations with Herr Lieutenant von Throta.

Renée Maria von Throta came from the Rhineland. He was second lieutenant of one of the infantry battalions quartered in the town. The red collar of his uniform went well with his black hair, which he wore parted on the side and combed back in a high, thick curling crest from his white forehead. He looked big and strong enough, but was most unmilitary in speech and manner. He had a way of running one hand in between the buttons of his half-open undress coat and of sitting with his head supported on the back of his hand. His brows were devoid of military stiffness, and you could not hear his heels click together as he made them. And he had no more respect for his uniform than for ordinary clothes. Even the slim youthful moustaches that ran slantwise down to the corners of his mouth had neither point nor consistency; they only confirmed the unmartial impression he gave. The most remarkable thing about him was his eyes, so large, black, and extraordinarily brilliant that they seemed like glowing bottomless depths when he visited anything or anybody with his glance which was sparkling, ardent, or languishing by turns.

He had probably gone into the army against his will, or at least without any inclination for it; and despite his physique he was no good in the service. He was unregarded by his comrades, and shared but little in their interests—the interests and pleasures of young officers lately back from a victorious campaign. And they found him a disagreeable oddity, who did not care for horses or hunting or play or women. All his thoughts were bent on music. He was to be seen at all the concerts, with his languishing eyes and his lax, unmilitary, theatrical attitudes; on the other hand he despised the club and the casino and never went near them.

He made the duty calls which his position demanded; but the Buddenbrook house was the only one at which he visited

—too much, people thought, and the Senator himself thought so too.

No one dreamed what went on in Thomas Buddenbrook. No one must guess. But it was just this keeping everybody in ignorance of his mortification, his hatred, his powerlessness, that was so cruelly hard! People were beginning to find him a little ludicrous; but perhaps their laugh would have turned to pity if they had even dimly suspected how much he was on his guard against their laughter! He had seen it coming long before, he had felt it beforehand, before any one else had such an idea in his head. His much-carped-at vanity had its source largely in this fear. He had been first to see, with dismay, the growing disparity between himself and his lovely wife, on whom the years had not laid a finger. And now, since the advent of Herr von Throta, he had to fight with the last remnant of his strength to dissimulate his own misgivings, in order that they might not make him a laughing-stock in the eyes of the community.

Gerda Buddenbrook and the eccentric young officer met each other, naturally, in the world of music. Herr von Throta played the piano, violin, viola, cello, and flute, and played them all unusually well. Often the Senator became aware of an impending visit when Herr von Throta's man passed the office-door with his master's cello-case on his back. Thomas Buddenbrook would sit at his desk and watch until he saw his wife's friend enter the house. Then, overhead in the salon, the harmonies would rise and surge like waves, with singing, lamenting, unearthly jubilation; would lift like clasped hands outstretched toward Heaven; would float in vague ecstasies; would sink and die away into sobbing, into night and silence. But they might roll and seethe, weep and exult, foam up and enfold each other, as unnaturally as they liked! They were not the worst. The worst, the actually torturing thing, was the silence. It would sometimes reign so long, so long, and so profoundly, above there in the salon, that it was impossible not to feel afraid of it. There would be no tread upon the ceiling, not even a chair would move—simply a soundless, speechless, deceiving, *secret* silence. Thomas Buddenbrook would sit there, and the torture was such that he sometimes softly groaned.

What was it that he feared? Once more people had seen Herr

von Throta enter his house. And with their eyes he beheld the picture just as they saw it: Below, an aging man, worn out and crotchety, sat at his window in the office; above, his beautiful wife made music with her lover. *And not that alone.* Yes, that was the way the thing looked to them. He knew it. He was aware, too, that the word "lover" was not really descriptive of Herr von Throta. It would have been almost a relief if it were. If he could have understood and despised him as an empty-headed, ordinary youth who worked off his average endowment of high spirits in a little music, and thus beguiled the feminine heart! He tried to think of him like that. He tried to summon up the instincts of his father to meet the case: the instincts of the thrifty merchant against the frivolous, adventurous, unreliable military caste. He called Herr von Throta "the lieutenant," and tried to think of him as that; but in his heart he was conscious that the name was inappropriate.

What was it that Thomas Buddenbrook feared? Nothing — nothing to put a name to. If there had only been something tangible, some simple, brutal fact, something to defend himself against! He envied people the simplicity of their conceptions. For while he sat there in torments, with his head in his hands, he knew all too well that "betrayal," "adultery," were not words to describe the singing things, the abysmally silent things, that were happening up there.

He looked up sometimes at the grey gables, at the people passing by, at the jubilee present hanging above his desk with the portraits of his forefathers: he thought of the history of his house, and said to himself that this was all that was wanting: that his person should become a byword, his name and family life a scandal among the people. This was all that was lacking to set the crown upon the whole. And the thought, again, almost did him good, because it was a simple, comprehensible, normal thought, that one could think and express — quite another matter from this brooding over a mysterious disgrace, a blot upon his family 'scutcheon.

He could bear it no more. He shoved back his chair, left the office, and went upstairs. Whither should he go? Into the salon, to be greeted with unembarrassed slight condescension by Herr von Throta, to ask him to supper and be refused? For one of the worst features of the case was that the lieutenant avoided

him, refused all official invitations from the head of the house, and confined himself to the free and private intercourse with its mistress.

Should he wait? Sit down somewhere, perhaps in the smoking-room, until the lieutenant went, and then go to Gerda and speak out, and call her to account? Ah, one did not speak out with Gerda, one did not call her to account. Why should one? Their alliance was based on mutual consideration, tact, and silence. To become a laughing-stock before her, too — no, surely he was not called upon to do that. To play the jealous husband would be to grant that outsiders were right, to proclaim a scandal, to cry it aloud. Was he jealous? Of whom? Of what? Alas, no! Jealousy — the word meant action: mistaken, crazy, wrong action, perhaps, but at least action, energetic, fearless, and conclusive. No, he only felt a slight anxiety, a harassing worry, over the whole thing.

He went into his dressing-room and bathed his face with eau-de-cologne. Then he descended to the music-room, determined to break the silence there, cost what it would. He laid his hand on the door-knob — but now the music struck up again with a stormy outburst of sound, and he shrank back.

One day in such an hour, he was leaning over the balcony of the second floor, looking down the well of the staircase. Everything was quite still. Little Johann came out of his room, down the gallery steps, and across the corridor, on his way to Ida Jungmann's room. He slipped along the wall with his book, and would have passed his father with lowered eyes, and a murmured greeting; but the Senator spoke to him.

"Well, Hanno, and what are you doing?"

"Studying my lessons, Papa. I am going to Ida, to have her hear my translation —"

"Well, and what do you have to-morrow?"

Hanno, still looking down, made an obvious effort to give a prompt, alert, and correct answer to the question. He swallowed once and said, "We have Cornelius Nepos, some accounts to copy, French grammar, the rivers of North America, German theme-correcting —"

He stopped and felt provoked with himself; he could not remember any more, and wished he had said *and* and let his voice fall, it sounded so abrupt and unfinished. "Nothing else," he

said as decidedly as he could, without looking up. But his father did not seem to be listening. He held Hanno's free hand and played with it absently, unconsciously fingering the slim fingers.

And then Hanno heard something that had nothing to do with the lessons at all: his father's voice, in a tone he had never heard before, low, distressed, almost imploring: "Hanno—the lieutenant has been more than two hours with Mamma—"

Little Hanno opened wide his gold-brown eyes at the sound; and they looked, as never before, clear, large, and loving, straight into his father's face, with its reddened eyelids under the light brows, its white puffy cheeks and long stiff moustaches. God knows how much he understood. But one thing they both felt: in the long second when their eyes met, all constraint, coldness, and misunderstanding melted away. Hanno might fail his father in all that demanded vitality, energy and strength. But where fear and suffering were in question, there Thomas Buddenbrook could count on the devotion of his son. On that common ground they met as one.

He did not realize this—he tried not to realize it. In the days that followed, he urged Hanno on more sternly than ever to practical preparations for his future career. He tested his mental powers, pressed him to commit himself upon the subject of his calling, and grew irritated at every sign of rebellion or fatigue. For the truth was that Thomas Buddenbrook, at the age of forty-eight, began to feel that his days were numbered, and to reckon with his own approaching death.

His health had failed. Loss of appetite, sleeplessness, dizziness, and the chills to which he had always been subject forced him several times to call in Dr. Langhals. But he did not follow the doctor's orders. His will-power had grown flabby in these years of idleness or petty activity. He slept late in the morning, though every evening he made an angry resolve to rise early and take the prescribed walk before breakfast. Only two or three times did he actually carry out the resolve; and it was the same with everything else. And the constant effort to spur on his will, with the constant failure to do so, consumed his self-respect and made him a prey to despair. He never even tried to give up his cigarettes; he could not do without the pleasant narcotic effect; he had smoked them from his youth up. He

told Dr. Langhals to his vapid face: "You see, Doctor, it is your duty to forbid me cigarettes—a very easy and agreeable duty. But I have to obey the order—that is my share, and you can look on at it. No, we will work together over my health; but I find the work unevenly divided—too much of yours falls to me. Don't laugh; it is no joke. One is so frightfully alone—well, I smoke. Will you have one?" He offered his case.

All his powers were on the decline. What strengthened in him was the conviction that it could not last long, that the end was close at hand. He suffered from strange apprehensive fancies. Sometimes at table it seemed to him that he was no longer sitting with his family, but hovering above them somewhere and looking down upon them from a great distance. "I am going to die," he said to himself. And he would call Hanno to him repeatedly and say: "My son, I may be taken away from you sooner than you think. And then you will be called upon to take my place. I was called upon very young myself. Can you understand that I am troubled by your indifference? Are you now resolved in your mind? Yes? Oh, 'yes' is no answer! Again you won't answer me! What I ask you is, have you resolved, bravely and joyfully, to take up your burden? Do you imagine that you won't have to work, that you will have enough money without? You will have nothing, or very, very little; you will be thrown upon your own resources. If you want to live, and live well, you will have to work hard, harder even than I did."

But this was not all. It was not only the burden of his son's future, the future of his house, that weighed him down. There was another thought that took command, that mastered him and spurred on his weary thoughts. And it was this: As soon as he began to think of his mortal end not as an indefinite remote event, almost a contingency, but as something near and tangible for which it behoved him to prepare, he began to investigate himself, to examine his relations to death and questions of another world. And his earliest researches in this kind discovered in himself an irremediable unpreparedness.

His father had united with his hard practical sense a literal faith, a fanatic Bible-Christianity which his mother, in her later years, had adhered to as well; but to himself it had always been rather repellent. The worldly scepticism of his grandfather had

been more nearly his own attitude. But the comfortable superficiality of old Johann could not satisfy his metaphysical and spiritual needs, and he ended by finding in evolution the answer to all his questions about eternity and immortality. He said to himself that he had lived in his forbears and would live on in his descendants. And this line which he had taken coincided not only with his sense of family, his patrician self-consciousness, his ancestor-worship, as it were; it had also strengthened his ambitions and through them the whole course of his existence. But now, before the near and penetrating eye of death, it fell away; it was nothing, it gave him not one single hour of calm, of readiness for the end.

Thomas Buddenbrook had played now and then throughout his life with an inclination to Catholicism. But he was at bottom, none the less, the born Protestant: full of the true Protestant's passionate, relentless sense of personal responsibility. No, in the ultimate things there was, there could be, no help from outside, no mediation, no absolution, no soothing-syrup, no panacea. Each one of us, alone, unaided, of his own powers, must unravel the riddle before it was too late, must wring for himself a pious readiness before the hour of death, or else part in despair. Thomas Buddenbrook turned away, desperate and hopeless, from his only son, in whom he had once hoped to live on, renewed and strong, and began in fear and haste to seek for the truth which must somewhere exist for him.

It was high summer of the year 1874. Silvery, high-piled clouds drifted across the deep blue sky above the garden's dainty symmetry. The birds twittered in the boughs of the walnut tree, the fountain splashed among the irises, and the scent of the lilacs floated on the breeze, mingled, alas, with the smell of hot syrup from a sugar-factory nearby. To the astonishment of the staff, the Senator now often left his work during office hours, to pace up and down in the garden with his hands behind his back, or to work about, raking the gravel paths, tying up the rose-bushes, or dredging mud out of the fountain. His face, with its light eyebrows, seemed serious and attentive as he worked; but his thoughts travelled far away in the dark on their lonely, painful path.

Sometimes he seated himself on the little terrace, in the pavilion now entirely overgrown with green, and stared across

the garden at the red brick rear wall of the house. The air was warm and sweet; it seemed as though the peaceful sounds about him strove to lull him to sleep. Weary of loneliness and silence and staring into space, he would close his eyes now and then, only to snatch them open and harshly frighten peace away. "I must think," he said, almost aloud. "I must arrange everything before it is too late."

He sat here one day, in the pavilion, in the little reed rocking-chair, and read for four hours, with growing absorption, in a book which had, partly by chance, come into his hands. After second breakfast, cigarette in mouth, he had unearthed it in the smoking-room, from behind some stately volumes in the corner of a bookcase, and recalled that he had bought it at a bargain one day years ago. It was a large volume, poorly printed on cheap paper and poorly sewed; the second part, only, of a famous philosophical system. He had brought it out with him into the garden, and now he turned the pages, profoundly interested.

He was filled with a great, surpassing satisfaction. It soothed him to see how a master-mind could lay hold on this strong, cruel, mocking thing called life and enforce it and condemn it. His was the gratification of the sufferer who has always had a bad conscience about his sufferings and concealed them from the gaze of a harsh, unsympathetic world, until suddenly, from the hand of an authority, he receives, as it were, justification and licence for his suffering—justification before the world, this best of all possible worlds which the master-mind scornfully demonstrates to be the worst of all possible ones!

He did not understand it all. Principles and premises remained unclear, and his mind, unpractised in such reading, was not able to follow certain trains of thought. But this very alternation of vagueness and clarity, of dull incomprehension with sudden bursts of light, kept him enthralled and breathless, and the hours vanished without his looking up from his book or changing his position in his chair.

He had left some pages unread in the beginning of the book, and hurried on, clutching rapidly after the main thesis, reading only this or that section which held his attention. Then he struck on a comprehensive chapter and read it from beginning to end, his lips tightly closed and his brows drawn together

with a concentration which had long been strange to him, completely withdrawn from the life about him. The chapter was called "On Death, and its Relation to our Personal Immortality."

Only a few lines remained when the servant came through the garden at four o'clock to call him to dinner. He nodded, read the remaining sentences, closed the book, and looked about him. He felt that his whole being had unaccountably expanded, and at the same time there clung about his senses a profound intoxication, a strange, sweet, vague allurements which somehow resembled the feelings of early love and longing. He put away the book in the drawer of the garden table. His hands were cold and unsteady, his head was burning, and he felt in it a strange pressure and strain, as though something were about to snap. He was not capable of consecutive thought.

What was this? He asked himself the question as he mounted the stairs and sat down to table with his family. What is it? Have I had a revelation? What has happened to me, Thomas Buddenbrook, Councillor of this government, head of the grain firm of Johann Buddenbrook? Was this message meant for me? Can I bear it? I don't know what it was: I only know it is too much for my poor brain.

He remained the rest of the day in this condition, this heavy lethargy and intoxication, overpowered by the heady draught he had drunk, incapable of thought. Evening came. His head was heavy, and since he could hold it up no longer, he went early to bed. He slept for three hours, more profoundly than ever before in his life. And, then, suddenly, abruptly, with a start, he awoke and felt as one feels on realizing, suddenly, a budding love in the heart.

He was alone in the large sleeping chamber; for Gerda slept now in Ida Jungmann's room, and the latter had moved into one of the three balcony rooms to be nearer little Johann. It was dark, for the curtains of both high windows were tightly closed. He lay on his back, feeling the oppression of the stillness and of the heavy, warm air, and looked up into the darkness.

And behold, it was as though the darkness were rent from before his eyes, as if the whole wall of the night parted wide and disclosed an immeasurable, boundless prospect of light. "I

shall live!" said Thomas Buddenbrook, almost aloud, and felt his breast shaken with inward sobs. "This is the revelation: that I shall live! For *it* will live — and that this *it* is not I is only an illusion, an error which death will make plain. This is it, this is it! Why?" But at this question the night closed in again upon him. He saw he knew, he understood, no least particle more; he let himself sink deep in the pillows, quite blinded and exhausted by the morsel of truth which had been vouchsafed.

He lay still and waited fervently, feeling himself tempted to pray that it would come again and irradiate his darkness. And it came. With folded hands, not daring to move, he lay and looked.

What *was* Death? The answer came, not in poor, large-sounding words: he felt it within him, he possessed it. Death was a joy, so great, so deep that it could be dreamed of only in moments of revelation like the present. It was the return from an unspeakably painful wandering, the correction of a grave mistake, the loosening of chains, the opening of doors — it put right again a lamentable mischance.

End, dissolution! These were pitiable words, and thrice pitiable he who used them! What would end, what would dissolve? Why, this his body, this heavy, faulty, hateful incumbrance, which *prevented him from being something other and better*.

Was not every human being a mistake and a blunder? Was he not in painful arrest from the hour of his birth? Prison, prison, bonds and limitations everywhere! The human being stares hopelessly through the barred window of his personality at the high walls of outward circumstance, till Death comes and calls him home to freedom!

Individuality? — All, all that one is, can, and has, seems poor, grey, inadequate, wearisome; what one is not, can not, has not, that is what one looks at with a longing desire that becomes love because it fears to become hate.

I bear in myself the seed, the tendency, the possibility of all capacity and all achievement. Where should I be were I not here? Who, what, how could I be, if I were not I — if this my external self, my consciousness, did not cut me off from those who are not I? Organism! Blind, thoughtless, pitiful eruption of the urging will! Better, indeed, for the will to float free in

spaceless, timeless night than for it to languish in prison, illumined by the feeble, flickering light of the intellect!

Have I hoped to live on in my son? In a personality yet more feeble, flickering, and timorous than my own? Blind, childish folly! What can my son do for me—what need have I of a son? Where shall I be when I am dead? Ah, it is so brilliantly clear, so overwhelmingly simple! I shall be in all those who have ever, do ever, or ever shall say “I” — *especially, however, in all those who say it most fully, potently, and gladly!*

Somewhere in the world a child is growing up, strong, well-grown, adequate, able to develop its powers, gifted, untroubled, pure, joyous, relentless, one of those beings whose glance heightens the joy of the joyous and drives the unhappy to despair. *He* is my son. He is I, myself, soon, soon; as soon as Death frees me from the wretched delusion that I am not he as well as myself.

Have I ever hated life — pure, strong, relentless life? Folly and misconception! I have but hated myself, because I could not bear it. I love you, I love you all, you blessed, and soon, soon, I shall cease to be cut off from you all by the narrow bonds of myself; soon will that in me which loves you be free and be in and with you — in and with you all.

He wept, he pressed his face into the pillows and wept, shaken through and through, lifted up in transports by a joy without compare for its exquisite sweetness. This it was which since yesterday had filled him as if with a heady, intoxicating draught, had worked in his heart in the darkness of the night and roused him like a budding love! And in so far as he could now understand and recognize — not in words and consecutive thoughts, but in sudden rapturous illuminations of his inmost being — he was already free, already actually released and free of all natural as well as artificial limitations. The walls of his native town, in which he had wilfully and consciously shut himself up, opened out; they opened and disclosed to his view the entire world, of which he had in his youth seen this or that small portion, and of which Death now promised him the whole. The deceptive perceptions of space, time and history, the preoccupation with a glorious historical continuity of life in the person of his own descendants, the dread of some future final dissolution and decomposition — all this his spirit now

put aside. He was no longer prevented from grasping eternity. Nothing began, nothing left off. There was only an endless present; and that power in him which loved life with a love so exquisitely sweet and yearning—the power of which his person was only the unsuccessful expression—that power would always know how to find access to this present.

“I shall live,” he whispered into his pillow. He wept, and in the next moment knew not why. His brain stood still, the vision was quenched. Suddenly there was nothing more—he lay in dumb darkness. “It will come back,” he assured himself. And before sleep inexorably wrapped him round, he swore to himself never to let go this precious treasure, but to read and study, to learn its powers, and to make inalienably his own the whole conception of the universe out of which his vision sprang.

But that could not be. Even the next day, as he woke with a faint feeling of shame at the emotional extravagances of the night, he suspected that it would be hard to put these beautiful designs into practice.

He rose late and had to go at once to take part in the debate at an assembly of burgesses. Public business, the civic life that went on in the gabled narrow streets of this middle-sized trading city, consumed his energies once more. He still planned to take up the wonderful reading again where he had left it off. But he questioned of himself whether the events of that night had been anything firm and permanent; whether, when Death approached, they would be found to hold their ground.

His middle-class instincts rose against them—and his vanity, too: the fear of being eccentric, of playing a laughable rôle. Had he really seen these things? And did they really become him—him, Thomas Buddenbrook, head of the firm of Johann Buddenbrook?

He never succeeded in looking again into the precious volume—to say nothing of buying its other parts. His days were consumed by nervous pedantry: harassed by a thousand details, all of them unimportant, he was too weak-willed to arrive at a reasonable and fruitful arrangement of his time. Nearly two weeks after that memorable afternoon he gave it up—and ordered the maidservant to fetch the book from the drawer in the garden table and replace it in the bookcase.

And thus Thomas Buddenbrook, who had held his hands

stretched imploringly upward toward the high ultimate truth, sank now weakly back to the images and conceptions of his childhood. He strove to call back that personal God, the Father of all human beings, who had sent a part of Himself upon earth to suffer and bleed for our sins, and who, on the final day, would come to judge the quick and the dead; at whose feet the justified, in the course of the eternity then beginning, would be recompensed for the sorrows they had borne in this vale of tears. Yes, he strove to subscribe to the whole confused unconvincing story, which required no intelligence, only obedient credulity; and which, when the last anguish came, would sustain one in a firm and childlike faith. — But would it, really?

Ah, even here there was no peace. This poor, well-nigh exhausted man, consumed with gnawing fears for the honour of his house, his wife, his child, his name, his family, this man who spent painful effort even to keep his body artificially erect and well-preserved — this poor man tortured himself for days with thoughts upon the moment and manner of death. How would it really be? Did the soul go to Heaven immediately after death, or did bliss first begin with the resurrection of the flesh? And, if so, where did the soul stay until that time? He did not remember ever having been taught this. Why had he not been told this important fact in school or in church? How was it justifiable for them to leave people in such uncertainty? He considered visiting Pastor Pringsheim and seeking advice and counsel; but he gave it up in the end for fear of being ridiculous.

And finally he gave it all up — he left it all to God. But having come to such an unsatisfactory ending of his attempts to set his spiritual affairs in order, he determined at least to spare no pains over his earthly ones, and to carry out a plan which he had long entertained.

One day little Johann heard his father tell his mother, as they drank their coffee in the living-room after the midday meal, that he expected Lawyer So-and-So to make his will. He really ought not to keep on putting it off. Later, in the afternoon, Hanno practised his music for an hour. When he went down the corridor after that, he met, coming up the stairs, his father and a gentleman in a long black overcoat.

"Hanno," said the Senator, curtly. And little Johann stopped, swallowed, and said quickly and softly: "Yes, Papa."

"I have some important business with this gentleman," his father went on. "Will you stand before the door into the smoking-room and take care that nobody — absolutely nobody, you understand — disturbs us?"

"Yes, Papa," said little Johann, and took up his post before the door, which closed after the two gentlemen.

He stood there, clutching his sailor's knot with one hand, felt with his tongue for a doubtful tooth, and listened to the earnest subdued voices which could be heard from inside. His head, with the curling light-brown hair, he held on one side, and his face with the frowning brows and blue-shadowed, gold-brown eyes, wore that same displeased and brooding look with which he had inhaled the odour of the flowers, and that other strange, yet half-familiar odour, by his grandmother's bier.

Ida Jungmann passed and said, "Well, little Hanno, why are you hanging about here?"

And the hump-backed apprentice came out of the office with a telegram, and asked for the Senator.

But, both times, little Johann put his arm in its blue sailor sleeve with the anchor on it horizontally across the door; both times he shook his head and said softly, after a pause, "No one may go in. Papa is making his will."

II

IN the autumn Dr. Langhals said, making play like a woman with his beautiful eyes: "It is the nerves, Senator; the nerves are to blame for everything. And once in a while the circulation is not what it should be. May I venture to make a suggestion? You need another little rest. These few Sundays by the sea, during the summer, haven't amounted to much, of course. It's the end of September, Travemünde is still open, there are still a few people there. Drive over, Senator, and sit on the beach a little. Two or three weeks will do you a great deal of good."

And Thomas Buddenbrook said "yes" and "amen." But when he told his family of the arrangement, Christian suggested going with him.

"I'll go with you, Thomas," he said, quite simply. "You don't

mind, I suppose." And the Senator, though he did mind very much, said "yes" and "amen" to this arrangement as well.

Christian was now more than ever master of his own time. His fluctuating health had constrained him to give up his last undertaking, the champagne and spirit agency. The man who used to come and sit on his sofa and nod at him in the twilight had happily not recurred of late. But the misery in the side had, if anything, grown worse, and added to this was a whole list of other infirmities of which Christian kept the closest watch, and which he described in all companies, with his nose wrinkled up. He often suffered from that long-standing dread of paralysis of the tongue, throat, and œsophagus, even of the extremities and of the brain—of which there were no actual symptoms, but the fear in itself was almost worse. He told in detail how, one day when he was making tea, he had held the lighted match not over the spirit-lamp, but over the open bottle of methylated spirit instead; so that not only himself, but the people in his own and the adjacent buildings, nearly went up in flames. And he dwelt in particular detail, straining every resource he had at his command to make himself perfectly clear, upon a certain ghastly anomaly which he had of late observed in himself. It was this: that on certain days, i.e., under certain weather conditions, and in certain states of mind, he could not see an open window without having a horrible and inexplicable impulse to jump out. It was a mad and almost uncontrollable desire, a sort of desperate foolhardiness. The family were dining on Sunday in Fishers' Lane, and he described how he had to summon all his powers, and crawl on hands and knees to the window to shut it. At this point everybody shrieked; his audience rebelled, and would listen no more.

He told these and similar things with a certain horrible satisfaction. But the thing about himself which he did not know, which he never studied and described, but which none the less grew worse and worse, was his singular lack of tact. He told in the family circle anecdotes of such a nature that the club was the only possible place for them. And even his sense of personal modesty seemed to be breaking down. He was on friendly terms with his sister-in-law, Gerda. But when he displayed to her the beautiful weave and texture of his English

socks, he did not stop at that, but rolled up his wide, checkered trouser-leg to far above the knee: "Look," he said, wrinkling his nose in distress: "Look how thin I'm getting. Isn't it striking and unusual?" And there he sat, sadly gazing at his crooked, bony leg and the gaunt knee visible through his white woollen drawers.

His mercantile activity then, was a thing of the past. But such hours as he did not spend at the club he liked to fill in with one sort of occupation or another; and he would proudly point out that he had never actually ceased to work. He extended his knowledge of languages and embarked upon a study of Chinese — though this was for the sake of acquiring knowledge, simply, with no practical purpose in view. He worked at it industriously for two weeks. He was also, just at this time, occupied with a project of enlarging an English-German dictionary which he had found inadequate. But he really needed a little change, and it would be better too for the Senator to have somebody with him; so he did not allow his business to keep him in town.

The two brothers drove out together to the sea along the turnpike, which was nothing but a puddle. The rain drummed on the carriage-top, and they hardly spoke. Christian's eyes roved hither and yon; he was as if listening to uncanny noises. Thomas sat muffled in his cloak, shivering, gazing with bloodshot eyes, his moustaches stiffly sticking out beyond his white cheeks. They drove up to the Kurhouse in the afternoon, their wheels grating in the wet gravel. Old Broker Gosch sat in the glass verandah, drinking rum punch. He stood up, whistling through his teeth, and they all sat down together to have a little something warm while the trunks were being carried up.

Herr Gosch was a late guest at the cure, and there were a few other people as well: an English family, a Dutch maiden lady, and a Hamburg bachelor, all of them presumably taking their rest before table-d'hôte, for it was like the grave everywhere but for the sound of the rain. Let them sleep! As for Herr Gosch, he was not in the habit of sleeping in the daytime. He was glad enough to get a few hours' sleep at night. He was far from well; he was taking a late cure for the benefit of this trembling which he suffered from in all his limbs. Hang it, he could hardly hold his glass of grog; and more often than not

he could not write at all — so that the translation of Lope de Vega got on but slowly. He was in a very low mood indeed, and even his curses lacked relish. "Let it go hang!" was his constant phrase, which he repeated on every occasion and often on none at all.

And the Senator? How was he feeling? How long were the gentlemen thinking of stopping?

Oh, Dr. Langhals had sent him out on account of his nerves. He had obeyed orders, of course, despite the frightful weather — what doesn't one do out of fear of one's physician? He was really feeling more or less miserable, and they would probably remain till there was a little improvement.

"Yes, I'm pretty wretched too," said Christian, irritated at Thomas's speaking only of himself. He was about to fetch out his repertoire — the nodding man, the spirit-bottle, the open window — when the Senator interrupted him by going to engage the rooms.

The rain did not stop. It washed away the earth, it danced upon the sea, which was driven back by the southwest wind and left the beaches bare. Everything was shrouded in grey. The steamers went by like wraiths and vanished on the dim horizon.

They met the strange guests only at table. The Senator, in mackintosh and goloshes, went walking with Gosch; Christian drank Swedish punch with the barmaid in the pastry-shop.

Two or three times in the afternoon it looked as though the sun were coming out; and a few acquaintances from town appeared — people who enjoyed a holiday away from their families: Senator Dr. Gieseke, Christian's friend, and Consul Peter Döhlmann, who looked very ill indeed, and was killing himself with Hunyadi-Janos water. The gentlemen sat together in their overcoats, under the awnings of the pastry-shop, opposite the empty bandstand, drinking their coffee, digesting their five courses, and talking desultorily as they gazed over the empty garden.

The news of the town — the last high water, which had gone into the cellars and been so deep that in the lower part of the town people had to go about in boats; a fire in the dockyard sheds; a senatorial election — these were the topics of conversation. Alfred Lauritzen, of the firm of Stürmann & Lauritzen,

tea, coffee, and spice merchants, had been elected, and Senator Buddenbrook had not approved of the choice. He sat smoking cigarettes, wrapped in his cloak, almost silent except for a few remarks on this particular subject. One thing was certain, he said, and that was that *he* had not voted for Herr Lauritzen. Lauritzen was an honest fellow and a good man of business. There was no doubt of that; but he was middle-class, respectable middle-class. His father had fished herrings out of the barrel and handed them across the counter to servant-maids with his own hands — and now they had in the Senate the proprietor of a retail business. His, Thomas Buddenbrook's grandfather had disowned his eldest son for "marrying a shop"; but that was in the good old days. "The standard is being lowered," he said. "The social level is not so high as it was; the Senate is being democratized, my dear Gieseke, and that is no good. Business ability is one thing — but it is not everything. In my view we should demand something more. Alfred Lauritzen, with his big feet and his boatswain's face — it is offensive to me to think of him in the Senate-house. It offends something in me, I don't know what. It goes against my sense of form — it is a piece of bad taste, in short."

Senator Gieseke demurred. He was rather piqued by this expression of opinion. After all, he himself was only the son of a Fire Commissioner. No, the labourer was worthy of his hire. That was what being a republican meant. "You ought not to smoke so much, Buddenbrook," he ended. "You won't get any sea air."

"I'll stop now," said Thomas Buddenbrook, flung away the end of his cigarette, and closed his eyes.

The conversation dragged on; the rain set in again and veiled the prospect. They began to talk about the latest town scandal — about P. Philipp Kassbaum, who had been falsifying bills of exchange and now sat behind locks and bars. No one felt outraged over the dishonesty: they spoke of it as an act of folly, laughed a bit, and shrugged their shoulders. Senator Dr. Gieseke said that the convicted man had not lost his spirits. He had asked for a mirror, it seemed, there being none in his cell. "I'll need a looking-glass," he was reported to have said: "I shall be here for some time." He had been, like Christian and Dr. Gieseke, a pupil of the lamented Marcellus Stengel.

They all laughed again at this, through their noses, without a sign of feeling. Siegismund Gosch ordered another grog in a tone of voice that was as good as saying, "What's the use of living?" Consul Döhlmann sent for a bottle of brandy. Christian felt inclined to more Swedish punch, so Dr. Gieseke ordered some for both of them. Before long Thomas Buddenbrook began to smoke again.

And the idle, cynical, indifferent talk went on, heavy with the food they had eaten, the wine they drank, and the damp that depressed their spirits. They talked about business, the business of each one of those present; but even this subject roused no great enthusiasm.

"Oh, there's nothing very good about mine," said Thomas Buddenbrook heavily, and leaned his head against the back of his chair with an air of disgust.

"Well, and you, Döhlmann," asked Senator Gieseke, and yawned. "You've been devoting yourself entirely to brandy, eh?"

"The chimney can't smoke, unless there's a fire," the Consul retorted. "I look into the office every few days. Short hairs are soon combed."

"And Strunck and Hagenström have all the business in their hands anyhow," the broker said morosely, with his elbows sprawled out on the table and his wicked old grey head in his hands.

"Oh, nothing can compete with a dung-heap, for smell," Döhlmann said, with a deliberately coarse pronunciation, which must have depressed everybody's spirits the more by its hopeless cynicism. "Well, and you, Buddenbrook — what are you doing now? Nothing, eh?"

"No," answered Christian, "I can't, any more." And without more ado, having perceived the mood of the hour, he proceeded to accentuate it. He began, his hat on one side, to talk about his Valparaiso office and Johnny Thunderstorm. "Well, in that heat — 'Good God! Work, Sir? No, Sir. As you see, Sir.' And they puffed their cigarette-smoke right in his face. Good God!" It was, as always, an incomparable expression of dissolute, impudent, lazy good-nature. His brother sat motionless.

Herr Gosch tried to lift his glass to his thin lips, put it back

on the table again, cursing through his shut teeth, and struck the offending arm with his fist. Then he lifted the glass once more, and spilled half its contents, draining the remainder furiously at a gulp.

"Oh, you and your shaking, Gosch!" Peter Döhlmann exclaimed. "Why don't you just let yourself go, like me? I'll croak if I don't drink my bottle every day — I've got as far as that; and I'll croak if I do. How would you feel if you couldn't get rid of your dinner, not a single day — I mean, after you've got it in your stomach?" And he favoured them with some repulsive details of his condition, to which Christian listened with dreadful interest, wrinkling his nose as far as it could go and countering with a brief and forcible account of his "misery."

It rained harder than ever. It came straight down in sheets and filled the silence of the Kurgarten with its ceaseless, forlorn, and desolate murmur.

"Yes, life's pretty rotten," said Senator Gieseke. He had been drinking heavily.

"I'd just as lief quit," said Christian.

"Let it go hang," said Herr Gosch.

"There comes Fike Dahlbeck," said Senator Gieseke. The proprietress of the cow-stalls, a heavy, bold-faced woman in the forties, came by with a pail of milk and smiled at the gentlemen.

Senator Gieseke let his eyes rove after her.

"What a bosom," he said. Consul Döhlmann added a lewd witticism, with the result that all the gentlemen laughed once more, through their noses.

The waiter was summoned.

"I've finished the bottle, Schröder," said Consul Döhlmann. "May as well pay — we have to some time or other. You, Christian? Gieseke pays for you, eh?"

Senator Buddenbrook roused himself at this. He had been sitting there, hardly speaking, wrapped in his cloak, his hands in his lap and his cigarette in the corner of his mouth. Now he suddenly started up and said sharply, "Have you no money with you, Christian? Then I'll lend it to you."

They put up their umbrellas and emerged from their shelter to take a little stroll.

Frau Permaneder came out once in a while to see her brother. They would walk as far as Sea-Gull Rock or the little Ocean Temple; and here Tony Buddenbrook, for some reason or other, was always seized by a mood of vague excitement and rebellion. She would repeatedly emphasize the independence and equality of all human beings, summarily repudiate all distinctions of rank or class, use some very strong language on the subject of privilege and arbitrary power, and demand in set terms that merit should receive its just reward. And then she talked about her own life. She talked well, she entertained her brother capitally. This child of fortune, so long as she walked upon this earth, had never once needed to suppress an emotion, to choke down or swallow anything she felt. She had never received in silence either the blows or the caresses of fate. And whatever she had received, of joy or sorrow, she had straightway given forth again, in a flow of childish, self-important trivialities. Her digestion was not perfect, it is true. But her heart — ah, her heart was light, her spirit was free; freer than she herself comprehended. She was not consumed by the inexpressible. No sorrow weighed her down, or strove to speak but could not. And thus it was that her past left no mark upon her. She knew that she had led a troubled life — she knew it, that is, but at bottom she never believed in it herself. She recognized it as a fact, since everybody else believed it — and she utilized it to her own advantage, talking of it and making herself great with it in her own eyes and those of others. With outraged virtue and dignity she would call by name all those persons who had played havoc with her life and, in consequence, with the prestige of the Buddenbrook family; the list had grown long with time: Teary Trietschke! Grünlich! Permaneder! Tiburtius! Weinschenk! the Hagenströms! the State Attorney! Severin! — “What *filoux*, all of them, Thomas! God will punish them — that is my firm belief.”

Twilight was falling as they came up to the Ocean Temple, for the autumn was far advanced. They stood on one of the little chambers facing the bay — it smelled of wood, like the bathing cabins at the Kur, and its walls were scribbled over with mottoes, initials, hearts and rhymes. They stood and looked out over the dripping slope across the narrow, stony strip of beach, out to the turbid, restless sea.

"Great waves," said Thomas Buddenbrook. "How they come on and break, come on and break, one after another, endlessly, idly, empty and vast! And yet, like all the simple, inevitable things, they soothe, they console, after all. I have learned to love the sea more and more. Once, I think, I cared more for the mountains — because they lay farther off. Now I do not long for them. They would only frighten and abash me. They are too capricious, too manifold, too anomalous — I know I should feel myself vanquished in their presence. What sort of men prefer the monotony of the sea? Those, I think, who have looked so long and deeply into the complexities of the spirit, that they ask of outward things merely that they should possess one quality above all: simplicity. It is true that in the mountains one clammers briskly about, while beside the sea one sits quietly on the shore. This is a difference, but a superficial one. The real difference is in the look with which one pays homage to the one and to the other. It is a strong, challenging gaze, full of enterprise, that can soar from peak to peak; but the eyes that rest on the wide ocean and are soothed by the sight of its waves rolling on forever, mystically, relentlessly, are those that are already wearied by looking too deep into the solemn perplexities of life. — Health and illness, that is the difference. The man whose strength is unexhausted climbs boldly up into the lofty multiplicity of the mountain heights. But it is when one is worn out with turning one's eyes inward upon the bewildering complexity of the human heart, that one finds peace in resting them on the wideness of the sea."

Frau Permaneder was silent and uncomfortable, — as simple people are when a profound truth is suddenly expressed in the middle of a conventional conversation. People don't say such things, she thought to herself; and looked out to sea so as not to show her feeling by meeting his eyes. Then, in the silence, to make amends for an embarrassment which she could not help, she drew his arm through hers.

III

WINTER had come, Christmas had passed. It was January, 1875. The snow, which covered the foot-walks in a firm-trodden mass, mingled with sand and ashes, was piled on either side of the road in high mounds that were growing greyer and more

porous all the time, for the temperature was rising. The pavements were wet and dirty, the grey gables dripped. But above all stretched the heavens, a cloudless tender blue, while millions of light atoms seemed to dance like crystal motes in the air.

It was a lively sight in the centre of the town, for this was Saturday, and market-day as well. Under the pointed arches of the Town Hall arcades the butchers had their stalls and weighed out their wares red-handed. The fish-market, however, was held around the fountain in the market-square itself. Here fat old women, with their hands in muffs from which most of the fur was worn off, warming their feet at little coal-braziers, guarded their slippery wares and tried to cajole the servants and housewives into making purchases. There was no fear of being cheated. The fish would certainly be fresh, for the most of them were still alive. The luckiest ones were even swimming about in pails of water, rather cramped for space, but perfectly lively. Others lay with dreadfully goggling eyes and labouring gills, clinging to life and slapping the marble slab desperately with their tails—until such time as their fate was at hand, when somebody would seize them and cut their throats with a crunching sound. Great fat eels writhed and wreathed about in extraordinary shapes. There were deep vats full of black masses of crabs from the Baltic. Once in a while a big flounder gave such a desperate leap that he sprang right off his slab and fell down upon the slippery pavement, among all the refuse, and had to be picked up and severely admonished by his possessor.

Broad Street, at midday, was full of life. Schoolchildren with knapsacks on their backs came along the street, filling it with laughter and chatter, snowballing each other with the half-melting snow. Smart young apprentices passed, with Danish sailor caps or suits cut after the English model, carrying their portfolios and obviously pleased with themselves for having escaped from school. Among the crowd were settled, grey-bearded, highly respectable citizens, wearing the most irreproachable national-liberal expression on their faces, and tapping their sticks along the pavement. These looked across with interest to the glazed-brick front of the Town Hall, where the double guard was stationed; for the Senate was in session. The sentries trod their beat, wearing their cloaks, their guns on their shoulders,

phlegmatically stamping their feet in the dirty half-melted snow. They met in the centre of their beat, looked at each other, exchanged a word, turned, and moved away each to his own side. Sometimes a lieutenant would pass, his coat-collar turned up, his hands in his pockets, on the track of some grisette, yet at the same time permitting himself to be admired by young ladies of good family; and then each sentry would stand at attention in front of his box, look at himself from head to foot, and present arms. It would be a little time yet before they would perform the same salute before the members of the Senate, the sitting lasted some three quarters of an hour; it would probably adjourn before that.

But one of the sentries suddenly heard a short, discreet whistle from within the building. At the same moment the entrance was illumined by the red uniforms of Uhlefeld the beadle, with his dress sword and cocked hat. His air of preoccupation was simply enormous as he uttered a stealthy "Look out" and hastily withdrew. At the same moment approaching steps were heard on the echoing flags within.

The sentries front-faced, inflated their chests, stiffened their necks, grounded their arms, and then, with a couple of rapid motions, presented arms. Between them there had appeared, lifting his top hat, a gentleman of scarcely medium height, with one light eyebrow higher than the other and the pointed ends of his moustaches extending beyond his pallid cheeks. Senator Thomas Buddenbrook was leaving the Town Hall to-day long before the end of the sitting. He did not take the street to his own house, but turned to the right instead. He looked correct, spotless, and elegant as, with the rather hopping step peculiar to him, he walked along Broad Street, constantly saluting people whom he met. He wore white kid gloves, and he had his stick with the silver handle under his left arm. A white dress tie peeped forth from between the lapels of his fur coat. But his head and face, despite their careful grooming, looked rather seedy. People who passed him noticed that his eyes were watering and that he held his mouth shut in a peculiar cautious way; it was twisted a little to one side, and one could see by the muscles of his cheeks and temples that he was clenching his jaw. Sometimes he swallowed, as if a liquid kept rising in his mouth.

"Well, Buddenbrook, so you are cutting the session? That is something new," somebody said unexpectedly to him at the beginning of Mill Street. It was his friend and admirer Stephan Kistenmaker, whose opinion on all subjects was the echo of his own. Stephan Kistenmaker had a full greying beard, bushy eyebrows, and a long nose full of large pores. He had retired from the wine business a few years back with a comfortable sum, and his brother Edouard carried it on by himself. He lived now the life of a private gentleman; but, being rather ashamed of the fact, he always pretended to be overwhelmed with work. "I'm wearing myself out," he would say, stroking his grey hair, which he curled with the tongs. "But what's a man good for, but to wear himself out?" He stood hours on 'Change, gesturing imposingly, but doing no business. He held a number of unimportant offices, the latest one being Director of the city bathing establishments; but he also functioned as juror, broker, and executor, and laboured with such zeal that the perspiration dripped from his brow.

"There's a session, isn't there, Buddenbrook — and you are taking a walk?"

"Oh, it's you," said the Senator in a low voice, moving his lips cautiously. "I'm suffering frightfully — I'm nearly blind with pain."

"Pain? Where?"

"Toothache. Since yesterday. I did not close my eyes last night. I have not been to the dentist yet, because I had business in the office this morning, and then I did not like to miss the sitting. But I couldn't stand it any longer. I'm on my way to Brecht."

"Where is it?"

"Here on the left side, the lower jaw. A back tooth. It is decayed, of course. The pain is simply unbearable. Good-bye, Kistenmaker. You can understand that I am in a good deal of a hurry."

"Yes, of course — don't you think I am, too? Awful lot to do. Good-bye. Good luck! Have it out — get it over with at once — always the best way."

Thomas Buddenbrook went on, biting his jaws together, though it made the pain worse to do so. It was a furious burning, boring pain, starting from the infected back tooth and af-

fecting the whole side of the jaw. The inflammation throbbed like red-hot hammers; it made his face burn and his eyes water. His nerves were terribly affected by the sleepless night he had spent. He had had to control himself just now, lest his voice break as he spoke.

He entered a yellow-brown house in Mill Street and went up to the first storey, where a brass plate on the door said, "Brecht, Dentist." He did not see the servant who opened the door. The corridor was warm and smelled of beefsteak and cauliflower. Then he suddenly inhaled the sharp odour of the waiting-room into which he was ushered. "Sit down! One moment!" shrieked the voice of an old woman. It was Josephus, who sat in his shining cage at the end of the room and regarded him sidewise out of his venomous little eyes.

The Senator sat down at the round table and tried to read the jokes in a volume of *Fliegende Blätter*, flung down the book, and pressed the cool silver handle of his walking-stick against his cheek. He closed his burning eyes and groaned. There was not a sound, except for the noise made by Josephus as he bit and clawed at the bars of his cage. Herr Brecht might not be busy; but he owed it to himself to make his patient wait a little.

Thomas Buddenbrook stood up precipitately and drank a glass of water from the bottle on the table. It tasted and smelled of chloroform. Then he opened the door into the corridor and called out in an irritated voice: if there were nothing very important to prevent it, would Herr Brecht kindly make haste — he was suffering.

And immediately the bald forehead, hooked nose, and grizzled moustaches of the dentist appeared in the door of the operating-room. "If you please," he said. "If you please," shrieked Josephus. The Senator followed on the invitation. He was not smiling. "A bad case," thought Herr Brecht, and turned pale.

They passed through the large light room to the operating-chair in front of one of the two largest windows. It was an adjustable chair with an upholstered head-rest and green plush arms. As he sat down, Thomas Buddenbrook briefly explained what the trouble was. Then he leaned back his head and closed his eyes.

Herr Brecht screwed up the chair a bit and got to work on

the tooth with a tiny mirror and a pointed steel instrument. His hands smelled of almond soap, his breath of cauliflower and beefsteak.

"We must proceed to extraction," he said, after a while, and turned still paler.

"Very well, proceed, then," said the Senator, and shut his eyes more tightly.

There was a pause. Herr Brecht prepared something at his chest of drawers and got out his instruments. Then he approached the chair again.

"I'll paint it a little," he said; and began at once to apply a strong-smelling liquid in generous quantities. Then he gently implored the patient to sit very still and open his mouth very wide — and then he began.

Thomas Buddenbrook clutched the plush arm-rests with both his hands. He scarcely felt the forceps close around his tooth; but from the grinding sensation in his mouth, and the increasingly painful, really agonizing pressure on his whole head, he was made amply aware that the thing was under way. Thank God, he thought, now it can't last long. The pain grew and grew, to limitless, incredible heights; it grew to an insane, shrieking, inhuman torture, tearing his entire brain. It approached the catastrophe. "Here we are," he thought. "Now I must just bear it."

It lasted three or four seconds. Herr Brecht's nervous exertions communicated themselves to Thomas Buddenbrook's whole body, he was even lifted up a little on his chair, and he heard a soft, squeaking noise coming from the dentist's throat. Suddenly there was a fearful blow, a violent shaking as if his neck were broken, accompanied by a quick cracking, crackling noise. The pressure was gone, but his head buzzed, the pain throbbed madly in the inflamed and ill-used jaw; and he had the clearest impression that the thing had not been successful: that the extraction of the tooth was not the solution of the difficulty, but merely a premature catastrophe which only made matters worse.

Herr Brecht had retreated. He was leaning against his instrument-cupboard, and he looked like death. He said: "The crown — I thought so."

Thomas Buddenbrook spat a little blood into the blue basin

at his side, for the gum was lacerated. He asked, half-dazed: "What did you think? What about the crown?"

"The crown broke off, Herr Senator. I was afraid of it. — The tooth was in very bad condition. But it was my duty to make the experiment."

"What next?"

"Leave it to me, Herr Senator."

"What will you have to do now?"

"Take out the roots. With a lever. There are four of them."

"Four. Then you must take hold and lift four times."

"Yes — unfortunately."

"Well, this is enough for to-day," said the Senator. He started to rise, but remained seated and put his head back instead.

"My dear Sir, you mustn't demand the impossible of me," he said. "I'm not very strong on my legs, just now. I have had enough for to-day. Will you be so kind as to open the window a little?"

Herr Brecht did so. "It will be perfectly agreeable to me, Herr Senator, if you come in to-morrow or next day, at whatever hour you like, and we can go on with the operation. If you will permit me, I will just do a little more rinsing and pencilling, to reduce the pain somewhat."

He did the rinsing and pencilling, and then the Senator went. Herr Brecht accompanied him to the door, pale as death, expending his last remnant of strength in sympathetic shoulder-shruggings.

"One moment, please!" shrieked Josephus as they passed through the waiting-room. He still shrieked as Thomas Budenbrook went down the steps.

With a lever — yes, yes, that was to-morrow. What should he do now? Go home and rest, sleep, if he could. The actual pain in the nerve seemed deadened; in his mouth was only a dull, heavy burning sensation. Home, then. He went slowly through the streets, mechanically exchanging greetings with those whom he met; his look was absent and wandering, as though he were absorbed in thinking how he felt.

He got as far as Fishers' Lane and began to descend the left-hand sidewalk. After twenty paces he felt nauseated. "I'll go over to the public house and take a drink of brandy," he thought, and began to cross the road. But just as he reached the

middle, something happened to him. It was precisely as if his brain was seized and swung around, faster and faster, in circles that grew smaller and smaller, until it crashed with enormous, brutal, pitiless force against a stony centre. He performed a half-turn, fell, and struck the wet pavement, his arms outstretched.

As the street ran steeply down hill, his body lay much lower than his feet. He fell upon his face, beneath which, presently, a little pool of blood began to form. His hat rolled a little way off down the road; his fur coat was wet with mud and slush; his hands, in their white kid gloves, lay outstretched in a puddle.

Thus he lay, and thus he remained, until some people came down the street and turned him over.

1897-1900

III

SHORT STORIES

SHORT STORIES

EXCEPT for *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, which appeared in 1925, all of the eighteen short stories by Thomas Mann that have been published in book form were written between 1897 and 1911. An early story, not since reprinted, appeared in a well-known Germany literary periodical in 1894 to signalize his literary debut. Five stories were written during the long visit to Italy. One of these, *Little Herr Friedemann*, aroused such interest on the part of Oskar Bie, editor of the distinguished literary periodical *Die Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, that he asked to see everything else written by the twenty-two-year-old author. In 1898 Thomas Mann's first book, a collection of six short stories (the title story was *Little Herr Friedemann*), was published in Berlin by the famous house of S. Fischer, his German publisher since that time. Dealing mainly with "exceptional cases," the stories in that small first volume were examples of the turn-of-the-century vogue for highly polished narratives of a harrowing, sombre, and morbid if not decadent nature. They were all, as their author has often said, written after "models," mainly the French literary impressionists, but they were much more than imitations. Inevitably they reflected the particular concern of the fashionable writers of that day, pain, sorrow, and various kinds of suffering, the more intense and specialized the better. These early stories, and others that followed in the next decade or so are important as illustrations of Thomas Mann's early preoccupation with subject matter and themes developed on a larger scale in his longer works of fiction. The relationship of his short stories to the larger works has been indicated, in some degree, by the author in his preface to *Stories of Three Decades*. A number of the short stories are clearly to be regarded as more than off-shoots of the short and long novels, and I have chosen several examples of this group for presentation here. In reading them we may regret that with the passage of time Thomas Mann has entirely abandoned

the short-story form. Since the publication of his last short story in 1925 (actually his only short story in nearly forty years), he has devoted himself to the longer forms of fiction and to literary and political essays.

Disillusionment

For me life consisted utterly of those large words.

[This story is the earliest of Mann's narratives reprinted in collected editions of his works; he was twenty-two when it was published. Written in Naples during the first months of Mann's Italian journey, *Disillusionment* is the statement of a fatal moral and artistic weakness, the failure to equate ideas and reality, or, to put it another way, the weakness of one kind of romanticism—to "have no sense of actualities."]

I CONFESS that I was completely bewildered by the conversation which I had with this extraordinary man. I am afraid that I am even yet hardly in a state to report it in such a way that it will affect others as it did me. Very likely the effect was largely due to the candour and friendliness with which an entire stranger laid himself open to me.

It was some two months ago, on an autumnal afternoon, that I first noticed my stranger on the Piazza di San Marco. Only a few people were abroad; but on the wide square the standards flapped in the light sea-breeze in front of that sumptuous marvel of colour and line which stood out with luminous enchantment against a tender pale-blue sky. Directly before the centre portal a young girl stood strewing corn for a host of pigeons at her feet, while more and more swooped down in clouds from all sides. An incomparably blithe and festive sight.

I met him on the square and I have him in perfect clarity before my eyes as I write. He was rather under middle height and a little stooped, walking briskly and holding his cane in his hands behind his back. He wore a stiff black hat, a light summer overcoat, and dark striped trousers. For some reason I mistook him for an Englishman. He might have been thirty years old, he might have been fifty. His face was smooth-shaven, with a thickish nose and tired grey eyes; round his mouth played constantly an inexplicable and somewhat simple

smile. But from time to time he would look searchingly about him, then stare upon the ground, mutter a few words to himself, give his head a shake and fall to smiling again. In this fashion he marched perseveringly up and down the square.

After that first time I noticed him daily; for he seemed to have no other business than to pace up and down, thirty, forty, or fifty times, in good weather and bad, always alone and always with that extraordinary bearing of his.

On the evening which I mean to describe there had been a concert by a military band. I was sitting at one of the little tables which spread out into the piazza from Florian's café; and when after the concert the concourse of people had begun to disperse, my unknown, with his accustomed absent smile, sat down in a seat left vacant near me.

The evening drew on, the scene grew quieter and quieter, soon all the tables were empty. Hardly any strollers were left, the majestic square was wrapped in peace, the sky above it thick with stars; a great half-moon hung above the splendid spectacular façade of San Marco.

I had been reading my paper, with my back to my neighbour, and was about to surrender the field to him when I was obliged instead to turn in his direction. For whereas I had not heard a single sound, he now suddenly began to speak.

"You are in Venice for the first time, sir?" he asked, in bad French. When I essayed to answer in English he went on in good German, speaking in a low, husky voice and coughing often to clear it.

"You are seeing all this for the first time? Does it come up to your expectations? Surpasses them, eh? You did not picture it as finer than the reality? You mean it? You would not say so in order to seem happy and enviable? Ah!" He leaned back and looked at me, blinking rapidly with a quite inexplicable expression.

The ensuing pause lasted for some time. I did not know how to go on with this singular conversation and once more was about to depart when he hastily leaned towards me.

"Do you know, my dear sir, what disillusionment is?" he asked in low, urgent tones, both hands leaning on his stick. "Not a miscarriage in small, unimportant matters, but the great and general disappointment which everything, all of life, has

in store? No, of course, you do not know. But from my youth up I have carried it about with me; it has made me lonely, unhappy, and a bit queer, I do not deny that.

"You could not, of course, understand what I mean, all at once. But you might; I beg of you to listen to me for a few minutes. For if it can be told at all it can be told without many words.

"I may begin by saying that I grew up in a clergyman's family, in quite a small town. There reigned in our home a punctilious cleanliness and the pathetic optimism of the scholarly atmosphere. We breathed a strange atmosphere, compact of pulpit rhetoric, of large words for good and evil, beautiful and base, which I bitterly hate, since perhaps they are to blame for all my sufferings.

"For me life consisted utterly of those large words; for I knew no more of it than the infinite, insubstantial emotions which they called up in me. From man I expected divine virtue or hair-raising wickedness; from life either ravishing loveliness or else consummate horror; and I was full of avidity for all that and of a profound, tormented yearning for a larger reality, for experience of no matter what kind, let it be glorious and intoxicating bliss or unspeakable, undreamed-of anguish.

"I remember, sir, with painful clearness the first disappointment of my life; and I would beg you to observe that it had not at all to do with the miscarriage of some cherished hope, but with an unfortunate occurrence. There was a fire at night in my parents' house, when I was hardly more than a child. It had spread insidiously until the whole small storey was in flames up to my chamber door, and the stairs would soon have been on fire as well. I discovered it first, and I remember that I went rushing through the house shouting over and over: 'Fire, fire!' I know exactly what I said and what feeling underlay the words, though at the time it could scarcely have come to the surface of my consciousness. 'So this,' I thought, 'is a fire. This is what it is like to have the house on fire. Is this all there is to it?'

"Goodness knows it was serious enough. The whole house burned down, the family was only saved with difficulty, and I got some burns. And it would be wrong to say that my fancy could have painted anything much worse than the actual burn-

ing of my parents' house. Yet some vague, formless idea of an event even more frightful must have existed somewhere within me, by comparison with which the reality seemed flat. This fire was the first great event in my life. It left me defrauded of my hope of fearfulness.

"Do not fear lest I go on to recount my disappointments to you in detail. Enough to tell you that I zealously fed my magnificent expectations of life with the matter of a thousand books and the works of all the poets. Ah, how I have learned to hate them, those poets who chalked up their large words on all the walls of life — because they had no power to write them on the sky with pencils dipped in Vesuvius! I came to think of every large word as a lie or a mockery.

"Ecstatic poets have said that speech is poor: 'Ah, how poor are words,' so they sing. But no, sir. Speech, it seems to me, is rich, is extravagantly rich compared with the poverty and limitations of life. Pain has its limits: physical pain in unconsciousness and mental in torpor; it is not different with joy. Our human need for communication has found itself a way to create sounds which lie beyond these limits.

"Is the fault mine? Is it down my spine alone that certain words can run so as to awaken in me intuitions of sensations which do not exist?

"I went out into that supposedly so wonderful life, craving just one, one single experience which should correspond to my great expectations. God help me, I have never had it. I have roved the globe over, seen all the best-praised sights, all the works of art upon which have been lavished the most extravagant words. I have stood in front of these and said to myself: 'It is beautiful. And yet — is that all? Is it no more beautiful than that?'

"I have no sense of actualities. Perhaps that is the trouble. Once, somewhere in the world, I stood by a deep, narrow gorge in the mountains. Bare rock went up perpendicular on either side, and far below the water roared past. I looked down and thought to myself: 'What if I were to fall?' But I knew myself well enough to answer: 'If that were to happen you would say to yourself as you fell: "Now you are falling, you are actually falling. Well, and what of it?"'

"You may believe me that I do not speak without experience

of life. Years ago I fell in love with a girl, a charming, gentle creature, whom it would have been my joy to protect and cherish. But she loved me not, which was not surprising, and she married another. What other experience can be so painful as this? What tortures are greater than the dry agonies of baffled lust? Many a night I lay wide-eyed and wakeful; yet my greatest torture resided in the thought: 'So this is the greatest pain we can suffer. Well, and what then—is this all?'

"Shall I go on to tell you of my happiness? For I have had my happiness as well and it too has been a disappointment. No, I need not go on; for no heaping up of bald examples can make clearer to you that it is life in general, life in its dull, uninteresting, average course which has disappointed me—disappointed, disappointed!

"What is man? asks young Werther—man, the glorious half-god? Do not his powers fail him just where he needs them most? Whether he soars upwards in joy or sinks down in anguish, is he not always brought back to bald, cold consciousness precisely at the point where he seeks to lose himself in the fullness of the infinite?

"Often I have thought of the day when I gazed for the first time at the sea. The sea is vast, the sea is wide, my eyes roved far and wide and longed to be free. But there was the horizon. Why a horizon, when I wanted the infinite from life?

"It may be narrower, my horizon, than that of other men. I have said that I lack a sense of actualities—perhaps it is that I have too much. Perhaps I am too soon full, perhaps I am too soon done with things. Am I acquainted in too adulterated a form with both joy and pain?

"I do not believe it; and least of all do I believe in those whose views of life are based on the great words of the poets—it is all lies and poltroonery. And you may have observed, my dear sir, that there are human beings so vain and so greedy of the admiration and envy of others that they pretend to have experienced the heights of happiness but never the depths of pain?

"It is dark and you have almost ceased to listen to me; so I can the more easily confess that I too have tried to be like these men and make myself appear happy in my own and others' eyes. But it is some years since that the bubble of this vanity was

pricked. Now I am alone, unhappy, and a little queer, I do not deny it.

"It is my favourite occupation to gaze at the starry heavens at night — that being the best way to turn my eyes away from earth and from life. And perhaps it may be pardoned in me that I still cling to my distant hopes? That I dream of a freer life, where the actuality of my fondest anticipations is revealed to be without any torturing residue of disillusionment? Of a life where there are no more horizons?

"So I dream and wait for death. Ah, how well I know it already, death, that last disappointment! At my last moment I shall be saying to myself: 'So this is the great experience — well, and what of it? What is it after all?'

"But it has grown cold here on the piazza, sir — that I can still feel — ha ha! I have the honour to bid you a very good night."

1897

The Wardrobe

It is all uncertain.

[*The Wardrobe* and the story that immediately follows, *The Way to the Churchyard*, are moral fairy tales. Like all good fairy tales, they are told in a realistic manner and contain much concrete and factual detail. *The Wardrobe*, for all its initial and verifiable realism (the Berlin-Rome express, arc-lights, "a low wall and an old gate," the nickel dressing-case, the detailed dinner menu), moves quickly into an exquisitely wrought dream poem that, soon enough, embraces and enfolds all we are and know into the haunting, "Everything must be in the air. . . ." The story was written while Mann was working on *Buddenbrooks*, after his return from Italy.]

IT WAS CLOUDY, cool, and half-dark when the Berlin-Rome express drew in at a middle-sized station on its way. Albrecht van der Qualen, solitary traveller in a first-class compartment with lace covers over the plush upholstery, roused himself and sat up. He felt a flat taste in his mouth, and in his body the none-too-agreeable sensations produced when the train comes to a stop after a long journey and we are aware of the cessation of rhythmic motion and conscious of calls and signals from without. It is like coming to oneself out of drunkenness or lethargy. Our nerves, suddenly deprived of the supporting rhythm, feel bewildered and forlorn. And this the more if we have just roused out of the heavy sleep one falls into in a train.

Albrecht van der Qualen stretched a little, moved to the window, and let down the pane. He looked along the train. Men were busy at the mail van, unloading and loading parcels. The engine gave out a series of sounds, it snorted and rumbled a bit, standing still, but only as a horse stands still, lifting its hoof, twitching its ears, and awaiting impatiently the signal to go on. A tall, stout woman in a long raincoat, with a face expressive of nothing but worry, was dragging a hundred-pound suitcase along the train, propelling it before her with pushes from one knee. She was saying nothing, but looking heated and dis-

tressed. Her upper lip stuck out, with little beads of sweat upon it — altogether she was a pathetic figure. "You poor dear thing," van der Qualen thought. "If I could help you, soothe you, take you in — only for the sake of that upper lip. But each for himself, so things are arranged in life; and I stand here at this moment perfectly carefree, looking at you as I might at a beetle that has fallen on its back."

It was half-dark in the station shed. Dawn or twilight — he did not know. He had slept, who could say whether for two, five, or twelve hours? He had sometimes slept for twenty-four, or even more, unbrokenly, an extraordinarily profound sleep. He wore a half-length dark-brown winter overcoat with a velvet collar. From his features it was hard to judge his age: one might actually hesitate between twenty-five and the end of the thirties. He had a yellowish skin, but his eyes were black like live coals and had deep shadows round them. These eyes boded nothing good. Several doctors, speaking frankly as man to man, had not given him many more months. — His dark hair was smoothly parted on one side.

In Berlin — although Berlin had not been the beginning of his journey — he had climbed into the train just as it was moving off — incidentally with his red leather hand-bag. He had gone to sleep and now at waking felt himself so completely absorbed from time that a sense of refreshment streamed through him. He rejoiced in the knowledge that at the end of the thin gold chain he wore round his neck there was only a little medalion in his waistcoat pocket. He did not like to be aware of the hour or of the day of the week, and moreover he had no truck with the calendars. Some time ago he had lost the habit of knowing the day of the month or even the month of the year. Everything must be in the air — so he put it in his mind, and the phrase was comprehensive though rather vague. He was seldom or never disturbed in this programme, as he took pains to keep all upsetting knowledge at a distance from him. After all, was it not enough for him to know more or less what season it was? "It is more or less autumn," he thought, gazing out into the damp and gloomy train shed. "More I do not know. Do I even know where I am?"

His satisfaction at this thought amounted to a thrill of pleasure. No, he did not know where he was! Was he still in Ger-

many? Beyond a doubt. In North Germany? That remained to be seen. While his eyes were still heavy with sleep the window of his compartment had glided past an illuminated sign; it probably had the name of the station on it, but not the picture of a single letter had been transmitted to his brain. In still dazed condition he had heard the conductor call the name two or three times, but not a syllable had he grasped. But out there in a twilight of which he knew not so much as whether it was morning or evening lay a strange place, an unknown town. — Albrecht van der Qualen took his felt hat out of the rack, seized his red leather hand-bag, the strap of which secured a red and white silk and wool plaid into which was rolled an umbrella with a silver crook — and although his ticket was labelled Florence, he left the compartment and the train, walked along the shed, deposited his luggage at the cloak-room, lighted a cigar, thrust his hands — he carried neither stick nor umbrella — into his overcoat pockets, and left the station.

Outside in the damp, gloomy, and nearly empty square five or six hackney coachmen were snapping their whips, and a man with braided cap and long cloak in which he huddled shivering inquired politely: "*Hotel zum braven Mann?*" Van der Qualen thanked him politely and held on his way. The people whom he met had their coat-collars turned up; he put his up too, nestled his chin into the velvet, smoked, and went his way, not slowly and not too fast.

He passed along a low wall and an old gate with two massive towers; he crossed a bridge with statues on the railings and saw the water rolling slow and turbid below. A long wooden boat, ancient and crumbling, came by, sculled by a man with a long pole in the stern. Van der Qualen stood for a while leaning over the rail of the bridge. "Here," he said to himself, "is a river; here is *the* river. It is nice to think that I call it that because I do not know its name." — Then he went on.

He walked straight on for a little, on the pavement of a street which was neither very narrow nor very broad; then he turned off to the left. It was evening. The electric arc-lights came on, flickered, glowed, sputtered, and then illuminated the gloom. The shops were closing. "So we may say that it is in every respect autumn," thought van der Qualen, proceeding

along the wet black pavement. He wore no galoshes, but his boots were very thick-soled, durable, and firm, and withal not lacking in elegance.

He held to the left. Men moved past him, they hurried on their business or coming from it. "And I move with them," he thought, "and am as alone and as strange as probably no man has ever been before. I have no business and no goal. I have not even a stick to lean upon. More remote, freer, more detached, no one can be, I owe nothing to anybody, nobody owes anything to me. God has never held out His hand over me, He knows me not at all. Honest unhappiness without charity is a good thing; a man can say to himself: I owe God nothing."

He soon came to the edge of the town. Probably he had slanted across it at about the middle. He found himself on a broad suburban street with trees and villas, turned to his right, passed three or four cross-streets almost like village lanes, lighted only by lanterns, and came to a stop in a somewhat wider one before a wooden door next to a commonplace house painted a dingy yellow, which had nevertheless the striking feature of very convex and quite opaque plate-glass windows. But on the door was a sign: "In this house on the third floor there are rooms to let." "Ah!" he remarked; tossed away the end of his cigar, passed through the door along a boarding which formed the dividing line between two properties, and then turned left through the door of the house itself. A shabby grey runner ran across the entry. He covered it in two steps and began to mount the simple wooden stair.

The doors to the several apartments were very modest too; they had white glass panes with woven wire over them and on some of them were name-plates. The landings were lighted by oil lamps. On the third storey, the top one, for the attic came next, were entrances right and left, simple brown doors without name-plates. Van der Qualen pulled the brass bell in the middle. It rang, but there was no sign from within. He knocked left. No answer. He knocked right. He heard light steps within, very long, like strides, and the door opened.

A woman stood there, a lady, tall, lean, and old. She wore a cap with a large pale-lilac bow and an old-fashioned, faded black gown. She had a sunken birdlike face and on her brow

there was an eruption, a sort of fungus growth. It was rather repulsive.

"Good evening," said van der Qualen. "The rooms?"

The old lady nodded; she nodded and smiled slowly, without a word, understandingly, and with her beautiful long white hand made a slow, languid, and elegant gesture towards the next, the left-hand door. Then she retired and appeared again with a key. "Look," he thought, standing behind her as she unlocked the door; "you are like some kind of banshee, a figure out of Hoffmann, madam." She took the oil lamp from its hook and ushered him in.

It was a small, low-ceiled room with a brown floor. Its walls were covered with straw-coloured matting. There was a window at the back in the right-hand wall, shrouded in long, thin white muslin folds. A white door also on the right led into the next room. This room was pathetically bare, with staring white walls, against which three straw chairs, painted pink, stood out like strawberries from whipped cream. A wardrobe, a washing-stand with a mirror. . . . The bed, a mammoth mahogany piece, stood free in the middle of the room.

"Have you any objections?" asked the old woman, and passed her lovely long, white hand lightly over the fungus growth on her forehead. — It was as though she had said that by accident because she could not think for the moment of a more ordinary phrase. For she added at once: "— so to speak?"

"No, I have no objections," said van der Qualen. "The rooms are rather cleverly furnished. I will take them. I'd like to have somebody fetch my luggage from the station, here is the ticket. You will be kind enough to make up the bed and give me some water. I'll take the house key now, and the key to the apartment. . . . I'd like a couple of towels. I'll wash up and go into the city for supper and come back later."

He drew a nickel case out of his pocket, took out some soap, and began to wash his face and hands, looking as he did so through the convex window-panes far down over the muddy, gas-lit suburban streets, over the arc-lights and the villas. — As he dried his hands he went over to the wardrobe. It was a square one, varnished brown, rather shaky, with a simple curved top. It stood in the centre of the right-hand wall exactly

in the niche of a second white door, which of course led into the rooms to which the main and middle door on the landing gave access. "Here is something in the world that is well arranged," thought van der Qualen. "This wardrobe fits into the door niche as though it were made for it." He opened the wardrobe door. It was entirely empty, with several rows of hooks in the ceiling; but it proved to have no back, being closed behind by a piece of rough, common grey burlap, fastened by nails or tacks at the four corners.

Van der Qualen closed the wardrobe door, took his hat, turned up the collar of his coat once more, put out the candle, and set forth. As he went through the front room he thought to hear mingled with the sound of his own steps a sort of ringing in the other room: a soft, clear, metallic sound — but perhaps he was mistaken. As though a gold ring were to fall into a silver basin, he thought, as he locked the outer door. He went down the steps and out of the gate and took the way to the town.

In a busy street he entered a lighted restaurant and sat down at one of the front tables, turning his back to all the world. He ate a *soupe aux fines herbes* with croutons, a steak with a poached egg, a compote and wine, a small piece of green gorgonzola and half a pear. While he paid and put on his coat he took a few puffs from a Russian cigarette, then lighted a cigar and went out. He strolled for a while, found his homeward route into the suburb, and went leisurely back.

The house with the plate-glass windows lay quite dark and silent when van der Qualen opened the house door and mounted the dim stair. He lighted himself with matches as he went, and opened the left-hand brown door in the third storey. He laid hat and overcoat on the divan, lighted the lamp on the big writing-table, and found there his hand-bag as well as the plaid and umbrella. He unrolled the plaid and got a bottle of cognac, then a little glass and took a sip now and then as he sat in the arm-chair finishing his cigar. "How fortunate, after all," thought he, "that there is cognac in the world." Then he went into the bedroom, where he lighted the candle on the night-table, put out the light in the other room, and began to undress. Piece by piece he put down his good, unobtrusive grey suit on the red chair beside the bed; but then as he loosened his

braces he remembered his hat and overcoat, which still lay on the couch. He fetched them into the bedroom and opened the wardrobe. . . . He took a step backwards and reached behind him to clutch one of the large dark-red mahogany balls which ornamented the bedposts. The room, with its four white walls, from which the three pink chairs stood out like strawberries from whipped cream, lay in the unstable light of the candle. But the wardrobe over there was open and it was not empty. Somebody was standing in it, a creature so lovely that Albrecht van der Qualen's heart stood still a moment and then in long, deep, quiet throbs resumed its beating. She was quite nude and one of her slender arms reached up to crook a forefinger round one of the hooks in the ceiling of the wardrobe. Long waves of brown hair rested on the childlike shoulders—they breathed that charm to which the only answer is a sob. The candlelight was mirrored in her narrow black eyes. Her mouth was a little large, but it had an expression as sweet as the lips of sleep when after long days of pain they kiss our brow. Her ankles nestled and her slender limbs clung to one another.

Albrecht van der Qualen rubbed one hand over his eyes and stared . . . and he saw that down in the right corner the sack-ing was loosened from the back of the wardrobe. "What—" said he . . . "won't you come in—or how should I put it—out? Have a little glass of cognac? Half a glass?" But he expected no answer to this and he got none. Her narrow, shining eyes, so very black that they seemed bottomless and inexpressive—they were directed upon him, but aimlessly and somewhat blurred, as though they did not see him.

"Shall I tell you a story?" she said suddenly in a low, husky voice.

"Tell me a story," he answered. He had sunk down in a sitting posture on the edge of the bed, his overcoat lay across his knees with his folded hands resting upon it. His mouth stood a little open, his eyes half-closed. But the blood pulsed warm and mildly through his body and there was a gentle singing in his ears. She had let herself down in the cupboard and embraced a drawn-up knee with her slender arms, while the other leg stretched out before her. Her little breasts were pressed together by her upper arm, and the light gleamed on the skin of

her flexed knee. She talked . . . talked in a soft voice, while the candle-flame performed its noiseless dance.

Two walked on the heath and her head lay on his shoulder. There was a perfume from all growing things, but the evening mist already rose from the ground. So it began. And often it was in verse, rhyming in that incomparably sweet and flowing way that comes to us now and again in the half-slumber of fever. But it ended badly; a sad ending: the two holding each other indissolubly embraced, and while their lips rest on each other, one stabbing the other above the waist with a broad knife — and not without good cause. So it ended. And then she stood up with an infinitely sweet and modest gesture, lifted the grey sacking at the right-hand corner — and was no more there.

From now on he found her every evening in his wardrobe and listened to her stories — how many evenings? How many days, weeks, or months did he remain in this house and in this city? It would profit nobody to know. Who would care for a miserable statistic? And we are aware that Albrecht van der Qualen had been told by several physicians that he had but a few months to live. She told him stories. They were sad stories, without relief; but they rested like a sweet burden upon the heart and made it beat longer and more blissfully. Often he forgot himself. — His blood swelled up in him, he stretched out his hands to her, and she did not resist him. But then for several evenings he did not find her in the wardrobe, and when she came back she did not tell him anything for several evenings and then by degrees resumed, until he again forgot himself.

How long it lasted — who knows? Who even knows whether Albrecht van der Qualen actually awoke on that grey afternoon and went into the unknown city; whether he did not remain asleep in his first-class carriage and let the Berlin-Rome express bear him swiftly over the mountains? Would any of us care to take the responsibility of giving a definite answer? It is all uncertain. "Everything must be in the air. . . ."

The Way to the Churchyard

It is not yet the last day of all.

[*The Way to the Churchyard* is, like *The Wardrobe*, a realistic tale of the supernal. As deftly written as the other story, it has an altogether different flavor and effect. Where *The Wardrobe* is sheer white magic, *The Way to the Churchyard* has elements and overtones of the grotesque and horrible. Despite its painfulness and shocking symbolism, the story is told with a jostling verve and gaiety. It was written immediately after the completion of *Buddenbrooks*.]

THE WAY to the churchyard ran along beside the highroad, ran beside it all the way to the end; that is to say, to the churchyard. On the other side of it were houses, new suburban houses, some of them still unfinished; after the houses came fields. The highroad was flanked by trees, gnarled beeches of considerable age, and half of it was paved and half not. But the way to the churchyard had a sprinkling of gravel, which made it seem like a pleasant foot-path. Between highroad and path ran a narrow dry ditch, filled with grass and wild flowers.

It was spring, it was nearly summer. The world was smiling, God's blue sky was filled with nothing but small, round, dense little morsels of cloud, tufted all over with funny little dabs of snowy white. The birds were twittering in the beeches, and a soft wind blew across the fields.

A wagon from the next village was going along the highroad towards the town, half on the paved, half on the unpaved part of the road. The driver's legs were hanging down both sides of the shaft, he was whistling out of tune. At the end of the wagon, with its back to the driver, sat a little yellow dog. It had a pointed muzzle and it gazed with an unspeakably solemn and collected air back over the way by which it had come. It was a most admirable little dog, good as gold, a pleasure to contemplate. But no, it does not belong to the matter in hand, we must pass it by. — A troop of soldiers came along,

from the barracks close at hand; they marched in their own dust and sang. Another wagon passed, coming from the town and going to the next village. The driver was asleep and there was no dog; hence this wagon is devoid of interest. Two journeymen followed after it, one of them a giant, the other a hunchback. They walked barefoot, because they were carrying their boots on their backs; they shouted a good-natured greeting to the sleeping driver and went their way. Yes, this was but a moderate traffic, which pursued its ends without complications or incidents.

On the path to the churchyard walked a single figure, going slowly, with bent head, and leaning on a black stick. This man was named Piepsam, Praisegod Piepsam and no other name. I mention it expressly because of his ensuing most singular behaviour.

He wore black, for he was on his way to visit the graves of his loved ones. He had on a furry top hat with a wide brim, a frock-coat shiny with age, trousers both too tight and too short, and black kid gloves with all the shine rubbed off. His neck, a long, shrivelled neck with a huge Adam's apple, rose out of a frayed turn-over collar — yes, this turn-over collar was already rough at the corners. Sometimes the man raised his head to see how far away the churchyard still was; and then you got a glimpse of a strange face, a face, unquestionably, which you would not easily forget.

It was smooth-shaven and pallid. But a knobbly nose stuck out between the sunken cheeks, and this nose glowed with immoderate and unnatural redness and swarmed with little pimples, unhealthy excrescences which gave it an uneven and fantastic outline. The deep glow of the nose stood out against the dead paleness of the face; there was something artificial and improbable about it, as though he had put it on, like a carnival nose, and was wearing it as a sort of funereal joke. But it was no joke. — His mouth was big, with drooping corners, and he held it tightly compressed. His eyebrows were black, strewn with little white hairs, and when he glanced up from the ground he lifted them till they disappeared under the brim of his hat and you got a good view of the pathetically inflamed and red-rimmed eyes. In short, this was a face bound in the end to evoke one's pity.

Praisegod Piepsam's appearance was not enlivening, it fitted ill into the lovely afternoon; even for a man who was visiting the graves of his dear departed he looked much too depressed. His inner man, however, could one have seen within him, amply explained and justified the outward state. Yes, he was a bit depressed, a bit unhappy, a little hardly treated — is it so hard for happy people like yourselves to enter into his feelings? But the fact was, things were not going just a little badly with him, they were bad in a very high degree.

In the first place, he drank. We shall come on to that later. And he was a widower, bereft and forsaken of all the world, there was not a soul on earth to love him. His wife, born Lebzelt, had been taken from him six months before, when she had presented him with a child. It was the third child, and it was born dead. The others were dead too, one of diphtheria, the other of nothing in particular, save general insufficiency. And as though that were not enough, he had lost his job, been deprived with contumely of his position and his daily bread — naturally on account of his vice, which was stronger than Piepsam.

Once he had been able to resist it, to some extent, though yielding to it by bouts. But when his wife and child were snatched from him, when he had no work and no position, nothing to support him, when he stood alone on this earth, then his weakness took more and more the upper hand. He had been a clerk in the office of a benefit society, a sort of superior copyist who got ninety marks a month. But he had been drunken and negligent and after repeated warnings had finally been discharged.

Certainly this did not improve Piepsam's morale. Indeed he declined more and more to his fall. Wretchedness, in fact, is destructive to our human dignity and self-respect — it does us no harm to get a little understanding of these matters. For there is much that is strange about them, not to say thrilling. It does the man no good to keep on protesting that he is not guilty, for in most cases he despises himself for his own unhappiness. And self-contempt and bad conduct stand in the most frightful mutual relation: they feed each other, they play into each other's hands, in a way shocking to behold. Thus was it with Piepsam. He drank because he had no self-respect, and he had no self-

respect because the continual breakdown of his good intentions ate it away. At home in his wardrobe he kept a bottle with a poisonous-coloured liquor in it, the name of which I will refrain from mentioning. Before this wardrobe Praisegod Piepsam had before now gone literally on his knees, and in his wrestlings had bitten his tongue—and still in the end capitulated. I do not like even to mention such things—but after all they are very instructive.

Now he was taking his way to the churchyard, striking his black stick before him as he went. The gentle breeze played about his nose too, but he felt it not. A lost and most miserable human being, he stared straight ahead of him with lifted brows.— Suddenly he heard a noise behind him and listened; it was a little rustling sound coming on swiftly from the distance. He turned round and stopped.— A bicycle was approaching at full tilt, its pneumatic tires crunching the gravel; it slowed down because Piepsam stood directly in the way.

A young man perched on the saddle, a youth, a blithe and carefree cyclist. He made no claims to belong to the great and mighty of this earth—oh, dear me, not at all! He rode a cheapish machine, of no matter what make, worth perhaps two hundred marks, at a guess. On it he rode abroad, he came out from the city and the sun glittered on his pedals as he rode straight into God's great out-of-doors—hurrah, hurrah! He wore a coloured shirt with a grey jacket, gaiters, and the sauciest cap in the world, a perfect joke of a cap, brown checks and a button on top. Underneath it a thick sheaf of blond hair stuck out on his forehead. His eyes were blue lightnings. He came on, like life itself, ringing his bell. But Piepsam did not budge a hair's breadth out of the way. He stood there and looked at Life—unbudgeably.

Life flung him an angry glance and went past—whereupon Piepsam too began to move forwards. When Life got abreast of him he said slowly, with dour emphasis:

"Number nine thousand, seven hundred and seven." He clipped his lips together and looked unflinchingly at the ground, feeling Life's angry eye upon him.

Life had turned round, grasping the saddle behind it with one hand and slowly pedalling.

"What did you say?" asked Life.

"Number nine thousand seven hundred and seven," Piepsam reiterated. "Oh, nothing. I am going to report you."

"You are going to report me?" asked Life; turned round still further and rode still slower, so that it had to keep its balance by straightening the handle-bars.

"Certainly," said Piepsam, some five or six paces away.

"Why?" asked Life, getting off. It stood there in an expectant attitude.

"You know very well yourself."

"No, I do not know."

"You must know."

"No, I do not know," said Life, "and besides, it interests me very little, I must say." It turned to its bicycle as though to mount. Life certainly had a tongue in its head.

"I am going to report you for riding here on the path to the churchyard instead of out on the highroad," said Piepsam.

"But, my dear sir," said Life with a short impatient laugh, turning round again, "look at the marks of bicycles all the way along. Everybody uses this path."

"It makes no difference to me," replied Piepsam. "I am going to report you all the same."

"Just as you please," said Life, and mounted its machine. It really mounted at one go, with a single push of the foot, secured its seat in the saddle, and bent to the task of getting up as much speed as its temperament required.

"Well, if you go on riding here on the foot-path I will certainly report you," said Piepsam again, his voice rising and trembling. But Life paid no attention at all; it went on gathering speed.

If you could have seen Praisegod Piepsam's face at that moment, it would have shocked you deeply. He compressed his lips so tightly that his cheeks and even his red-hot nose were drawn out of shape. His eyebrows were lifted as high as they would go and he stared after the departing bicycle with a maniac expression. Suddenly he gave a forwards rush and covered running the small space between him and Life. He laid hold on the little leather pocket behind the saddle and held fast with both hands. He clung to it with lips drawn out of human semblance, and tugged wild-eyed and speechless, with all his strength, at the moving and wobbling machine. It seemed from

the appearances in doubt whether he was seeking with malice aforethought to stop it or whether he had been struck with the idea of mounting behind Life and riding with glittering pedals into God's great out-of-doors, hurrah, hurrah! No bicycle could stand the weight; it stopped, it leaned over, it fell.

But now Life became violent. It had come to a stop with one leg on the ground; it stretched out its right arm and gave Herr Piepsam such a push in the chest that he staggered several steps backwards. Then it said, its voice swelling to a threat:

"You are probably drunk, fellow! But if you continue to try to stop me, my fine lad, I'll just chop you into little bits — do you understand? I'll tear you limb from limb. Kindly get that through your head." Then Life turned its back on Herr Piepsam, pulled its cap furiously down on its brow, and once more mounted its bicycle. Yes, Life certainly had a tongue in its head. And it mounted as neatly as before, in one go, settled into the saddle, and had the machine at once under control. Piepsam saw its back retreating faster and faster.

He stood there gasping, staring after Life. And Life did not fall over, no mishap occurred, no tire burst, no stone lay in the way. It moved off on its rubber wheels. Then Piepsam began to shriek and rail; his voice was no longer melancholy at all, you might call it a roar.

"You are not to go on!" he shouted. "You shall not go on. You are to ride out on the road and not here on the way to the churchyard — do you hear? Get off, get off at once! I will report you, I will enter an action against you. Oh, Lord, oh, God, if you were to fall off, if you would only fall off, you rascally windbag, I would stamp on you, I would stamp on your face with my boots, you damned villain, you —"

Never was seen such a sight. A man raving mad on the way to the churchyard, a man with his face swollen with roaring, a man dancing with rage, capering, flinging his arms about, quite out of control. The bicycle was out of sight by this time, but still Piepsam stood where he was and raved.

"Stop him, stop him! Ride on the path to the churchyard, will he? You blackguard! You outrageous puppy, you! You damned monkey, I'd like to skin you alive, you with the blue eyes, you silly cur, you windbag, you blockhead, you ignorant ninny! You get off! Get off this very minute! Won't anybody

pitch him off in the dirt? Riding, eh? On the way to the churchyard! Pull him down, damned puppy. . . . Oh, if I had hold of you, eh? What wouldn't I do? Devil scratch your eyes out, you ignorant, ignorant, ignorant fool!"

Piepsam went on from this to expressions which cannot be set down. Foaming at the mouth, he uttered the most shameless oburgations, while his voice cracked in his throat and his writhings grew more fantastic. A few children with a fox-terrier and a basket crossed over from the road; they climbed the ditch, surrounded the shrieking man and peered into his distorted face. Some labourers at work on the new houses, just about to take their midday rest, saw that something was going on and joined the group—there were both men and women among them. But Piepsam went on, his frenzy grew worse and worse. Blind with rage, he shook his fist at all four quarters of the heavens, whirled round on himself, bounded and bent his knees and bobbed up again in the extremity of his effort to shriek even louder. He did not stop for breath and where all his words came from was the greatest wonder. His face was frightfully puffed out, his top hat sat on the back of his neck, and his shirt hung out of his waistcoat. By now he had passed on from the particular to the general and was making remarks which had nothing at all to do with the situation: references to his own vicious mode of life, and religious allusions which certainly sounded strange in such a voice, mingled as they were with his dissolute curses.

"Come on, come on, all of you!" he bellowed. "Not only you and you and you but all the rest of you, with your blue-lightning eyes and your little caps with buttons. I will shriek the truth in your ears and it will fill you with everlasting horror. . . . So you are grinning, so you are shrugging your shoulders? I drink . . . well, yes, of course I drink. I am even a drunkard, if you want to know. What does that signify? It is not yet the last day of all. The day will come, you good-for-nothing vermin, when God shall weigh us all in the balance . . . ah, the Son of Man shall come in the clouds, you filth, and His justice is not of this world. He will hurl you into outer darkness, all you light-headed breed, and there shall be wailing and . . ."

He was now surrounded by a crowd of some size. People were laughing at him, some were frowning. More hod-carriers and

labourers, men and women, came over from the unfinished buildings. A driver got down from his wagon and jumped the ditch, whip in hand. One man shook Piepsam by the arm, but nothing came of it. A troop of soldiers marched by, turning to look at the scene and laughing. The fox-terrier could no longer contain itself; it braced its forefeet and howled into Piepsam's face with its tail between its legs.

Then Praisegod Piepsam screamed once more with all his strength: "Get off, get off at once, you ignorant fool!" He described with one arm a wide half-circle — and collapsed. He lay there, his voice abruptly silenced, a black heap surrounded by the curious throng. His wide-brimmed hat flew off, bounced once, and then lay on the ground.

Two masons bent over the motionless Piepsam and considered his case in the moderate and reasonable tone that working-people have. One of them then got on his legs and went off at a run. The other made experiments with the unconscious man. He sprinkled him with water from a tub, he poured out brandy in the hollow of his hand and rubbed Piepsam's temples with it. None of these efforts were crowned with success.

Some little time passed. Then the sound of wheels was heard and a wagon came along the road. It was an ambulance with a great red cross on each side, drawn by two charming little horses. Two men in neat uniforms got down from the box; one went to the back of the wagon, opened it, and drew out a stretcher; the other ran over to the path, pushed away the yokels standing round Piepsam, and with the help of one of them got Herr Piepsam out of the crowd and into the road. He was laid out on the stretcher and shoved into the wagon as one shoves a loaf of bread into the oven. The door clicked shut and the two men climbed back onto the box. All that went off very efficiently, with but few and practised motions, as though in a theatre. And then they drove Praisegod Piepsam away.

At the Prophet's

What is there lacking? Perhaps
the human element?

[The tone of *At the Prophet's* resembles, somewhat, the tone of *The Way to the Churchyard*. In both stories the narrator assumes an air of rather spurious detachment from the matter he is treating. In this story, however, he is a participant rather than an observer only. By intruding himself into the direct action of the narrative it is possible for "the novelist" to secure both immediacy and aloofness and to achieve a touch of pure comedy at the point of highest tension within the story. ("At ten o'clock he had a vision of a ham sandwich but manfully put it away.") A favorite theme of Mann's is given a nod here, as it was in *Tonio Kröger*: the resemblance between artistic and criminal genius. The idea receives extended treatment in *Felix Krull*. Daniel zur Höhe, the "prophet," appears again as a minor character in *Doctor Faustus*, written forty years after this story.]

STRANGE REGIONS there are, strange minds, strange realms of the spirit, lofty and spare. At the edge of large cities, where street lamps are scarce and policemen walk by twos, are houses where you mount till you can mount no further, up and up into attics under the roof, where pale young geniuses, criminals of the dream, sit with folded arms and brood; up into cheap studios with symbolic decorations, where solitary and rebellious artists, inwardly consumed, hungry and proud, wrestle in a fog of cigarette smoke with devastatingly ultimate ideals. Here is the end: ice, chastity, null. Here is valid no compromise, no concession, no half-way, no consideration of values. Here the air is so rarefied that the mirages of life no longer exist. Here reign defiance and iron consistency, the ego supreme amid despair; here freedom, madness, and death hold sway.

It was eight o'clock of Good Friday evening. Several of those whom Daniel had invited arrived together. Their invitations, written in a peculiar script on quarto paper headed by an eagle carrying a naked dagger in its talons, had summoned them to

forgather on this evening for the reading aloud of Daniel's Proclamations. Accordingly they had now met at the appointed hour, in the gloomy suburban street, in front of the cheap apartment-house wherein the prophet had his earthly dwelling.

Some of them knew each other and exchanged greetings. There were the Polish artist and the slender girl who lived with him; a lyric poet; a tall, black-bearded Semite with his heavy, pale wife, who dressed in long, flowing robes; a personage with an aspect soldierly yet somewhat sickly withal, who was a retired cavalry captain and professed spiritualist; a young philosopher who looked like a kangaroo. Finally a novelist, a man with a stiff hat and a trim moustache. He knew nobody. He belonged to quite another sphere and was present by the merest chance, being on good terms with life and having written a book which was read in middle-class circles. He wore an unassuming air, as one who knew that he was here on sufferance and was grateful. At a little distance he followed the others into the house.

They climbed the stairs, one after the other, with their hands on the cast-iron rail. There was no talking; these were folk who knew the value of the Word and were not given to light speaking. In the dim light from the little oil lamps which stood on the window-ledges of the landings they read, as they passed, the names on the doors. The homes and business premises of an insurance official, a midwife, an "agent," a *blanchisseuse du fin*, a chiropodist — they passed by all these, not contemptuous, yet remote. They mounted the narrow staircase as up a dark shaft, cautiously yet firmly; for from far above, from the very last landing, came a faint gleam, a flickering glimmer from the topmost height.

At length they arrived at their goal under the roof, in the light of six candles in divers candlesticks, burning at the head of the stairs on a little table covered with a faded altar-cloth. On the door, which seemed, as indeed it was, the entrance to an attic, was fastened a large pasteboard shield with the name of Daniel on it in Roman lettering done in black crayon. They rang. A boy in a new blue suit and shiny boots opened to them, a pleasant-looking boy with a broad forehead; he had a candle in his hand and lighted them diagonally across the narrow dark corridor into an unpapered mansard-like space, entirely

bare save for a wooden hatstand. With a gesture accompanied by gurgling and babbling sounds but no words the boy invited them to take off their things. When the novelist, inspired by vague sympathy, addressed a question to him it became evident that the lad was dumb. He lighted the guests back across the corridor to another door and ushered them in. The novelist entered last. He was wearing a frock-coat and gloves and had made up his mind to behave as though he were in church.

The moderate-sized room which they entered was pervaded by a ceremonial and flickering illumination from twenty or twenty-five candles. A young girl in a modest frock with white turn-over collar and cuffs, and with an innocent and simple face, stood near the door and gave each guest her hand in turn. This was Maria Josepha, Daniel's sister. The novelist had met her at a literary tea, where she sat bolt upright, cup in hand, and talked of her brother in a clear, earnest voice. Daniel was her adoration.

The novelist looked about for him.

"He is not here," said Maria Josepha. "He has gone out, I do not know where. But in spirit he will be with us and follow sentence by sentence the Proclamations which we shall hear read."

"Who is to read them?" asked the novelist with subdued and reverent mien. He took all this very seriously. He was a well-meaning and essentially modest man, full of respect for all the phenomena of this world, ready to learn and to esteem what was estimable.

"One of my brother's young men, whom we expect from Switzerland," Maria Josepha replied. "He is not here yet. He will be present at the right moment."

On a table opposite the door, with its upper edge resting against the slope of the mansard ceiling, was a large, hastily executed drawing. The candlelight revealed it as a picture of Napoleon, standing in a clumsy and autocratic pose warming his jack-boots at a fire. At the right of the entrance was a shrine or altar whereon, between candles in silver candelabra, was a painted figure of a saint with uplifted eyes and outstretched hands. Before the altar was a prie-dieu. A nearer view disclosed a little amateur photograph leaning at one foot of the saint: a portrait of a young man of some thirty years with pale, retreat-

ing brow and bony, vulture-like face, expressive of a ferociously concentrated intellect.

The novelist paused awhile before this picture of Daniel; then he cautiously ventured further into the room. It had a large round table with a polished yellow surface displaying in burnt-work the same design — the eagle with the dagger in its claws — which had been on the invitations. Behind the table were low wooden chairs and lording it over these one elevated seat like a throne, tall, narrow, austere, and Gothic. A long plain bench covered with cheap stuff stood under a low window, occupying the space formed by the meeting of wall and roof. The squat porcelain stove had evidently been giving out too much heat, for the window was open upon a square section of the blue night outside, in whose deeps and distances the bright yellow points of the gas street lamps made an irregular pattern that tailed off into the open country.

But opposite the window the room narrowed to form an alcove lighted more brightly than the rest and furnished half as a cabinet, half as a chapel. On the right side stood a curtained book-shelf with lighted candelabra and antique lamps on top. On the left was a white-covered table holding a crucifix, a seven-branched candlestick, a goblet of red wine, and a piece of raisin cake on a plate. But at the very front was a low platform beneath an iron chandelier; on it stood a gilded plaster column. The capital of the column was covered with an altar-cloth of blood-red silk, and on that lay a thick folio manuscript — it contained Daniel's Proclamations. A light-coloured paper with little Empire garlands covered the walls and sloping ceiling; death-masks, rose-garlands, and a great rusty sword hung against the walls, and besides the large picture of Napoleon there were about the room various reproductions of Luther, Nietzsche, Moltke, Alexander VI, Robespierre, and Savonarola.

"It is all symbolic," said Maria Josepha, searching the novelist's reserved and respectful features to see if she could tell what impression the room made on him. Meanwhile other guests had come in, silently, solemnly; they all began to take their places in suitable attitudes on the benches and chairs. Besides the earlier comers there was a designer, a fantastic creature with a wizened childish face; a lame woman, who was in the habit

of introducing herself as a priestess of Eros; an unmarried young mother whose aristocratic family had cast her out, and who was admitted into the circle solely on the ground of her motherhood, since intellectual pretensions she had none; an elderly authoress and a deformed musician — in all some twelve persons. The novelist had retreated into the window-alcove, and Maria Josepha sat near the door, her hands close together on her knees. Thus they awaited the young man from Switzerland, who would be present at the right moment.

Suddenly another guest arrived — a rich woman who out of sheer amateurishness had a habit of frequenting such gatherings as this. She came from the city in her satin-lined coupé, from her splendid house with the tapestries on the walls and the giallo-antico door-jambs; she had come all the way up the stairs and in at the door, sweet-scented, luxurious, lovely, in a blue cloth frock with yellow embroidery, a Paris hat on her red-brown hair, and a smile in her Titian eyes. She came out of curiosity, out of boredom, out of craving for something different, out of amiable extravagance, out of pure universal goodwill, which is rare enough in this world. She greeted Daniel's sister, also the novelist, who had entrée at her house, and sat down on the bench under the window, between the priestess of Eros and the kangaroo-philosopher — quite as though she were used to such things.

"I was almost too late," said she softly, with her lovely mobile lips, to the novelist as he sat behind her. "I had people at tea; it was rather dragged out."

The novelist was slightly overcome; how thankful he was that he had on presentable clothes! "How beautiful she is!" thought he. "Actually she is worthy of being her daughter's mother."

"And Fräulein Sonia?" he asked over her shoulder. "You have not brought Fräulein Sonia with you?"

Sonia was the rich woman's daughter; in the novelist's eyes altogether too good to be true, a marvellous creature, a consummate cultural product, an achieved ideal. He said her name twice because it gave him an indescribable pleasure to pronounce it.

"Sonia is a little ailing," said the rich woman. "Yes, imagine, she has a bad foot. Oh, nothing — a swelling, something like a

little inflammation or gathering. It has been lanced. The lancing may not have been necessary but she wanted it done."

"She wanted it done," repeated the novelist in an enraptured whisper. "How characteristic! But how may I express my sympathy for the affliction?"

"Of course, I will give her your greetings," said the rich woman. And as he was silent: "Is not that enough for you?"

"No, that is not enough for me," said he, quite low; and as she had a certain respect for his writing she replied with a smile:

"Then send her a few flowers."

"Oh, thanks!" said he. "Thanks, I will." And inwardly he thought: "A few flowers! A whole flower-shopful! Tomorrow, before breakfast. I'll go in a droshky." And he felt that life and he were on very good terms.

Just then a noise was heard outside, the door opened with a quick push and closed, and before the guests there stood in the candlelight a short, thickset youth in a dark jacket suit—the young man from Switzerland. He glanced over the room with a threatening eye, went in an impetuous stride to the platform at the front of the alcove, and placed himself behind the plaster column—all with a certain violence, as though he wished to root himself there. He seized the top quire of the manuscript and began to read straightway.

He was perhaps eight-and-twenty years old, short-necked and ill-favoured. His close-cropped hair grew to a point very far down on the low and wrinkled brow. His face, beardless, heavy, and morose, displayed a nose like a bulldog's, large cheekbones, sunken cheeks, and thick protruding lips, which seemed to form words clumsily, reluctantly, and as it were with a sort of flaccid contempt. The face was coarse and yet pale. He read too loud, in a fierce voice which nevertheless had a suppressed tremolo and sometimes faltered for lack of breath. The hand that held the manuscript was broad and red and yet it shook. The youth displayed an odd and unpleasant mixture of brutality and weakness and the matter of his reading was in remarkable consonance with its manner.

The "Proclamations" consisted of sermons, parables, theses, laws, prophecies, and exhortations resembling orders of the day, following each other in a mingled style of psalter and revela-

tion with an endless succession of technical phrases, military and strategic as well as philosophical and critical. A fevered and frightfully irritable ego here expanded itself, a self-isolated megalomaniac flooded the world with a hurricane of violent and threatening words. *Christus imperator maximus* was his name; he enrolled troops ready to die for the subjection of the globe; he sent out embassies, gave inexorable ultimata, exacted poverty and chastity, and with a sort of morbid enjoyment reiterated his roaring demand for unconditional obedience. Buddha, Alexander, Napoleon and Jesus — their names were mentioned as his humble forerunners, not worthy to unloose the laces of their spiritual lord.

The young man read for an hour; then panting he took a swallow from the beaker of red wine and began on fresh Proclamations. Beads of sweat stood on his low brow, his thick lips quivered, and in between the words he kept expelling the air through his nose with a short, snorting sound, an exhausted roar. The solitary ego sang, raved, commanded. It would lose itself in confused pictures, go down in an eddy of logical error, to bob up again suddenly and startlingly in an entirely unexpected place. Blasphemies and hosannahs — a waft of incense and a reek of blood. In thunderings and slaughterings the world was conquered and redeemed.

It would have been hard to estimate the effect of Daniel's Proclamations upon their hearers. Some with heads tipped far back looked up to the ceiling with a blank stare; others held their heads in their hands, bowed deep over their knees. The eyes of the priestess of Eros wore a strange veiled look whenever the word "chastity" was pronounced; and the kangaroo-philosopher now and then wrote something or other with his long crooked forefinger in the air. The novelist sought in vain for a comfortable position for his aching back. At ten o'clock he had a vision of a ham sandwich but manfully put it away.

Towards half past ten the young man was seen to be holding the last sheet of paper in his red, unsteady hand. This was his peroration. "Soldiers," he cried, his voice of thunder failing for very weakness, "I deliver to you for plundering — the world!" He stepped down from the platform, looked at everybody with a threatening glance, and went out of the door, as violently as he had come in.

His audience remained a moment motionless in the last position they had taken up. Then as with a common resolve they rose and departed, each one pressing Maria Josepha's hand with a low-toned word, as she stood once more, chaste and silent, at the door.

The dumb boy was still on duty outside. He lighted the guests into the cloak-room, helped them with their overcoats, and led them down the narrow stair, with the flickering light falling upon it from up there where Daniel's kingdom was; down to the outer door, which he unlocked. One after the other the guests issued into the dismal suburban street.

The rich woman's coupé stood before the house; the coachman on the box between the two clear-shining lanterns carried the hand with the whip in it to his hat. The novelist accompanied the rich woman to her carriage.

"How are you feeling?" he inquired.

"I don't like to talk about such things," she answered. "Perhaps he really is a genius or something like that."

"Yes, after all, what is genius?" said he pensively. "In this Daniel all the conditions are present: the isolation, the freedom, the spiritual passion, the magnificent vision, the belief in his own power, yes, even the approximation to madness and crime. What is there lacking? Perhaps the human element? A little feeling, a little yearning, a little love? But of course that is just a rough hypothesis."

"Greet Sonia for me," said he, after she was seated, as she gave him her hand. He looked anxiously into her face to see how she would take his speaking simply of Sonia and not of "Fräulein Sonia" or "your daughter."

She esteemed his literary talent and so she suffered it, with a smile. "I will do so," said she.

"Thanks," said he, and a bewildering gust of hope swept over him. "Now I am as hungry as a wolf for my supper."

Yes, he and life were certainly on good terms!

IV

From THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

BEGUN in 1912 as a humorous sketch, *The Magic Mountain* quickly displayed "a will of its own," and Thomas Mann was not done with it until twelve years and a shattered world later. As originally conceived, the story was to be a "satyr-play to the romantic tragedy of decay," *Death in Venice*. It would be interesting, Mann thought, to place an upright but simple-minded hero in a tuberculosis sanitarium and to observe "the fascination of death, the triumph of extreme disorder over a life founded upon order and consecrated to it." The whole thing would be treated as a droll conflict between the macabre and the commonplace; "it would be easy and amusing and not take much space." But it did not work out in quite that fashion.

While the headstrong story was taking shape and bursting its original bounds, an event from the outside, the coming of war in 1914, paralyzed Thomas Mann's creative powers. During the four years of conflict he was unable to touch the story. With the outbreak of war his mind had become wholly absorbed in an exhaustive, painful searching of his principles, intellectual, cultural, and moral, and those, as he understood them, of the German people. The result of this prolonged effort at self-understanding was presented, during the closing days of the war, in a series of essays, *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*, which served to lift "the worst of the introspective burden . . . from the novel." The war over, the *Reflections* behind him, and a different world at hand, Thomas Mann devoted his major efforts for the next six years to composing *The Magic Mountain*. There were, however, two important by-products of his labors on the novel, the long critical study *Goethe and Tolstoy*, published in 1922, and the cultural essay (it was much more than a political manifesto) *The German Republic*, issued the following year. In 1924 the twelve-hundred-page, two-volume edition of *The Magic Mountain* was published. Within four years the novel had gone through a hundred editions and was being translated into more than a dozen languages.

The Magic Mountain is an epic and poetic fiction of our contemporary civilization, a work, as André Gide has remarked,

"truly comparable to no other." At one level this novel is, as a good novel must be, pure story. Hans Castorp, the simple-minded hero and disciple of all the bourgeois virtues (at least he is so in the beginning), travels from his home in Hamburg to a sanitarium in the Swiss Alps where he intends to visit his ailing cousin for three weeks. He remains for seven years. In the rarefied and keyed-up atmosphere of the sanitarium, he encounters personalities—a German physician, a Slavic psychoanalyst, an Italian historian, a Russian adventuress, a Dutch colonial planter—and meets "adventures of the flesh and spirit" inconceivable to him at the time of his arrival from the flat-lands of conventional life and experience.

Beyond the story of a young man's adventures in acquiring experience, *The Magic Mountain* is a multi-leveled poetic structure of extraordinary depth and allusiveness. The author frequently remarks that the novel is more than "Hans Castorp's story"; that it is a story told for its own sake. The young adventurer therefore becomes more than an individual; he is also a type and a symbol, as are all the principal characters of the novel. So it is with the setting and events of the story. Realistic as these are, and one of the great accomplishments of *The Magic Mountain* is its massive documentation of the actual, everything in the narrative—even to its title—scintillates with symbolic and poetic meaning, or, as the author phrases it, "associations." Ultimately we are to imagine and regard the hero of Mann's novel as "life's delicate child," man. Nevertheless, in the story the principal figure is at every moment the particular, definite, and unique human being, Hans Castorp. In its totality then, as it is *more* than Hans Castorp's story, *The Magic Mountain* is an epic and poetic fiction of contemporary man's "state and standing in the universe."

It was Nietzsche who once asked "Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?" His question illuminates a fundamental quality of *The Magic Mountain*, its complex irony, an irony that is at once dramatic, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual. The novel is a work as serious, profound, and at times exalted as anything we have in contemporary literature, yet it is flooded with wit, humor, and laughter. The tragic and the comic are side by side here as they are in life, and one illumines the other. Abounding in energy and vitality, the novel is

also full of death, so much of it and so overwhelmingly that readers who are unappreciative of the "ironic temper" may fail to realize they are in the presence of an enormous dramatization of the paradox expressed by Kierkegaard as "First death — then life." Or one may recall the more familiar paradox pronounced by Christ, "He that findeth his life shall lose it," and may remember the Pauline statement, which is apposite to both the author and his work, "We have passed out of death into life."

The Magic Mountain is a novel on behalf of life, although Thomas Mann is too adept an ironist to permit us to forget the unyielding tensions and rigid paradoxes of the existence in which we participate and to which we must all die a physical death. Hans Castorp becomes, in the end, "a genius of experience" by opening his once sleepy, vacant eyes to the conflicts, tensions, and ironies of existence and by permitting himself to "take stock" of his situation. Although he could not be expected to resolve them once and for all, he was at least aware of and to a certain degree understood the warfare of "the counterpositions": spirit and nature, form and chaos, health and disease, freedom and tyranny, lust and love, love and reason, life and death. In one of his moments of greatness he dreamed a dream and heard himself saying: "Man is the lord of counterpositions."

A word about the selections I have chosen. *The Magic Mountain* is, in Heine's phrase, "a gigantic tapestry of song," a vast structure of themes, patterns, leitmotifs, harmonies, dissonances, and resolutions. I have preserved enough of these to give the reader some indication of the total structure of the novel. I have also presented incidents that reveal some of the "novelistic" accomplishments of the work; the creation of character; the narration of action and event; the realistic and yet symbolic depiction of setting and atmosphere; and the weaving of ideas and emotions into the texture of the novel.

Arrival

[After a brief foreword, which is a rather keyed-down invocation to time, the novel opens with the narrative of Hans Castorp's journey from his comfortable home in the flat-land to Davos, in the Swiss Alps. A large number of major themes and leitmotifs of the novel are introduced at once, some quite openly (high altitudes, time, illness, "eternal snow," psychoanalysis, laughter—to indicate some variety), and others less directly ("He had not meant to take the journey seriously or commit himself deeply to it," and "This being carried upward into regions where he had never before drawn breath"). After his arrival Hans takes dinner with his cousin in the sanatorium restaurant and retires for the night. A long flashback, which occupies the interval between Hans's going to sleep and his awakening the next morning, relates, with one exception, the principal events of his childhood and presents a formal portrait of his appearance, character, and personality at the time of his setting out for Davos. Twenty-three years old, Hans Castorp was "neither genius nor dunderhead," but mediocre. He was the final product of an age that afforded no satisfying answers to the ultimate questions "Why" or "To what end?" but was entirely devoted to the gospel of work and the tangible values of security, comfort, and order. Resembling his grandfather (whose dignified head had inclined to tremble a bit), reasonably sound in body, correctly blond, with sleepy blue eyes and a trim little mustache, Hans Castorp was fastidious in his habits and tastes. A bit of a sensualist (he had a certain weakness for cigars, port, and expensive clothing), he was not above the milder forms of cultural diversion, such as water-color painting. Politically uncommitted, he was inclined to favor, as did his grandfather, the traditional and the substantial. Not above smoking contraband Russian cigarettes, he was otherwise an honorable and upright citizen of a society committed to the material and oblivious of all else. This was neither in his favor nor to be held against him. After all, "A man lives not only his personal life, as an individual, but also, consciously or unconsciously, the life of his epoch and his contemporaries." In sum, when he left for Davos, he could best be described as "Hans Castorp, this still unwritten page."]

AN UNASSUMING young man was travelling, in midsummer, from his native city of Hamburg to Davos-Platz in the Canton of the Grisons, on a three weeks' visit.

From Hamburg to Davos is a long journey — too long, indeed, for so brief a stay. It crosses all sorts of country; goes up hill and down dale, descends from the plateau of Southern Germany to the shore of Lake Constance, over its bounding waves and on across marshes once thought to be bottomless.

At this point the route, which has been so far over trunk-lines, gets cut up. There are stops and formalities. At Rorschach, in Swiss territory, you take train again, but only as far as Landquart, a small Alpine station, where you have to change. Here, after a long and windy wait in a spot devoid of charm, you mount a narrow-gauge train; and as the small but very powerful engine gets under way, there begins the thrilling part of the journey, a steep and steady climb that seems never to come to an end. For the station of Landquart lies at a relatively low altitude, but now the wild and rocky route pushes grimly onward into the Alps themselves.

Hans Castorp — such was the young man's name — sat alone in his little grey-upholstered compartment, with his alligator-skin hand-bag, a present from his uncle and guardian, Consul Tienappel — let us get the introductions over with at once — his travelling-rug, and his winter overcoat swinging on its hook. The window was down, the afternoon grew cool, and he, a tender product of the sheltered life, had turned up the collar of his fashionably cut, silk-lined summer overcoat. Near him on the seat lay a paper-bound volume entitled *Ocean Steamships*; earlier in the journey he had studied it off and on, but now it lay neglected, and the breath of the panting engine, streaming in, defiled its cover with particles of soot.

Two days' travel separated the youth — he was still too young to have thrust his roots down firmly into life — from his own world, from all that he thought of as his own duties, interests, cares and prospects; far more than he had dreamed it would when he sat in the carriage on the way to the station. Space, rolling and revolving between him and his native heath, possessed and wielded the powers we generally ascribe to time. From hour to hour it worked changes in him, like to those

wrought by time, yet in a way even more striking. Space, like time, engenders forgetfulness; but it does so by setting us bodily free from our surroundings and giving us back our primitive, unattached state. Yes, it can even, in the twinkling of an eye, make something like a vagabond of the pedant and Philistine. Time, we say, is Lethe; but change of air is a similar draught, and, if it works less thoroughly, does so more quickly.

Such was the experience of young Hans Castorp. He had not meant to take the journey seriously or commit himself deeply to it; but to get it over quickly, since it had to be made, to return as he had gone, and to take up his life at the point where, for the moment, he had had to lay it down. Only yesterday he had been encompassed in the wonted circle of his thoughts, and entirely taken up by two matters: the examination he had just passed, and his approaching entrance into the firm of Tunder and Wilms, ship-builders, smelters, and machinists. With as much impatience as lay in his temperament to feel, he had discounted the next three weeks; but now it began to seem as though present circumstances required his entire attention, that it would not be at all the thing to take them too lightly.

This being carried upward into regions where he had never before drawn breath, and where he knew that unusual living conditions prevailed, such as could only be described as sparse or scanty — it began to work upon him, to fill him with a certain concern. Home and regular living lay not only far behind, they lay fathoms deep beneath him, and he continued to mount above them. Poised between them and the unknown, he asked himself how he was going to fare. Perhaps it had been ill-advised of him, born as he was a few feet above sea-level, to come immediately to these great heights, without stopping at least a day or so at some point in between. He wished he were at the end of his journey; for once there he could begin to live as he would anywhere else, and not be reminded by this continual climbing of the incongruous situation he found himself in. He looked out. The train wound in curves along the narrow pass; he could see the front carriages and the labouring engine vomiting great masses of brown, black, and greenish smoke, that floated away. Water roared in the abysses on the right; on the left, among rocks, dark fir-trees aspired toward a stone-grey sky. The train passed through pitch-black tunnels, and when

daylight came again it showed wide chasms, with villages nestled in their depths. Then the pass closed in again; they wound along narrow defiles, with traces of snow in chinks and crannies. There were halts at wretched little shanties of stations; also at more important ones, which the train left in the opposite direction, making one lose the points of the compass. A magnificent succession of vistas opened before the awed eye, of the solemn, phantasmagorical world of towering peaks, into which their route wove and wormed itself: vistas that appeared and disappeared with each new winding of the path. Hans Castorp reflected that they must have got above the zone of shade-trees, also probably of song-birds; whereupon he felt such a sense of the impoverishment of life as gave him a slight attack of giddiness and nausea and made him put his hand over his eyes for a few seconds. It passed. He perceived that they had stopped climbing. The top of the col was reached; the train rolled smoothly along the level valley floor.

It was about eight o'clock, and still daylight. A lake was visible in the distant landscape, its waters grey, its shores covered with black fir-forests that climbed the surrounding heights, thinned out, and gave place to bare, mist-wreathed rock. They stopped at a small station. Hans Castorp heard the name called out: it was "Davos-Dorf." Soon he would be at his journey's end. And suddenly, close to him, he heard a voice, the comfortable Hamburg voice of his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, saying: "Hullo, there you are! Here's where you get out!" and peering through the window saw his cousin himself, standing below on the platform, in a brown ulster, bare-headed, and looking more robust than ever in his life before. He laughed and said again: "Come along out, it's all right!"

"But I'm not there yet!" said Hans Castorp, taken aback, and still seated.

"Oh, yes, you are. This is the village. It is nearer to the sanatorium from here. I have a carriage. Just give us your things."

And laughing, confused, in the excitement of arrival and meeting, Hans Castorp reached bag, overcoat, the roll with stick and umbrella, and finally *Ocean Steamships* out of the window. Then he ran down the narrow corridor and sprang out upon the platform to greet his cousin properly. The meeting took place without exuberance, as between people of tradi-

tional coolness and reserve. Strange to say, the cousins had always avoided calling each other by their first names, simply because they were afraid of showing too much feeling. And, as they could not well address each other by their last names, they confined themselves, by established custom, to the thou.

A man in livery with a braided cap looked on while they shook hands, quickly, not without embarrassment, young Ziemssen in military position, heels together. Then he came forward to ask for Hans Castorp's luggage ticket; he was the concierge of the International Sanatorium Berghof, and would fetch the guest's large trunk from the other station while the gentlemen drove directly up to supper. This man limped noticeably; and so, curiously enough, the first thing Hans Castorp said to his cousin was: "Is that a war veteran? What makes him limp like that?"

"War veteran! No fear!" said Joachim, with some bitterness. "He's got it in his knee — or, rather, he had it — the knee-pan has been removed."

Hans Castorp bethought himself hastily.

"So that's it?" he said, and as he walked on turned his head and gave a quick glance back. "But you can't make me believe you've still got anything like that the matter with you! Why, you look as if you had just come from manœuvres!" And he looked sidelong at his cousin.

Joachim was taller and broader than he, a picture of youthful vigour, and made for a uniform. He was of the very dark type which his blond-peopled country not seldom produces, and his already nut-brown skin was tanned almost to bronze. With his large, black eyes and small, dark moustache over the full, well-shaped mouth, he would have been distinctly handsome if his ears had not stood out. Up to a certain period they had been his only trouble in life. Now, however, he had others.

Hans Castorp went on: "You're coming back down with me, aren't you? I see no reason why not."

"Back down with you?" asked his cousin, and turned his large eyes full upon him. They had always been gentle, but in these five months they had taken on a tired, almost sad expression. "When?"

"Why, in three weeks."

"Oh, yes, you are already on the way back home, in your

thoughts," answered Joachim. "Wait a bit. You've only just come. Three weeks are nothing at all, to us up here — they look like a lot of time to you, because you are only up here on a visit, and three weeks is all you have. Get acclimatized first — it isn't so easy, you'll see. And the climate isn't the only queer thing about us. You're going to see some things you've never dreamed of — just wait. About me — it isn't such smooth sailing as you think, you with your 'going home in three weeks.' That's the class of ideas you have down below. Yes, I am brown, I know, but it is mostly snow-burning. It doesn't mean much, as Behrens always says; he told me at the last regular examination it would take another half year, pretty certainly."

"Half a year? Are you crazy?" shouted Hans Castorp. They had climbed into the yellow cabriolet that stood in the stone-paved square in front of the shed-like station, and as the pair of brown horses started up, he flounced indignantly on the hard cushions. "Half a year! You've been up here half a year already! Who's got so much time to spend ——"

"Oh, time — !" said Joachim, and nodded repeatedly, straight in front of him, paying his cousin's honest indignation no heed. "They make pretty free with a human being's idea of time, up here. You wouldn't believe it. Three weeks are just like a day to them. You'll learn all about it," he said, and added: "One's ideas get changed."

Hans Castorp regarded him earnestly as they drove. "But seems to me you've made a splendid recovery," he said, shaking his head.

"You really think so, don't you?" answered Joachim; "I think I have too." He drew himself up straighter against the cushions, but immediately relaxed again. "Yes, I am better," he explained, "but I am not cured yet. In the left lobe, where there were rales, it only sounds harsh now, and that is not so bad; but lower down it is still *very* harsh, and there are rhonchi in the second intercostal space."

"How learned you've got," said Hans Castorp.

"Fine sort of learning! God knows I wish I'd had it sweated out of my system in the service," responded Joachim. "But I still have sputum," he said, with a shoulder-shrug that was somehow indifferent and vehement both at once, and became him but ill. He half pulled out and showed to his cousin some-

thing he carried in the side pocket of his overcoat, next to Hans Castorp. It was a flat, curving bottle of bluish glass, with a metal cap.

"Most of us up here carry it," he said, shoving it back. "It even has a nickname; they make quite a joke of it. You are looking at the landscape?"

Hans Castorp was. "Magnificent!" he said.

"Think so?" asked Joachim.

They had driven for a space straight up the axis of the valley, along an irregularly built street that followed the line of the railway; then, turning to the left, they crossed the narrow tracks and a watercourse, and now trotted up a high-road that mounted gently toward the wooded slopes. Before them rose a low, projecting, meadow-like plateau, on which, facing southwest, stood a long building, with a cupola and so many balconies that from a distance it looked porous, like a sponge. In this building lights were beginning to show. It was rapidly growing dusk. The faint rose-colour that had briefly enlivened the overcast heavens was faded now, and there reigned the colourless, soulless, melancholy transition-period that comes just before the onset of night. The populous valley, extended and rather winding, now began to show lights everywhere, not only in the middle, but here and there on the slopes at either hand, particularly on the projecting right side, upon which buildings mounted in terrace formation. Paths ran up the sloping meadows to the left and lost themselves in the vague blackness of the pine forest. Behind them, where the valley narrowed to its entrance, the more distant ranges showed a cold, slaty blue. A wind had sprung up, and made perceptible the chill of evening.

"No, to speak frankly, I don't find it so overpowering," said Hans Castorp. "Where are the glaciers, and the snow peaks, and the gigantic heights you hear about? These things aren't very high, it seems to me."

"Oh, yes, they are," answered Joachim. "You can see the tree line almost everywhere, it is very sharply defined; the fir-trees leave off, and after that there is absolutely nothing but bare rock. And up there to the right of the Schwarzhorn, that tooth-shaped peak, there is a glacier—can't you see the blue? It is not very large, but it is a glacier right enough, the Skaletta. Piz

Michel and Tinzenhorn, in the notch—you can't see them from here—have snow all the year round."

"Eternal snow," said Hans Castorp.

"Eternal snow, if you like. Yes, that's all very high. But we are frightfully high ourselves: sixteen hundred metres above sea-level. That's why the peaks don't seem any higher."

"Yes, what a climb that was! I was scared to death, I can tell you. Sixteen hundred metres—that is over five thousand feet, as I reckon it. I've never been so high up in my life." And Hans Castorp took in a deep, experimental breath of the strange air. It was fresh, and that was all. It had no perfume, no content, no humidity; it breathed in easily, and held for him no associations.

"Wonderful air," he remarked, politely.

"Yes, the atmosphere is famous. But the place doesn't look its best to-night. Sometimes it makes a much better impression—especially when there is snow. But you can get sick of looking at it. All of us up here are frightfully fed up, you can imagine," said Joachim, and twisted his mouth into an expression of disgust that was as unlike him as the shoulder-shrug. It looked irritable, disproportionate.

"You have such a queer way of talking," said Hans Castorp.

"Have I?" said Joachim, concerned, and turned to look at his cousin.

"Oh, no, of course I don't mean you really have—I suppose it just seemed so to me for the moment," Hans Castorp hastened to assure him. It was the expression "all of us up here," which Joachim had used several times, that had somehow struck him as strange and given him an uneasy feeling.

"Our sanatorium is higher up than the village, as you see," went on Joachim. "Fifty metres higher. In the prospectus it says a hundred, but it is really only fifty. The highest of the sanatoriums is the Schatzalp—you can't see it from here. They have to bring their bodies down on bob-sleds in the winter, because the roads are blocked."

"Their bodies? Oh, I see. Imagine!" said Hans Castorp. And suddenly he burst out laughing, a violent, irrepressible laugh, which shook him all over and distorted his face, that was stiff with the cold wind, until it almost hurt. "On bob-sleds! And

you can tell it me just like that, in cold blood! You've certainly got pretty cynical in these five months."

"Not at all," answered Joachim, shrugging again. "Why not? It's all the same to them, isn't it? But maybe we do get cynical up here. Behrens is a cynic himself—but he's a great old bird after all, an old corps-student. He is a brilliant operator, they say. You will like him. Krokowski is the assistant—devilishly clever article. They mention his activities specially, in the prospectus. He psycho-analyses the patients."

"He what? Psycho-analyses—how disgusting!" cried Hans Castorp; and now his hilarity altogether got the better of him. He could not stop. The psycho-analysis had been the finishing touch. He laughed so hard that the tears ran down his cheeks; he put up his hands to his face and rocked with laughter. Joachim laughed just as heartily—it seemed to do him good; and thus, in great good spirits, the young people climbed out of the wagon, which had slowly mounted the steep, winding drive and deposited them before the portal of the International Sanatorium Berghof.

Satana Makes Proposals

[By the end of his first day at the sanatorium Hans Castorp has encountered four of the principal characters of the novel and has learned a great deal about the lesser personalities and the Berghof milieu. He has been formally introduced to Hofrat Behrens and Dr. Krokowski and has talked at some length with Herr Settembrini, the Italian humanist, who is now identified in Hans's mind as "Satana," in consequence of a conversation that involved a startling variety of topics, including God, the Devil, work, health, and disease. Disturbed by the bad manners of the Russian Clavdia Chauchat (whom he has not yet met formally), Hans is nevertheless aware of an unexplainable interest in her. He is also fast succumbing to certain medical and social fascinations of the place (temperature charts, high-pitched conversations on states of health, and the extraordinary personalities who gather for meals around the "seven tables" in the sanatorium restaurant). Above all, he is rapidly losing his sense of time and of the normal order of things. As Aschenbach was warned to leave Venice, so now Hans is warned by Settembrini to leave the sanatorium and return to his home on the flat-land before it is too late. He declines to heed Settembrini's warning, but does, as a gesture, announce that he will never permit himself to lie out on his balcony at night, a point to be borne in mind when reading a later selection.]

HE dressed conscientiously for the evening meal, and, sitting in his place between Miss Robinson and the schoolmistress, he ate: julienne soup, baked and roast meats with suitable accompaniments, two pieces of a tart made of macaroons, butter-cream, chocolate, jam and marzipan, and lastly excellent cheese and pumpernickel. As before, he ordered a bottle of Kulmbacher. But, by the time he had half emptied his tall glass, he became clearly and unmistakably aware that bed was the best place for him. His head roared, his eyelids were like lead, his heart went like a set of kettledrums, and he began to torture himself with the suspicion that pretty Marusja, who was bending over her plate covering her face with the hand that wore the ruby ring, was laughing at *him* — though he had taken enormous pains not to give occasion for laughter. Out of the

far distance he heard Frau Stöhr telling, or asserting, something which seemed to him such utter nonsense that he was conscious of a despairing doubt as to whether he had heard aright, or whether he had turned her words to nonsense in his addled brain. She was declaring that she knew how to make twenty-eight different sauces to serve with fish; she would stake her reputation on the fact, though her own husband had warned her not to talk about it: "Don't talk about it," he had told her; "nobody will believe it, or, if they do, they will simply laugh at you!" And yet she would say it, say once and for all, that it was twenty-eight fish-sauces she could make. All of which, to our good Hans Castorp, seemed too mad for words; he clutched his brow with his hand, and in his amazement quite forgot that he had a bite of pumpernickel and cheshire still to be chewed and swallowed. When he rose from table, he had it still in his mouth.

They went out through the left-hand glass door, that fatal door which always slammed, and which led directly to the front hall. Nearly all the guests went out the same way; it appeared that after dinner a certain amount of social intercourse took place in the hall and the adjoining salons. Most of the patients stood about in little groups chatting. Games were begun at two green extension-tables: at the one, dominoes; at the other, bridge, and here only the young folk played, among them Hermine Kleefeld and Herr Albin. In the first salon were some amusing optical diversions: the first a stereoscope, behind the lenses of which one inserted a photograph — for instance, there was one of a Venetian gondolier — and on looking through, you saw the figure standing out in the round, lifelike, though bloodless; another was a kaleidoscope — you put your eye to the lens and slightly turned a wheel, when all sorts of gay-coloured stars and arabesques danced and juggled before it with the swift changefulness of magic. A third was a revolving drum, into which you inserted a strip of cinematographic film and then looked through the openings as it whirled, and saw a miller fighting with a chimney-sweep, a schoolmaster chastising a boy, a leaping rope-dancer and a peasant pair dancing a folk-dance. Hans Castorp, his cold hands on his knees, gazed a long time into each of these contrivances. He paused awhile by the

card-table, where Herr Albin, the incurable, sat with the corners of his mouth drawn down, and handled the cards with a supercilious, man-of-the-worldly air. In a corner sat Dr. Krokowski, absorbed in a brisk and hearty conversation with a half-circle of ladies, among them Frau Stöhr, Frau Iltis, and Fräulein Levi. The occupants of the "good" Russian table had withdrawn into a neighbouring small salon, separated from the card-room by a portière, where they formed a small and separate coterie, consisting, in addition to Madame Chauchat, of a languid, blond-bearded youth with a hollow chest and prominent eyeballs; a young girl of pronounced brunette type, with a droll, original face, gold ear-rings, and wild woolly hair; besides these, Dr. Blumenkohl, who had joined their circle, and two other youths with drooping shoulders. Madame Chauchat wore a blue frock with a white lace collar. She sat, the centre of her group, on the sofa behind the round table, at the bottom of the small salon, her face turned toward the card-room. Hans Castorp, who could not look at the unmannerly creature without disapproval, said to himself: "She reminds me of something, but I cannot tell what."

A tall man of some thirty years, growing bald, played the wedding march from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* three times on end, on the little brown piano, and on being urged by some of the ladies, began the melodious piece for the fourth time, gazing deep and silently into their eyes, one after the other.

"May I be permitted to ask after the state of your health, Engineer?" inquired Settembrini, who had lounged up among the other guests, hands in pockets, and now presented himself before Hans Castorp. He still wore his pilot coat and check trousers. He smiled as he spoke, and Hans Castorp felt again the sobering effect of that fine and mocking curl of the lip beneath the waving black moustaches. He looked rather stupidly at the Italian, with lax mouth and red-veined eyes.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "The gentleman we met this morning on our walk — at that bench up there — near the — yes, I knew you at once. Can you believe it," he went on, though conscious of saying something *gauche*, "can you believe it, I took you for an organ-grinder when I first saw you? Of course, that's all ut-

ter rot," he added, seeing a coolly inquiring expression on Settembrini's face. "Perfectly idiotic. I can't comprehend how in the world I —"

"Don't disturb yourself, it doesn't matter," responded Settembrini, after fixing the young man with a momentary intent regard. "Well, and how have you spent your day, the first of your sojourn in this gay resort?"

"Thanks very much — quite according to the rules," answered Hans Castorp. "Prevailingly 'horizontal,' as I hear you prefer to call it."

Settembrini smiled. "I may have taken occasion to express myself thus," he said. "Well, and you found it amusing, this manner of existence?"

"Amusing or dull, whichever you like," responded Hans Castorp. "It isn't always so easy to decide which, you know. At all events, I haven't been bored; there are far too lively goings-on up here for that. So much that is new and unusual to hear and see — and yet, in another way, it seems as though I had been here a long time, instead of just a single day — as if I had got older and wiser since I came — that is the way I feel."

"Wiser, too?" Settembrini asked, and raised his eyebrows. "Will you permit me to ask how old you are?"

And behold, Hans Castorp could not tell! At that moment he did not know how old he was, despite strenuous, even desperate efforts to bethink himself. In order to gain time he had the question repeated, and then answered "I? How old I am? In my twenty-fourth year, of course. I'll soon be twenty-four. I beg your pardon, but I am very tired," he went on. "Tired isn't the word for it. Do you know how it is when you are dreaming, and know that you are dreaming, and try to awake and can't? That is precisely the way I feel. I certainly must have some fever; otherwise I simply cannot explain it. Imagine, my feet are cold all the way up to my knees. If one may put it that way, of course one's knees aren't one's feet — do excuse me, I am all in a muddle, and no wonder, considering I was whistled at in the morning with the pn — the pn — eumothorax, and in the afternoon had to listen to this Herr Albin — in the horizontal, on top of that! It seems to me I cannot any more trust my five senses, and that I must confess disturbs me more than my cold feet and the heat in my face. Tell me frankly: do you think it is

possible Frau Stöhr knows how to make twenty-eight kinds of fish-sauces? I don't mean if she actually can make them — that I should consider out of the question — I mean if she said at table just now she could, or if I only imagined she did — that is all I want to know."

Settembrini looked at him. He seemed not to have been listening. His eyes were set again, they had taken on a fixed stare, and he said: "Yes, yes, yes," and "I see, I see, I see," each three times, just as he had done in the morning, in a considering, deriding tone, and giving a sharp sound to the *s*'s.

"Twenty-four?" he asked after a while.

"No, twenty-eight," Hans Castorp said. "Twenty-eight fish-sauces. Not sauces in general, special sauces for fish — that is the monstrous part of it."

"Engineer," Settembrini said sharply, almost angrily, "pull yourself together and stop talking this demoralized rubbish. I know nothing about it, nor do I wish to. You are in your twenty-fourth year, you say? H'm. Permit me to put another question, or rather, with your kind permission, make a suggestion. As your stay up here with us does not appear to be conducive, as you don't feel comfortable, either physically or, unless I err, mentally, how would it be if you renounced the prospect of growing older on this spot — in short, what if you were to pack to-night, and be up and away with the first suitable train?"

"You mean I should go away?" Hans Castorp asked; "when I've hardly come? No, why should I try to judge from the first day?"

He happened, as he spoke, to direct his gaze into the next room, and saw Frau Chauchat's full face, with its narrow eyes and broad cheek-bones. "What is it, what or whom in all the world does she remind me of?" But his weary brain, despite the effort he made, refused an answer.

"Of course," he went on, "it is true it is not so easy for me to get acclimatized up here. But that was to be expected. I'd be ashamed to chuck it up and go away like that, just because I felt upset and feverish for a few days. I'd feel a perfect coward. It would be a senseless thing to do, you admit it yourself, don't you?"

He spoke with a sudden insistence, jerking his shoulders ex-

citedly — he seemed to want to make the Italian withdraw his suggestion in form.

"I pay every homage to reason," Settembrini answered. "I pay homage to valour too. What you say sounds well; it would be hard to oppose anything convincing against it. I myself have seen some beautiful cases of acclimatization. There was Fräulein Kneifer, Ottilie Kneifer, last year. She came of a good family — the daughter of an important government official. She was here some year and a half and had grown to feel so much at home that when her health was quite restored — it does happen, up here; people do sometimes get well — she couldn't bear to leave. She implored the Hofrat to let her stop; she could not and would not go; this was her home, she was happy here. But the place was full, they wanted her room, and so all her prayers were in vain; they stood out for discharging her cured. Ottilie was taken with high fever, her curve went well up. But they found her out by exchanging her regular thermometer for a 'silent sister.' You aren't acquainted as yet with the term; it is a thermometer without figures, which the physician measures with a little rule, and plots the curve himself. Ottilie, my dear sir, had 98.4° ; she was normal. Then she went bathing in the lake — it was the beginning of May; we were having frost at night; the water was not precisely ice-cold, say a few degrees above. She remained some time in the water, trying to contract some illness or other — alas, she was, and remained, quite sound. She departed in anguish and despair, deaf to all the consolations her parents could give. 'What shall I do down there?' she kept crying. 'This is my home!' I never heard what became of her. — But you are not listening, Engineer. Unless I am much mistaken, simply remaining on your legs costs you an effort. Lieutenant!" he addressed himself to Joachim, who was just coming up. "Take your cousin and put him to bed. He unites the virtues of courage and moderation — but just now he is a little groggy."

"No, really, I understood everything you said," protested Hans Castorp. "The 'silent sister' is a mercury thermometer without figures — you see, I got it all."

But he went up in the lift with Joachim and several other patients as well, for the conviviality was over for the evening; the guests were separating to seek the halls and loggias for the

evening cure. Hans Castorp went into his cousin's room. The corridor floor, with its strip of narrow coco matting, billowed beneath his feet, but this, apart from its singularity, was not unpleasant. He sat down in Joachim's great flowered arm-chair — there was one just like it in his own room — and lighted his Maria Mancini. It tasted like glue, like coal, like anything but what it should taste like. Still he smoked on, as he watched Joachim making ready for his cure, putting on his house jacket, then an old overcoat, then, armed with his night-lamp and Russian primer, going into the balcony. He turned on the light, lay down with his thermometer in his mouth, and began, with astonishing dexterity, to wrap himself in the two camel's-hair rugs that were spread out over his chair. Hans Castorp looked on with honest admiration for his skill. He flung the covers over him, one after the other: first from the left side, all their length up to his shoulders, then from the feet up, then from the right side, so that he formed, when finished, a neat compact parcel, out of which stuck only his head, shoulders, and arms.

"How well you do that!" Hans Castorp said.

"That's the practice I've had." Joachim answered, holding the thermometer between his teeth in order to speak. "You'll learn. To-morrow we must certainly get you a pair of rugs. You can use them afterwards at home, and up here they are indispensable, particularly as you have no sleeping-sack."

"I shan't lie out on the balcony at night," Hans Castorp declared. "I can tell you that at once. It would seem perfectly weird to me. Everything has its limits. I must draw the line somewhere, since I'm really only up here on a visit. I will sit here awhile and smoke my cigar in the regular way. It tastes vile, but I know it's good, and that will have to do me for to-day. It is close on nine — it isn't even quite nine yet, more's the pity — but when it is half past, that is late enough for a man to go to bed at least half-way decently."

A shiver ran over him, then several, one after the other. Hans Castorp sprang up and ran to the thermometer on the wall, as if to catch it *in flagrante*. According to the mercury, there were fifty degrees of heat in the room. He clutched the radiator; it was cold and dead. He murmured something incoherent, to the effect that it was a scandal to have no heating, even if it was

August. It wasn't a question of the name of the month, but of the temperature that obtained, which was such that actually he was as cold as a dog. Yet his face burned. He sat down, stood up again, and with a murmured request for permission fetched Joachim's coverlet and spread it out over himself at he sat in the chair. And thus he remained, hot and cold by turns, torturing himself with his nauseous cigar. He was overcome by a wave of wretchedness; it seemed to him he had never in his life before felt quite so miserable.

"I feel simply wretched," he muttered. And suddenly he was moved by an extraordinary and extravagant thrill of joy and suspense, of which he was so conscious that he sat motionless waiting for it to come again. It did not — only the misery remained. He stood up at last, flung Joachim's coverlet on the bed, and got something out that sounded like a good-night: "Don't freeze to death; call me again in the morning," his lips hardly shaping the words; then he staggered along the corridor to his own room.

Hippe

[The first week of Hans Castorp's intended visit of three weeks is nearly over as this selection opens. Once more, as it had during the first night of Hans's visit, the narrative swings backward to a major incident of Hans's childhood, omitted in the first flashback, and related to his growing interest in Madame Chauchat. In this chapter one should also observe the appearance of a number of important verbal, thematic, and structural leitmotifs: Hans's singing as he walks, the waterfall, the hut, flowers, "air without associations," bleeding, the horizontal position, "loyalty," and "the 'Kirghiz' eyes," the lead-pencil, and the entire matter of "love."]

NEXT day, the first Monday spent by the guest up here, there came another regularly recurring variation in the daily routine: the lectures, one of which Dr. Krokowski delivered every other Monday morning in the dining-room, before the entire adult population of the sanatorium, with exception of the "moribund" and those who could not understand the language. The course, Hans Castorp learned from his cousin, consisted of a series of popular-scientific lectures, under the general title: "Love as a force contributory to disease." These instructive entertainments took place after second breakfast; it was not permissible, Joachim reiterated, to absent oneself from them — or, at least, absence was frowned upon. It was thus very daring of Settembrini, who surely must have more command of the language than anyone else, not only never to appear, but to refer to the entertainment in most disparaging terms. For Hans Castorp's part, he straightway resolved to be present, in the first place out of courtesy, but also with unconcealed curiosity as to what he should hear. Before the appointed hour, however, he did something quite perverse and ill-judged, which proved worse for him than one could possibly have guessed: he went out for a long, solitary walk.

"Now listen to me," had been his first words, when Joachim entered his room that morning. "I can see that it can't go on with me like this. I've had enough of the horizontal for the present; one's very blood goes to sleep. Of course it is different

with you; you are a patient, and I have no intention of tempting you. But I mean to take a proper walk after breakfast, if you don't mind, just walking at random for a couple of hours. I'll stick a little something in my pocket for second breakfast; then I shall be independent. We shall see if I am not quite a different chap when I come back."

Joachim warmly agreed, as he saw his cousin was in earnest in his desire and his project. "But don't overdo it," he said; "that's my advice. It's not the same thing up here as at home. And be sure to come back in time for the lecture."

In reality young Hans Castorp had more ground than the physical for his present resolve. His over-heated head, the prevailing bad taste in his mouth, the fitful throbbing of his heart, were, or so he felt, less evil accompaniments to the process of acclimatization than such things as the goings-on of the Russian pair next door, the table-talk of the stupid and afflicted Frau Stöhr, the gentleman rider's pulpy cough daily heard in the corridor, the utterances of Herr Albin, the impression he received of the manners and morals of the ailing young folk about him, the expression on Joachim's face when he looked at Marusja — these and a hundred observations more made him feel it would be good to escape awhile from the Berghof circle, to breathe the air deep into his lungs, to get some proper exercise — and then, when he felt tired at night, he would at least know why. He took leave of Joachim in a spirit of enterprise, when his cousin addressed himself, after breakfast, to the usual round as far as the bench by the water-course; then, swinging his walking-stock, he took his own way down the road.

It was about nine o'clock of a cool morning, with a covered sky. According to programme, Hans Castorp drew in deep draughts of the pure morning air, the fresh, light atmosphere that breathed in so easily, that held no hint of damp, that was without associations, without content. He crossed the stream and the narrow-gauge road to the street, with its scattered buildings; but left this again soon to strike into a meadow path, which went only a short way on the level and then slanted steeply up to the right. The climbing rejoiced Hans Castorp's heart, his chest expanded, he pushed his hat back on his forehead with the crook of his stick; having gained some little height he looked back, and, seeing in the distance the mirror-

like lake he had passed on his journey hither, he began to sing.

He sang what songs he had at his command, all kinds of sentimental folk-ditties, out of collections of national ballads and students' song-books; one of them, that went:

Let poets all of love and wine,
Yet oft of virtue sing the praises,

he sang at first softly, in a humming tone, then louder, finally at the top of his voice. His baritone lacked flexibility, yet to-day he found it good, and sang on with mounting enthusiasm. When he found he had pitched the beginning too high, he shifted into falsetto, and even that pleased him. When his memory left him in the lurch, he helped himself out by setting to the melody whatever words and syllables came to hand, heedless of the sense, giving them out like an operatic singer, with arching lips and strong palatal *r*. He even began to improvise both words and music, accompanying his performance with theatrical gesturings. It is a good deal of a strain to sing and climb at the same time, and Hans Castorp found his breath growing scant, and scanted. Yet for sheer pleasure in the idea, for the joy of singing, he forced his voice and sang on, with frequent gasps for breath, until he could no more, and sank, quite out of wind, half blind, with coloured sparks before his eyes and racing pulses, beneath a sturdy pine. His exaltation gave way on the sudden to a pervading gloom; he fell a prey to dejection bordering on despair.

When, his nerves being tolerably restored, he got to his feet again to continue his walk, he found his neck trembling; indeed his head shook in precisely the same way now, at his age, in which the head of old Hans Lorenz Castorp once had shaken. The phenomenon so freshly called up to him the memory of his dead grandfather that, far from finding it offensive, he took a certain pleasure in availing himself of that remembered and dignified method of supporting the chin, by means of which his grandfather had been wont to control the shaking of his head, and to which the boy had responded with such inward sympathy.

He mounted still higher on the zigzag path, drawn by the sound of cow-bells, and came at length upon the herd, grazing

near a hut whose roof was weighted with stones. Two bearded men approached him, with axes on their shoulders. They parted, a little way off him, and "Thank ye kindly, and God be with ye," said the one to the other, in a deep guttural voice, shifted his axe to the other shoulder, and began breaking a path through crackling pine-boughs to the valley. The words sounded strange in this lonely spot: they came dreamlike to Hans Castorp's senses, strained and benumbed. He repeated them, softly, trying to reproduce the guttural, rustically formal syllables of the mountain tongue, as he climbed another stretch higher, above the hut. He had in mind to reach the height where the trees left off, but on glancing at his watch resisted.

He took the left-hand path in the direction of the village. It ran level for some way, then led downhill, among tall-trunked pines, where, as he went, he once more began to sing, tentatively, and despite the fact that he felt his knees to tremble more than they had during the ascent. On issuing from the wood he paused, struck by the charm of the small enclosed landscape before him, a scene composed of elements both peaceful and sublime.

A mountain stream came flowing in its shallow, stony bed down the right-hand slope, poured itself foaming over the terraced boulders lying in its path, then coursed more calmly toward the valley, crossed at this point by a picturesque railed wooden foot-bridge. The ground all about was blue with the bell-like blossoms of a profusely growing, bushy plant. Sombre fir-trees of even, mighty growth stood in the bed of the ravine and climbed its sides to the height. One of them, rooted in the steep bank at the side of the torrent, thrust itself aslant into the picture, with bizarre effect. The whole remote and lovely spot was wrapped in a sounding solitude by the noise of the rushing waters. Hans Castorp remarked a bench that stood on the farther bank of the stream.

He crossed the foot-bridge and sat down to regale himself with the sight of the foaming, rushing waterfall and the idyllic sound of its monotonous yet modulated prattle. For Hans Castorp loved like music the sound of rushing water — perhaps he loved it even more. But hardly had he settled himself when he was overtaken by a bleeding at the nose, which came on so suddenly he had barely time to save his clothing from soilure.

The bleeding was violent and persistent, taking to stanch it nearly half an hour of going to and fro between bench and brook, snuffing water up his nostrils, rinsing his handkerchief and lying flat on his back upon the wooden seat with the damp cloth on his nose. He lay there, after the blood at length was stanchd, his knees elevated, hands folded behind his head, eyes closed, and ears full of the noise of water. He felt no unpleasant sensation, the blood-letting had had a soothing effect, but he found himself in a state of extraordinarily reduced vitality, so that when he exhaled the air, he felt no need to draw it in again, and lay there moveless, for the space of several quiet heart-beats, before taking another slow and superficial breath.

Quite suddenly he found himself in the far distant past, transported to a scene which had come back to him in a dream some nights before, summoned by certain impressions of the last few days. But so strongly, so resistlessly, to the annihilation of time and space, was he rapt back into the past, one might have said it was a lifeless body lying here on the bench by the waterside, while the actual Hans Castorp moved in that far-away time and place — in a situation which was for him, despite its childishness, vibrant with daring and adventure.

It happened when he was a lad of thirteen, in knee-breeches, in the lower third form at school. He stood in the school yard in talk with another boy of like years, from a higher form. The conversation had been begun, rather arbitrarily, by himself and, dealing as it did with a narrowly circumscribed subject of a practical nature, could in no case be prolonged; yet it gave him the greatest satisfaction. It took place in the break between the last two periods, a history and a drawing hour for Hans Castorp's form; the pupils were walking up and down, or standing about in groups, or lounging against the glazed abutments of the school-building wall. A murmur of voices filled the red-tiled court-yard, which was shut off from the street by a wall topped with shingles and provided with two entrance gates. Supervision was exercised by a master in a slouch hat, who munched a ham sandwich the while.

He with whom Hans Castorp spoke was called Hippe, Pribislav Hippe. A peculiarity of this given name was that you were to pronounce it as though it were spelled Pschibislav; and the singularity of the appellation suited the lad's appearance,

which did indeed have something exotic about it. Hippe was the son of a scholar and history professor in the gymnasium. He was, by consequence, a notorious model pupil, and, though not much older than Hans Castorp, already a form higher up. He came from Mecklenburg and was in his person obviously the product of an ancient mixture of races, a grafting of Germanic stock with Slavic, or the reverse. True, his close-shorn round pate was blond; but the eyes were a grey-blue, or a blue-grey—an indefinite, ambiguous colour, like the hue of far-distant mountain ranges—and of an odd, narrow shape; were even, to be precise, a little slanting, with strongly marked, prominent cheek-bones directly under them. It was a type of face which in this instance, far from seeming an abnormality, was distinctly pleasing, though odd enough to have won for him the nickname of “the Kirghiz” among his schoolmates. Hippe already wore long trousers, and a blue jacket belted in at the back and closed to the throat, the collar of which was usually whitened by a few scales of dandruff.

Now, the thing was that Hans Castorp, for a long time, had had his eye upon this Pribislav; had chosen him out of the whole host, known and unknown, in the court-yard of the school, taken an interest in him, followed him with his eyes—shall we say admired him?—at all events observed him with peculiar sympathy. Even on the way to school he looked forward with pleasure to watching him among his fellows, seeing him speak and laugh, singling out his voice from the others by its pleasantly veiled, husky quality. Granted that there was no sufficient ground for his preference, unless one might refer it to Hippe’s heathenish name, his character as model pupil—this latter was, of course, out of the question—or to the “Kirghiz” eyes, whose grey-blue glance could sometimes melt into a mystery of darkness when one caught it musing sideways; whichever it might be, or none of these, Hans Castorp troubled not a whit to justify his feelings, or even to question by what name they might suitably be called. For, since he did not “know” Hippe, the relation could hardly be one of friendship. But in the first place there was not the faintest need of calling it anything; it could never be a subject of discussion; that would be out of place, and he had no desire for it; and, in the second, giving a thing a name implies, if not passing judg-

ment on it, at least defining it; that is to say, classifying it among the familiar and habitual; whereas Hans Castorp was penetrated by the unconscious conviction that an inward good of this sort was above all to be guarded from definition and classification.

But whether well or ill founded, and however far from being the subject of conversation, or even from being touched on in Hans Castorp's own mind, these feelings of his flourished there in great strength, as they had done for almost a year now — or a year as nearly as one could fix the time, for it was hard to be precise about their beginnings. For about a year, then, he had carried them about in secret, which spoke for the loyalty and constancy of his character, when one reflects what a great space of time a year is at that age. But alas, every characterization of this kind involves a moral judgment, whether favourable or unfavourable — though, to be sure, each trait of character has its two sides. Thus Hans Castorp's "loyalty" — upon which, be it said, he was not prone to plume himself — consisted, baldly, in a certain temperamental heaviness, sluggishness, and quiescence, a fundamental tendency to feel respect for conditions of duration and stability; and the more respect, the longer they lasted. He inclined to believe in the permanence of the particular state or circumstances in which he for the moment found himself; prized it for that very quality, and was not bent on change. Thus he had grown used to his silent and remote relation to Pribislav Hippe, and considered it a regular feature of his life; loved the emotions it brought in its train, the suspense as to whether he was likely to meet him that day, whether Pribislav would pass close by him, even look at him; loved the subtle and wordless satisfaction imparted by his secret, loved even the disappointments inseparable from it — the greatest of which was Pribislav's absence from school. When this happened, the school yard became a desert, the day lacked all charm, hope alone lingered.

The affair had lasted a year, up to that intrepid and culminating moment; after which, thanks to Hans Castorp's constancy of spirit, it lasted another. Then it was over. And it is a fact that he marked no more the loosening and dissolving of the bond which united him to Pribislav than he had previously marked its beginnings. Moreover, in consequence of his father's taking

another position, Pribislav left the school and the city; but that was all one to Hans Castorp; he had already forgotten him before he went. One may put it that the figure of the "Kirghiz" had glided out of the mist into Hans Castorp's life, and slowly grown vivid and tangible there, up to that moment of the greatest nearness and corporeity, in the school court; had stood awhile thus in the foreground, then slowly receded, and, with no pain of parting, dissolved again into the mist.

But that moment, that bold, adventurous situation, into which Hans Castorp found himself transported after all these years, the conversation — an actual conversation with Pribislav Hippe — came about thus. The drawing-lesson was the next period, and Hans Castorp found himself without a pencil. His classmates needed their own, but he had among the other pupils this and that acquaintance, of whom he might have sought a loan. Yet he found it was Pribislav who after all stood nearest to him, with whom, in secret, he had had to do; and with a joyous impulse of his entire being he determined to seize the opportunity — for so he called it — and ask Pribislav for a pencil. It was rather an odd thing to do, since he did not, in reality, "know" Pribislav at all; but this aspect of the affair escaped him in his recklessness, or he chose to disregard it. So there he stood before Pribislav Hippe, among the bustling crowd that filled the tiled court-yard; and he said to him: "Excuse me, can you lend me a pencil?"

And Pribislav looked at him, with his "Kirghiz" eyes above the prominent cheek-bones, and spoke, in his pleasantly husky voice, without any surprise, or, at least, without showing any.

"With pleasure," he said. "But you must be sure to give it me back, after the period." And drew his pencil out of his pocket, a silver pencil-holder with a ring in the end, which one screwed in order to make the red lead-pencil come out. He displayed the simple mechanism, their two heads bent over it together.

"Only be careful not to break it," he added.

What made him say that? As if Hans Castorp had been intending to handle it carelessly or keep it after the hour!

They looked at each other, and smiled; then, as there remained nothing more to say, they turned, first their shoulders and then their backs, and went.

That was all. But never in his life had Hans Castorp felt so

supremely content as in this drawing hour, drawing with Pribislav Hippe's pencil, in the immediate prospect of giving it back into the owner's hand — which followed as a matter of course out of what had gone before. He took the liberty of sharpening the pencil a little, and cherished three of the red shavings nearly a year, in an inner drawer of his desk — no one seeing them there could have guessed what significance they possessed. The return of the pencil was of the simplest formality, quite after Hans Castorp's heart — indeed, he prided himself on it no little, in the vainglorious state his intimacy with Hippe produced.

"There," he said. "And thanks very much."

And Pribislav said nothing at all, only hastily tried the screw and stuck the pencil in his pocket.

Never again did they speak to each other; but this one time, thanks to the enterprise of Hans Castorp, they had spoken.

He wrenched his eyes open, amazed at the depths of the trance in which he had been sunk. "I've been dreaming," he thought. "Yes, that was Pribislav. It's a long time since I thought of him. I wonder what became of the shavings. My desk is in the attic at Uncle Tienappel's; they must be there yet, in the little inner back drawer. I never took them out, never thought enough about them to throw them away! That was certainly Pribislav, his very own self. I shouldn't have thought I could remember him so clearly. How remarkably like her he looked — like this girl up here! Is that why I feel interested in her? Or was that why I felt so interested in him? What rubbish! Anyhow, I must be stirring, and pretty fast, too." But he lay another moment, musing and recalling, before he got up. "Then thank ye kindly, and God be with ye," he said — the tears came to his eyes as he smiled. And with that he would have been off, but instead sat suddenly down again with his hat and stick in his hand, being forced to the realization that his knees would not support him. "Hullo," he thought, "this won't do. I am supposed to be back in the dining-room punctually at eleven, for the lecture. Taking walks up here is very beautiful — but appears to have its difficult side. Well, well, I can't stop here. I must have got stiff from lying; I shall be better as I move about." He tried again to get on his legs and, by dint of great effort, succeeded.

But the return home was lamentable indeed, after the high spirits of his setting forth. He had repeatedly to rest by the way, feeling the colour recede from his face, and cold sweat break out on his brow; the wild beating of his heart took away his breath. Thus painfully he fought his way down the winding path and reached the bottom in the neighbourhood of the Kurhaus. But here it became clear that his own powers would never take him over the stretch between him and the Berghof; and accordingly, as there was no tram and he saw no carriages for hire, he hailed a driver going toward the Dorf with a load of empty boxes and asked permission to climb into his wagon. Back to back with the man, his legs hanging down out of the end, swaying and nodding with fatigue and the jolting of the vehicle, regarded with surprise and sympathy by the passers-by, he got as far as the railway crossing, where he dismounted and paid for his ride, whether much money or little he did not heed, and hurried headlong up the drive.

Mounting Misgivings

[By the end of his second week at the sanatorium Hans Castorp's time sense is thoroughly riddled and he has opened himself to all kinds of impressions, sensations, and speculations that would normally have been impossible for him. The chief of these, at this point in the narrative, is his steadily increasing interest in Madame Chauchat, the "door-slamming, finger-gnawing, bread-pill-making foreigner — who carried herself so badly, who lived apart from her husband, and without a ring on her finger careered from one resort to another." As he was warned by Settembrini to leave the House Berghof altogether, before it was too late, so he is, more tactfully, warned against Madame Chauchat by the upright and "loyal" Joachim Ziemssen and by other members of the establishment, chiefly rather disagreeable female guests. Hans feels, though, many "counteracting reasons" that permit, if they do not require, him to acknowledge his feeling toward Clavdia Chauchat as "the real meaning and content of his stay." Above all, he is now aware that Clavdia's "Kirghiz eyes" not only resemble "so awfully" the eyes of Pribislav Hippe; "they were the same eyes."]

THE WEATHER was vile. In this respect Hans Castorp had no luck during the brief term of his visit. It did not snow, but rained all day long, a hateful downpour; thick mist wrapped the valley, while electric storms — an absurd and uncalled-for phenomenon, considering it was so cold that the heat had been turned on — rolled and reverberated disagreeably through the valley.

"Too bad," Joachim said. "I thought we might take our luncheons and climb up to the Schatzalp, or something like that. But it seems it is not to happen. Let us hope the last week will be better."

But Hans Castorp answered: "Let be. I am not so anxious to undertake anything for the moment. My first excursion was no great success. I find it does me more good just to take the day as it comes, without too much variation. I leave that sort of thing to people who have been up here for years. What do I want of variety in my three weeks' time?"

He did, indeed, find his time well taken up, just as he was.

Whatever his hopes, they would come to fruition — or else they would not — here on the spot and not on any Schatzalp. Time did not hang heavy on his hands — rather he began to feel the end of his stay approach all too near. The second week was passing; soon two-thirds of his holiday would be gone; the third week would no sooner begin than it would be time to think of packing. The refreshment of his sense of time was long since a thing of the past; the days rushed on — yes, in the mass they rushed on, though at the same time each single day stretched out long and longer to hold the crowded, secret hopes and fears that filled it to overflowing. Ah, time is a riddling thing, and hard it is to expound its essence!

Must we put plainer name to those inward experiences which at once both weighted and gave wings to Hans Castorp's days? We all know them; their emotional inanity ran true to type. They would have taken no different course even had their origin been such as to make applicable the silly song on which he had pronounced his severe æsthetic judgment.

Impossible that Madame Chauchat should know nothing of the threads that were weaving between her and a certain table. Indeed, Hans Castorp definitely, wilfully purposed that she should know something, or even a good deal. We say wilfully because his eyes were open, he was aware that reason and good sense were against it. But when a man is in Hans Castorp's state — or the state he was beginning to be in — he longs, above all, to have her of whom he dreams aware that he dreams, let reason and common sense say what they like to the contrary. Thus are we made.

So, after it had happened twice or thrice that Madame Chauchat, impelled by chance or magnetic attraction, had turned and looked in the direction of Hans Castorp's table and met each time his eyes fixed upon her, she turned the fourth time with intent — and met them again. On the fifth occasion she did not catch him *in flagrante*; he was not at his post. Yet he straightway felt her eyes upon him, turned, and gazed so ardently that she smiled and looked away. Rapture — and misgiving — filled him at sight of that smile. Did she take him for a child? Very well, she should see. He cast about for means to refine upon the position. On the sixth occasion, when he felt, he divined, inner voice whispered him, that she was looking,

he pretended to be absorbed in disgusted contemplation of a pimply dame who had stopped to talk with the great-aunt. He stuck to his guns for a space of two or three minutes, until he was certain the "Kirghiz" eyes had been withdrawn — a marvellous piece of play-acting, which Frau Chauchat not only might, but was expressly intended to see through, to the end that she be impressed with Hans Castorp's subtlety and self-control. Then came the following episode. Frau Chauchat, between courses, turned carelessly about and surveyed the dining-room. Hans Castorp was on guard; their glances met, she peering at him with a vaguely mocking look on her face, he with a determination that made him clench his teeth. And as they looked, her serviette slipped down from her lap and was about to fall to the floor. She reached after it nervously and he felt the motion in all his limbs, so that he half rose from his chair and was about to spring wildly to her aid across eight yards of space and an intervening table — as though some dire catastrophe must ensue if the serviette were to touch the floor. She possessed herself of it just in time; then, still stooping, holding it by the corner, and frowning in evident vexation at the contretemps, for which she seemed to hold him responsible, she looked back once more and saw him with lifted brows, sitting there poised for a spring! Again she smiled and turned away.

Hans Castorp was in the seventh heaven over this occurrence. True, he had to pay for it: for full two days — that is to say, for the space of ten meal-times, Madame Chauchat never looked his way. She even intermitted her habit of pausing on her entrance, to survey the room and, as it were, present herself to it. That was hard to bear; yet, since it undoubtedly happened on his account, it preserved the relation between them, if only on its negative side. That was something.

He saw how right Joachim had been in saying that it was hard to get acquainted here, except with one's table companions. For one brief hour after the evening meal social relations of a sort did obtain. But they often shrank to twenty minutes' length; and always Madame Chauchat spent the time, whether longer or shorter, with her own circle, in the small salon. Her friends were the hollow-chested man, the whimsical girl with the fuzzy hair, the silent Dr. Blumenkohl, and the youth with the drooping shoulders — the "good" Russian table had, it

seemed, pre-empted the room for its own use. Furthermore, Joachim was always urging an early withdrawal. He said it was in order to spend full time in the evening cure — but there were perhaps other disciplinary reasons left unspecified, which his cousin surmised and respected. We have reproached Hans Castorp with being “wilful”; but certainly, whatever the goal toward which his wishes led, it was not that of social intercourse with Madame Chauchat. He concurred, generally speaking, in the circumstances that militated against it. The relation between him and the young Russian, a tense though tenuous bond, the product of his assiduous glances, was of an extra-social sort. It entailed, and could entail, no obligations. It could subsist, in his mind, along with a degree of distaste for any social approach. It was one thing for our young friend to call “Clavdia” to account for the beatings of his heart; but quite another for him, the grandson of Hans Lorenz Castorp, to be shaken in the smallest degree in the sure inward conviction that this door-slamming, finger-gnawing, bread-pill-making foreigner — who carried herself so badly, who lived apart from her husband, and without a ring on her finger careered from one resort to another — that this foreigner was indubitably not a person for him to cultivate; not, that is, over and above the secret relation we have indicated. A deep gulf divided their two existences; he felt, he knew, that he was not up to defending her in the face of any recognized social authority. Hans Castorp was, for his own person, quite without arrogance; yet a larger arrogance, the pride of caste and tradition, stood written on his brow and in his sleepy-looking eyes, and voiced itself in the conviction of his own superiority, which came over him when he measured Frau Chauchat for what she was. It was this which he neither could, nor wished to, shake off. Strangely enough, he first became vividly conscious of his conviction on a day when he heard Frau Chauchat speaking in his native tongue. She stood in the dining-room after a meal, her hands in the pockets of her sweater, and charmingly struggled to converse in German with another patient, probably a rest-hall acquaintance. Hans Castorp felt an unwonted thrill — never before had he been so proud of his mother-tongue — yet at the same time experienced a temptation to offer up his pride on the altar of

quite a different feeling — the rapture which filled him at the sound of her pretty stammerings and manglings of his speech.

In a word, Hans Castorp envisaged in this opening affair between him and the heedless creature who was a member of the Berghof society no more than a holiday adventure. Before the tribunal of reason, conscience, and common sense it could make no claims to be heard; principally, of course, because when all was said and done, Frau Chauchat was an ailing woman, feeble, fevered, and tainted within; her physical condition had much to do with the questionable life she led, as also with Hans Castorp's instinctive reservations. No, it simply did not occur to him to seek her society; while as for the rest — well, however the thing turned out, it would be over in one way or another inside ten days, when he would enter upon his apprenticeship at Tunder and Wilms's.

For the moment, however, he had begun to live in and for the emotions roused in him by the pretty patient: the up and down of suspense, fulfilment or disappointment, characteristic of such a state. He came to regard these feelings as the real meaning and content of his stay; his mood depended wholly upon their event. All the circumstances of life up here favoured their development. For the inviolably daily programme brought the two constantly together. True, Frau Chauchat's chamber was on a different storey from his own, and she performed her cure, so the schoolmistress said, in the general rest-hall on the roof (the same in which Captain Miklosich had lately turned off the light). But there were the five meal-times; and besides them, innumerable occasions in the daily goings and comings when not only might they meet, but it was practically unavoidable they should. And that, Hans Castorp thought, was all to the good. So was the fact that he had little to do between one occasion and the next, except think about them. He found, indeed, something almost breathless about being thus, as it were, immured with opportunity.

Which did not prevent him from employing all manner of devices to improve the position. His charmer came regularly late to meals; he did the same, with intent to waylay her. He dallied over his toilet, was not ready when Joachim knocked, and let his cousin go on before — he would catch up with him.

He would wait until the intuition proper to his state warned him of the right moment; then he would hurry down, not by his own stair, but by the one at the end of the corridor, which would take him past a certain door — number seven — in the first storey. Every moment of the way, every step of the stair, offered a chance; any instant the door might open — and in practice it often did. Out she would slip, noiselessly, the door would slam behind her, she would glide to the stairs, she would pass down ahead of him, with her hand up to her braids of hair — or else he would be in front of her, feel her gaze in his back, and experience a thrill as from an ant crawling down it. His bearing, of course, was that of a person unaware of her presence, leading a free and independent existence of his own: he would bury his hands in his pockets, walk with a swagger, cough an entirely unnecessary cough, and strike himself on the chest — anything to manifest his utter unconcern.

On two occasions he refined yet further. Already seated at the table, he felt himself with both hands, and said with a fine show of irritation: "There, I've forgotten my handkerchief. That means I must trot back again to fetch it." And went back, to the end that he and she might meet on the way, since that afforded a keener throb than when she merely walked in front of or behind him. The first time he executed this manœuvre, she measured him with her eyes from a distance, swept him from head to foot, quite bold and unblushing. Then approaching nearer, turned away indifferently and passed him by. So that he got but little out of the *démarche*. The second time she stared him in the face without flinching, almost forbiddingly, even turning her head as they crossed, to follow him with her look — it went through our poor young friend like a knife. We need not pity him, for was it not all his own doing? But the encounter was gripping at the moment and even more afterwards — for only in retrospect was he clear as to what had actually happened. He had never seen Frau Chauchat's face so close, so clear in all its details. He could have counted the tiny hairs that stood up from the braid she wore wreathed round her head — they were reddish-blond, with a metallic sheen. No more than a hands-breadth or so of space had been between his face and hers, whose outline and features, peculiar though they were, had been familiar to him as long as he could remember,

and spoke to his very soul as nothing else could in all the world. It was an unusual face, and full of character (for only the unusual seems to us to have character); its mystery and strangeness spoke of the unknown north, and it teased the curiosity because its proportions and characteristics were somehow not very easy to determine. Its keynote, probably, was the high, bony structure of the prominent cheek-bones; they seemed to compress the eyes—which were unusually far apart and unusually level with the face—and squeeze them into a slightly oblique position; while at the same time they appeared responsible for the soft concavity of the cheek, and this, in turn, to result in the full curve of the slightly pouting lips. Then there were the eyes themselves: the narrow “Kirghiz” eyes, whose shape was yet to Hans Castorp a simple enchantment and whose colour was the grey-blue or blue-grey of distant mountains; they had the trick of sidewise, unseeing glance, which could sometimes melt them into the very hue of mystery and darkness—these eyes of Clavdia, which had gazed so forbiddingly into his very face, and which so awfully resembled Pribislav Hippe’s in shape, expression, and colour that they fairly frightened him. Resembled was not the word: they were the same eyes. The breadth, too, of the upper part of the face, the flattened nose, everything, even to the flush in the white skin, the healthy colour of the cheek—which in Frau Chauchat’s case, as in so many others, merely counterfeited health and was a superficial effect of the open-air cure—everything was precisely Pribislav, and no differently would he have looked at Hans Castorp were they to meet again as of old in the school court-yard.

Sudden Enlightenment

[An epic reveals, among other things, the poetic significance of a civilization's material culture; it gives symbolic meaning and value to objects peculiarly representative of an epoch's way of life. The shield of Achilles, Hector's feathered helmet, King Arthur's great sword Excalibur, Siegfried's forge, the horn of Roland, are familiar examples of significant "epic objects" of earlier cultures. In the following passage we may observe how a familiar device of our time can be transformed into an object of epic significance by an artist's creative imagination.]

HANS CASTORP observed that it was half dark in the x-ray room; an artificial twilight prevailed there, as in Dr. Krokowski's analytic cabinet. The windows were shrouded, daylight shut out, and two electric lights were burning. The corridor door opened, and the next patient entered the waiting-room. It was Madame Chauchat.

Hans Castorp recognized her, staring-eyed, and distinctly felt the blood leave his cheeks. His jaw relaxed, his mouth was on the point of falling open. Her entrance had taken place so casually, so unforeseen, she had not been there, and then, all at once, there she was, and sharing these narrow quarters with the cousins. Joachim flung a quick glance at Hans Castorp, afterwards not only casting down his eyes, but taking up again the illustrated sheet he had laid aside, and burying his face in it. Hans Castorp could not summon resolution to do the same. He grew very red, after his sudden pallor, and his heart pounded.

Frau Chauchat seated herself by the laboratory door, in a little round easy-chair with stumpy, as it were rudimentary arms. She leaned back, crossed one leg lightly over the other, and stared into space. She knew she was being looked at, and her Pribislav eyes shifted their gaze nervously, almost squinting. She wore a white sweater and blue skirt, and had a book from the lending-library in her lap. She tapped softly with the sole of the foot that rested on the floor. Hans Castorp looked at her, with his chin in his collar, like his grandfather — it was laughable to see how like the old man he looked. Frau Chauchat

had crossed one leg over the other again, and her knee, even the whole slender line of the thigh, showed beneath the blue skirt. She was only of middle height — a thoroughly proper and delightful height, in Hans Castorp's eyes — but relatively long-legged, and narrow in the hips. She sat leaning forward, with her crossed forearms supported on her knee, her shoulders drooping, and her back rounded, so that the neck-bone stuck out prominently, and nearly the whole spine was marked out under the close-fitting sweater. Her breasts, which were not high and voluptuous like Marusja's, but small and maidenly, were pressed together from both sides. Hans Castorp recalled; suddenly, that she too was sitting here waiting to be x-rayed. The Hofrat painted her, he reproduced her outward form with oil and colours upon the canvas. And now, in the twilighted room, he would direct upon her the rays which would reveal to him the inside of her body. When this idea occurred to Hans Castorp, he turned away his head and put on a primly detached air; a sort of seemly obscurantism presented itself to him as the only correct attitude in the presence of such a thought.

The waiting together in the little room did not last for long. The technician in his white smock once more appeared, Joachim stood up and tossed his paper back on to the table, and Hans Castorp, not without inward hesitation, followed him to the open door. He was struggling with chivalrous scruples, also with the temptation to put himself, after all, upon conventional terms with Frau Chauchat, to speak to her and offer her precedence — in French, if he could manage. Hastily he sought to muster the words, the sentence structure. But he did not know if such courtesies were practised up here; probably the established order was more powerful than the rules of chivalry. Joachim must know, and as he made no motion to defer to sex, even though Hans Castorp looked at him imploringly, the latter followed his cousin past Frau Chauchat, who merely glanced up from her stooping posture as they went through the door into the laboratory.

He was too much possessed by the events of the last ten minutes, and by what he left behind, for his mind to pass immediately with his body over the threshold of the x-ray laboratory. He saw nothing, or only vaguely, in the artificially lighted

room; he still heard Frau Chauchat's pleasantly veiled voice, with which she had said: "What is it, then? . . . Some people have just gone in. . . . It is disagreeable" — the sound of it still shivered sweetly down his back. He saw the shape of her knee under the cloth skirt, saw the bone of her neck, under the short reddish-blond hairs that were not gathered up into the braids — and again the shiver ran down his back. Then he saw Hofrat Behrens, with his back to them, standing before a sort of built-in recess, looking at a black plate which he held at arm's length toward the dim light in the ceiling. They passed him and went on into the room, followed by the assistant, who made preparations to dispatch their affair. It smelled very odd in here, the air was filled with a sort of stale ozone. The built-in structure, projecting between the two black-hung windows, divided the room into two unequal parts. Hans Castorp could distinguish physical apparatus. Lenses, switch-boards, towering measuring-instruments, a box like a camera on a rolling stand, glass diapositives in rows set in the walls, hard to say whether this was a photographic studio, a dark-room, or an inventor's workshop and technological witches' kitchen.

Joachim had begun, without more ado, to lay bare the upper half of his body. The helper, a square-built, rosy-cheeked young native in a white smock, motioned Hans Castorp to do the same. It went fast, and he was next in turn. As Hans Castorp took off his waistcoat, Behrens came out of the smaller recess where he had been standing into the larger one.

"Hallo," said he. "Here are our Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux. If you feel any inclination to blub, kindly suppress it. Just wait, we shall soon see through you both. I expect, Castorp, you feel a little nervous about exposing your inner self to our gaze? Don't be alarmed, we preserve all the amenities. Look here, have you seen my picture-gallery?" He led Hans Castorp by the arm before the rows of dark plates on the wall, and turned on a light behind them. Hans Castorp saw various members: hands, feet, knee-pans, thigh- and leg-bones, arms, and pelvises. But the rounded living form of these portions of the human body was vague and shadowy, like a pale and misty envelope, within which stood out the clear, sharp nucleus — the skeleton.

"Very interesting," said Hans Castorp.

"Interesting sure enough," responded the Hofrat. "Useful object-lesson for the young. X-ray anatomy, you know, triumph of the age. There is a female arm, you can tell by its delicacy. That's what they put around you when they make love, you know." He laughed, and his upper lip with the close-cropped moustache went up still more on one side. The pictures faded. Hans Castorp turned his attention to the preparations for taking Joachim's x-ray.

It was done in front of that structure on the other side of which Hofrat Behrens had been standing when they entered. Joachim had taken his place on a sort of shoe-maker's bench, in front of a board, which he embraced with his arms and pressed his breast against it, while the assistant improved the position, massaging his back with kneading motions, and putting his arms further forward. Then he went behind the camera, and stood just as a photographer would, legs apart and stooped over, to look inside. He expressed his satisfaction and, going back to Joachim, warned him to draw in his breath and hold it until all was over. Joachim's rounded back expanded and so remained; the assistant, at the switch-board, pulled the handle. Now, for the space of two seconds, fearful powers were in play — streams of thousands, of a hundred thousand of volts, Hans Castorp seemed to recall — which were necessary to pierce through solid matter. They could hardly be confined to their office, they tried to escape through other outlets: there were explosions like pistol-shots, blue sparks on the measuring apparatus; long lightnings crackled along the walls. Somewhere in the room appeared a red light, like a threatening eye, and a phial in Joachim's rear filled with green. Then everything grew quiet, the phenomena disappeared, and Joachim let out his breath with a sigh. It was over.

"Next delinquent," said the Hofrat, and nudged Hans Castorp with his elbow. "Don't pretend you're too tired. You will get a free copy, Castorp; then you can project the secrets of your bosom on the wall for your children and grandchildren to see!"

Joachim had stepped down; the technician changed the plate. Hofrat Behrens personally instructed the novice how to sit and hold himself.

"Put your arms about it," he said. "Embrace the board — pretend it's something else, if you like. Press your breast against it,

as though it filled you with rapture. Like that. Draw a deep breath. Hold it!" he commanded. "Now, please!" Hans Castorp waited, blinking, his lungs distended. Behind him the storm broke loose: it crackled, lightened, detonated — and grew still. The lens had looked into his inside.

He got down, dazed and bewildered, notwithstanding he had not been physically sensible of the penetration in the slightest degree.

"Good lad," said the Hofrat. "Now we shall see." The experienced Joachim had already moved over toward the entrance door and taken position at a stand; at his back was the lofty structure of the apparatus, with a bulb half full of water, and distillation tubes; in front of him, breast-high, hung a framed screen on pulleys. On his left, between switch-board and instrumentarium, was a red globe. The Hofrat, bestriding a stool in front of the screen, lighted the light. The ceiling light went out, and only the red glow illumined the scene. Then the master turned this too off, with a quick motion, and thick darkness enveloped the laboratory.

"We must first accustom the eyes," the Hofrat was heard to say, in the darkness. "We must get big pupils, like a cat's, to see what we want to see. You understand, our everyday eyesight would not be good enough for our purposes. We have to banish the bright daylight and its pretty pictures out of our minds."

"Naturally," said Hans Castorp. He stood at the Hofrat's shoulder, and closed his eyes, since the darkness was so profound that it did not matter whether he had them open or shut. "First we must wash our eyes with darkness to see what we want to see. That is plain. I find it quite right and proper, as a matter of fact, that we should collect ourselves a little, beforehand — in silent prayer, as it were. I am standing here with my eyes shut, and have quite a pleasant sleepy feeling. But what is it I smell?"

"Oxygen," said the Hofrat. "What you notice in the air is oxygen. Atmospheric product of our little private thunderstorm, you know. Eyes open!" he commanded. "The magicking is about to begin." Hans Castorp hastened to obey.

They heard a switch go on. A motor started up, and sang furiously higher and higher, until another switch controlled and steadied it. The floor shook with an even vibration. The lit-

the red light, at right angles to the ceiling, looked threateningly across at them. Somewhere lightning flashed. And with a milky gleam a window of light emerged from the darkness: it was the square hanging screen, before which Hofrat Behrens bestrode his stool, his legs sprawled apart with his fists supported on them, his blunt nose close to the pane, which gave him a view of a man's interior organism.

"Do you see it, young man?" he asked. Hans Castorp leaned over his shoulder, but then raised his head again to look toward the spot where Joachim's eyes were presumably gazing in the darkness, with the gentle, sad expression they had worn during the other examination. "May I?" he asked.

"Of course," Joachim replied magnanimously, out of the dark. And to the pulsation of the floor, and the snapping and cracking of the forces at play, Hans Castorp peered through the lighted window, peered into Joachim Ziemssen's empty skeleton. The breastbone and spine fell together in a single dark column. The frontal structure of the ribs was cut across by the paler structure of the back. Above, the collar-bones branched off on both sides, and the framework of the shoulder, with the joint and the beginning of Joachim's arm, showed sharp and bare through the soft envelope of flesh. The thoracic cavity was light, but blood-vessels were to be seen, some dark spots, a blackish shadow.

"Clear picture," said the Hofrat, "quite a decent leanness — that's the military youth. I've had paunches here — you couldn't see through them, hardly recognized a thing. The rays are yet to be discovered that will go through such layers of fat. This is nice clean work. Do you see the diaphragm?" he asked, and indicated with his finger the dark arch in the window, that rose and fell. "Do you see the bulges here on the left side, the little protuberances? That was the inflammation of the pleura he had when he was fifteen years old. Breathe deep," he commanded. "Deeper! Deep, I tell you!" and Joachim's diaphragm rose quivering, as high as it could; the upper parts of the lungs could be seen to clear up, but the Hofrat was not satisfied. "Not good enough," he said. "Can you see the hilus glands? Can you see the adhesions? Look at the cavities here, that is where the toxins come from that fuddle him." But Hans Castorp's attention was taken up by something like a bag, a strange, animal

shape, darkly visible behind the middle column, or more on the right side of it — the spectator's right. It expanded and contracted regularly, a little after the fashion of a swimming jellyfish.

"Look at his heart," and the Hofrat lifted his huge hand again from his thigh and pointed with his forefinger at the pulsating shadow. Good God, it was the heart, it was Joachim's honour-loving heart, that Hans Castorp saw!

"I am looking at your heart," he said in a suppressed voice.

"Go ahead," answered Joachim again; probably he smiled politely up there in the darkness. But the Hofrat told him to be quiet and not betray any sensibility. Behrens studied the spots and the lines, the black festoon in the intercostal space; while Hans Castorp gazed without wearying at Joachim's graveyard shape and bony tenement, this lean *memento mori*, this scaffolding for mortal flesh to hang on. "Yes, yes! I see, I see!" he said, several times over. "My God, I see!"

Humaniora

[The abundant humor in *The Magic Mountain* is nowhere more delightful than in the episode I have chosen to follow the scene in the x-ray room. Hofrat Behrens is by no means a purely comic character, but throughout the first half of the novel (in which he is more prominent than in the second half) he exhibits a continual pattern of banter, persiflage, professional humor, and heavy joviality which entitles him to the rank of one of the great "personalities" of literature. For some time Hans has been aware that Behrens's interest in Clavdia Chauchat probably transcended the purely professional interest he would be expected to have. Informed that the Hofrat had done an oil portrait of Clavdia, Hans rather obviously seizes the opportunity to draw the conversation around to the subject of painting and the physiology of the human body, particularly the female organism.]

HANS CASTORP and Joachim Ziemssen, arrayed in white trousers and blue blazers, were sitting in the garden after dinner. It was another of those much-lauded October days: bright without being heavy, hot and yet with a tang in the air. The sky above the valley was a deep southern blue and the pastures beneath, with the cattle tracks running across and across them, still a lively green. From the rugged slopes came the sound of cowbells; the peaceful, simple, melodious tintinnabulation came floating unbroken through the quiet, thin, empty air, enhancing the mood of solemnity that broods over the valley heights.

The cousins were sitting on a bench at the end of the garden, in front of a semi-circle of young firs. The small open space lay at the north-west of the hedged-in platform, which rose some fifty yards above the valley, and formed the foundations of the Berghof building. They were silent. Hans Castorp was smoking. He was also wrangling inwardly with Joachim, who had not wanted to join the society on the verandah after luncheon, and had drawn his cousin against his will into the stillness and seclusion of the garden, until such time as they should go up to their balconies. That was behaving like a tyrant — when it came to that, they were not Siamese twins, it was possible for them to separate, if their inclinations took them in opposite di-

rections. Hans Castorp was not up here to be company for Joachim, he was a patient himself. Thus he grumbled on, and could endure to grumble, for had he not Maria? He sat, his hands in his blazer pockets, his feet in brown shoes stretched out before him, and held the long, greyish cigar between his lips, precisely in the centre of his mouth, and drooping a little. It was in the first stages of consumption, he had not yet knocked off the ash from its blunt tip; its aroma was peculiarly grateful after the heavy meal just enjoyed. It might be true that in other respects getting used to life up here had mainly consisted in getting used to not getting used to it. But for the chemistry of his digestion, the nerves of his mucous membrane, which had been parched and tender, inclined to bleeding, it seemed that the process of adjustment had completed itself. For imperceptibly, in the course of these nine or ten weeks, his organic satisfaction in that excellent brand of vegetable stimulant or narcotic had been entirely restored. He rejoiced in a faculty regained, his mental satisfaction heightened the physical. During his time in bed he had saved on the supply of two hundred cigars which he had brought with him, and some of these were still left; but at the same time with his winter clothing from below, there had arrived another five hundred of the Bremen make, which he had ordered through Schalleen to make quite sure of not running out. They came in beautiful little varnished boxes, ornamented in gilt with a globe, several medals, and an exhibition building with a flag floating above it.

As they sat, behold, there came Hofrat Behrens through the garden. He had taken his midday meal in the dining-hall to-day, folding his gigantic hands before his place at Frau Solomon's table. After that he had probably been on the terrace, making the suitable personal remark to each and everybody, very likely displaying his trick with the bootlaces for such of the guests as had not seen it. Now he came lounging through the garden, wearing a check tail-coat, instead of his smock, and his stiff hat on the back of his head. He too had a cigar in his mouth, a very black one, from which he was puffing great white clouds of smoke. His head and face, with the over-heated purple cheeks, the snub nose, watery blue eyes, and little clipped moustache, looked small in proportion to the lank, rather warped and stooping figure, and the enormous hands and feet.

He was nervous; visibly started when he saw the cousins, and seemed embarrassed over the necessity of passing them. But he greeted them in his usual picturesque and expansive fashion, with "Behold, behold, Timotheus!" going on to invoke the usual blessings on their metabolisms, while he prevented their rising from their seats, as they would have done in his honour.

"Sit down, sit down. No formalities with a simple man like me. Out of place too, you being my patients, both of you. Not necessary. No objection to the *status quo*," and he remained standing before them, holding the cigar between the index and middle fingers of his great right hand.

"How's your cabbage-leaf, Castorp? Let me see, I'm a connoisseur. That's a good ash — what sort of brown beauty have you there?"

"Maria Mancini, *Postre de Banquett*, Bremen, Herr Hofrat. Costs little or nothing, nineteen pfennigs in plain colours — but a bouquet you don't often come across at the price. Sumatra-Havana wrapper, as you see. I am very wedded to them. It is a medium mixture, very fragrant, but cool on the tongue. Suits it to leave the ash long, I don't knock it off more than a couple of times. She has her whims, of course, has Maria; but the inspection must be very thorough, for she doesn't vary much, and draws perfectly even. May I offer you one?"

"Thanks, we can exchange." And they drew out their cases.

"There's a thorough-bred for you," the Hofrat said, as he displayed his brand. "Temperament, you know, juicy, got some guts to it. St. Felix, Brazil — I've always stuck to this sort. Regular 'begone, dull care,' burns like brandy, has something fulminating toward the end. But you need to exercise a little caution — can't light one from the other, you know — more than a fellow can stand. However, better one good mouthful than any amount of nibbles."

They twirled their respective offerings between their fingers, felt connoisseur-like the slender shapes that possessed, or so one might think, some organic quality of life, with their ribs formed by the diagonal parallel edges of the raised, here and there porous wrapper, the exposed veins that seemed to pulsate, the small inequalities of the skin, the play of light on planes and edges.

Hans Castorp expressed it: "A cigar like that is alive — it

breathes. Fact. Once, at home, I had the idea of keeping Maria in an air-tight tin box, to protect her from damp. Would you believe it, she died! Inside of a week she perished — nothing but leathery corpses left.”

They exchanged experiences upon the best way to keep cigars — particularly imported ones. The Hofrat loved them, he would have smoked nothing but heavy Havanas, but they did not suit him. He told Hans Castorp about two little Henry Clays he had once taken to his heart, in an evening company, which had come within an ace of putting him under the sod.

“I smoked them with my coffee,” he said, “and thought no more of it. But after a while it struck me to wonder how I felt — and I discovered it was like nothing on earth. I don’t know how I got home — and once there, well, this time, my son, I said to myself, you’re a goner. Feet and legs like ice, you know, reeking with cold sweat, white as a table-cloth, heart going all ways for Sunday — sometimes just a thread of a pulse, sometimes pounding like a trip-hammer. Cerebration phenomenal. I made sure I was going to toddle off — that is the very expression that occurred to me, because at the time I was feeling as jolly as a sand-boy. Not that I wasn’t in a funk as well, because I was — I was just one large blue funk all over. Still, funk and felicity aren’t mutually exclusive, everybody knows that. Take a chap who’s going to have a girl for the first time in his life; he is in a funk too, and so is she, and yet both of them are simply dissolving with felicity. I was nearly dissolving too — my bosom swelled with pride, and there I was, on the point of toddling off; but the Mylendonk got hold of me and persuaded me it was a poor idea. She gave me a camphor injection, applied ice-compresses and friction — and here I am, saved for humanity.”

The Hofrat’s large, goggling blue eyes watered as he told this story. Hans Castorp, seated in his capacity of patient, looked up at him with an expression that betrayed mental activity.

“You paint sometimes, don’t you, Herr Hofrat?” he asked suddenly.

The Hofrat pretended to stagger backwards. “What the deuce! What do you take me for, youngster?”

“I beg your pardon. I happened to hear somebody say so, and it just crossed my mind.”

"Well, then, I won't trouble to lie about it. We're all poor creatures. I admit such a thing has happened. *Anch' io sono pittore*, as the Spaniard used to say."

"Landscape?" Hans Castorp asked him succinctly, with the air of a connoisseur, circumstances betraying him to this tone.

"As much as you like," the Hofrat answered, swaggering out of sheer self-consciousness. "Landscape, still life, animals — chap like me shrinks from nothing."

"No portraits?"

"I've even thrown in a portrait or so. Want to give me an order?"

"Ha ha! No, but it would be very kind of you to show us your pictures sometime — we should enjoy it."

Joachim looked blankly at his cousin, but then hastened to add his assurances that it would be very kind indeed of the Hofrat.

Behrens was enchanted at the flattery. He grew red with pleasure, his tears seemed this time actually on the point of falling.

"With the greatest pleasure," he cried. "On the spot if you like. Come on, come along with me, I'll brew us a Turkish coffee in my den."

He pulled both young men from the bench and walked between them arm in arm, down the gravel path which led, as they knew, to his private quarters in the north-west wing of the building.

"I've dabbled a little in that sort of thing myself," Hans Castorp explained.

"You don't say! Gone in for it properly — oils?"

"Oh, no, I never went further than a water-colour or so. A ship, a sea-piece, childish efforts. But I'm fond of painting, and so I took the liberty —"

Joachim in particular felt relieved and enlightened by this explanation of his cousin's startling curiosity; it was in fact more on his account than on the Hofrat's that Hans Castorp had offered it. They reached the entrance, a much simpler one than the impressive portal on the drive, with its flanking lanterns. A pair of curving steps led up to the oaken house door, which the Hofrat opened with a latch-key from his heavy bunch. His hand trembled, he was plainly in a nervous state. They entered

an antechamber with clothes-racks, where Behrens hung his bowler on a hook, and thence passed into a short corridor, which was separated by a glass door from that of the main building. On both sides of this corridor lay the rooms of the small private dwelling. Behrens called a servant and gave an order; then to a running accompaniment of whimsical remarks ushered them through a door on the right.

They saw a couple of rooms furnished in banal middle-class taste, facing the valley and opening one into another through a doorway hung with portières. One was an "old-German" dining-room, the other a living- and working-room, with woollen carpets, bookshelves and sofa, and a writing-table above which hung a pair of crossed swords and a student's cap. Beyond was a Turkish smoking-cabinet. Everywhere were paintings, the work of the Hofrat. The guests went up to them at once on entering, courteously ready to praise. There were several portraits of his departed wife, in oil; also, standing on the writing-table, photographs of her. She was a thin, enigmatic blonde, portrayed in flowing garments, with her hands, their finger-tips just lightly enlaced, against her left shoulder, and her eyes either directed toward heaven or else cast upon the ground, shaded by long, thick, obliquely outstanding eyelashes. Never once was the departed one shown looking directly ahead of her toward the observer. The other pictures were chiefly mountain landscapes, mountains in snow and mountains in summer green, mist-wreathed mountains, mountains whose dry, sharp outline was cut out against a deep-blue sky — these apparently under the influence of Segantini. Then there were cowherds' huts, and dewlapped cattle standing or lying in sun-drenched high pastures. There was a plucked fowl, with its long writhen neck hanging down from a table among a setting of vegetables. There were flower-pieces, types of mountain peasantry, and so on — all painted with a certain brisk dilettantism, the colours boldly dashed on to the canvas, and often looking as though they had been squeezed on out of the tube. They must have taken a long time to dry — but were sometimes effective by way of helping out the other shortcomings.

They passed as they would along the walls of an exhibition, accompanied by the master of the house, who now and then gave a name to some subject or other, but was chiefly silent,

with the proud embarrassment of the artist, tasting the enjoyment of looking on his own works with the eyes of strangers. The portrait of Clavdia Chauchat hung on the window wall of the living-room — Hans Castorp spied it out with a quick glance as he entered, though the likeness was but a distant one. Purposely he avoided the spot, detaining his companions in the dining-room, where he affected to admire a fresh green glimpse into the valley of the Serbi, with ice-blue glaciers in the background. Next he passed of his own accord into the Turkish cabinet, and looked at all it had to show, with praises on his lips; thence back to the living-room, beginning with the entrance wall, and calling upon Joachim to second his encomiums. But at last he turned, with a measured start, and said: "But surely that is a familiar face?"

"You recognize her?" the Hofrat wanted to know.

"It is not possible I am mistaken. The lady at the 'good' Russian table, with the French name —"

"Right! Chauchat. Glad you think it's like her."

"Speaking," Hans Castorp lied. He did so less from insincerity than in the consciousness that, on the face of things, he ought not to have been able to recognize her. Joachim could never have done so — good Joachim, who saw the whole affair now in its true light, after the false one Hans Castorp had first cast upon it; saw how the wool had been pulled over his eyes; and with a murmured recognition applied himself to help look at the painting. His cousin had paid him out for not going into society after luncheon.

It was a bust-length, in half profile, rather under life-size, in a wide, bevelled frame, black, with an inner beading of gilt. Neck and bosom were bare or veiled with a soft drapery laid about the shoulders. Frau Chauchat appeared ten years older than her age, as often happens in amateur portraiture where the artist is bent on making a character study. There was too much red all over the face, the nose was badly out of drawing, the colour of the hair badly hit off, too straw-colour; the mouth was distorted, the peculiar charm of the features ungrasped or at least not brought out, spoiled by the exaggeration of their single elements. The whole was a rather botched performance, and only distantly related to its original. But Hans Castorp was not particular about the degree of likeness, the relation of this

canvas to Frau Chauchat's person was close enough for him. It purported to represent her, in these very rooms she had sat for it, that was all he needed; much moved he reiterated: "The very image of her!"

"Oh, no," the Hofrat demurred. "It was a pretty clumsy piece of work, I don't flatter myself I hit her off very well, though we had, I suppose, twenty sittings. What can you do with a rum sort of face like that? You might think she would be easy to capture, with those hyperborean cheek-bones, and eyes like cracks in a loaf of bread. Yes, there's something about her — if you get the detail right, you botch the ensemble. Riddle of the sphinx. Do you know her? It would probably be better to paint her from memory, instead of having her sit. Did you say you knew her?"

"No; that is, only superficially, the way one knows people up here."

"Well, I know her under her skin — subcutaneously, you see: blood pressure, tissue tension, lymphatic circulation, all that sort of thing. I've good reason to. It's the superficies makes the difficulty. Have you ever noticed her walk? She slinks. It's characteristic, shows in her face — take the eyes, for example, not to mention the complexion, though that is tricky too. I don't mean their colour, I am speaking of the cut, and the way they sit in the face. You'd say the eye slit was cut obliquely, but it only looks so. What deceives you is the epicanthus, a racial variation, consisting in a sort of ridge of integument that runs from the bridge of the nose to the eyelid, and comes down over the inside corner of the eye. If you take your finger and stretch the skin at the base of the nose, the eye looks as straight as any of ours. Quite a taking little dodge — but as a matter of fact, the epicanthus can be traced back to an atavistic vestige — it's a developmental arrest."

"So that's it." Hans Castorp said. "I never knew that — but I've wondered for a long time what it is about eyes like that."

"Vanity," said the Hofrat, "and vexation of spirit."

Research

[In the extended conversation with Hofrat Behrens the bright October afternoon Hans was permitted to see the oil portrait of Clavdia Chauchat, he led the Hofrat into an ever deeper account of the human body. While Hans sat entranced, holding Clavdia's portrait on his knee, Behrens expounded minute details of the physiology of the skin, lymph system, and blood, and described the chemical structure and life processes of the human organism. Towards the close of the long dialogue, in which Hans confesses that he might have been "such a lot of things"—for example a clergyman or a physician rather than an engineer—he falls silent and then rhapsodically bursts out to Behrens: "What is the flesh? What is the physical being of man? What is he made of? Tell us this afternoon, Herr Hofrat, tell us exactly, and once and for all, so that we may know!" The essence of Behrens's reply to Hans's overwhelming question is: "Life is life which keeps the form through change of substance." Pressed further by Hans, the Hofrat begs off. "I am beginning to feel melancholy," he remarks, and the conversation is closed. But Hans's mind and emotions are by no means at rest. He begins, therefore, the great reading experience of his life. The chapter which relates that experience follows. I have had to cut it at certain points to meet the limitations of space, but I have retained the essential structure of the chapter. The reader will remember that Hans refused to heed Settembrini's warning to leave the sanatorium at the end of his first day's visit and that he had salved his conscience a bit by promising himself, "I shan't lie out on the balcony at night. It would seem perfectly weird to me. . . . I must draw the line somewhere." It is also to be noted that Hans frequently breaks his reading to stare at the snow-covered mountains lying pure, white, and cold against the translucent moonlit sky. He will later ascend them.]

AND now came on, as come it must, what Hans Castorp had never thought to experience: the winter of the place, the winter of these high altitudes. Joachim knew it already: it had been in full blast when he arrived the year before—but Hans Castorp rather dreaded it, however well he felt himself equipped. Joachim sought to reassure him.

"You must not imagine it grimmer than it is," he said, "not

really arctic. You will feel the cold less on account of the dryness of the air and the absence of wind. It's the thing about the change of temperature above the fog line; they've found out lately that it gets warmer in the upper reaches, something they did not know before. I should say it is actually colder when it rains. But you have your sleeping-bag, and they turn on the heat when they absolutely must."

And in fact there could be no talk of violence or surprises; the winter came mildly on, at first no different from many a day they had seen in the height of summer. The wind had been two days in the south, the sun bore down, the valley seemed shrunk, the side walls at its mouth looked near and bald. Clouds came up, behind Piz Michel and Tinzenhorn, and drove north-eastwards. It rained heavily. Then the rain turned foul, a whitish-grey, mingled with snow-flakes — soon it was all snow, the valley was full of flurry; it kept on and on, the temperature fell appreciably, so that the fallen snow could not quite melt, but lay covering the valley with a wet and threadbare white garment, against which showed black the pines on the slopes. In the dining-room the radiators were luke-warm. That was at the beginning of November — All Souls' — and there was no novelty about it. In August it had been even so; they had long left off regarding snow as a prerogative of winter. White traces lingered after every storm in the crannies of the rocky Rhätikon, the chain that seemed to guard the end of the valley, and the distant monarchs to the south were always in snow. But the storm and the fall in the temperature both continued. A pale grey sky hung low over the valley; it seemed to dissolve in flakes and fall soundlessly and ceaselessly, until one almost felt uneasy. It turned colder by the hour. A morning came when the thermometer in Hans Castorp's room registered 44°, the next morning it was only 40°. That was cold. It kept within bounds, but it persisted. It had frozen at night; now it froze in the day-time as well, and all day long; and it snowed, with brief intervals, through the fourth, the fifth, and the seventh days. The snow mounted apace, it became a nuisance. Paths had been shovelled as far as the bench by the watercourse, and on the drive down to the valley; but these were so narrow that you could only walk single file, and if you met anyone, you must step off the pavement and at once sink knee-deep in

snow. A stone-roller drawn by a horse, with a man at his halter, rolled all day long up and down the streets of the cure, while a yellow diligence on runners, looking like an old-fashioned post-coach, plied between village and cure, with a snow-plough attached in front, shovelling the white masses aside. The world, this narrow, lofty, isolated world up here, looked now well wadded and upholstered indeed: no pillar or post but wore its white cap; the steps up to the entrance of the Berghof had turned into an inclined plane; heavy cushions, in the drollest shapes, weighed down the branches of the Scotch firs — now and then one slid off and raised up a cloud of powdery white dust in its fall. Round about, the heights lay smothered in snow; their lower regions rugged with the evergreen growth, their upper parts, beyond the timber line, softly covered up to their many-shaped summits. The air was dark, the sun but a pallid apparition behind a veil. Yet a mild reflected brightness came from the snow, a milky gleam whose light became both landscape and human beings, even though these latter did show red noses under their white or gaily-coloured woollen caps.

It had stopped snowing, the sky began to clear. The blue-grey cloud-masses parted to admit glimpses of the sun, whose rays gave a bluish cast to the scene. Then it grew altogether fair; a bright hard frost and settled winter splendour reigned in the middle of November. The arch of the loggia framed a glorious panorama of snow-powdered forest, softly filled passes and ravines, white, sunlit valleys, and radiant blue heavens above all. In the evening, when the almost full moon appeared, the world lay in enchanted splendour, marvellous. Crystal and diamond it glittered far and wide, the forest stood up very black and white, the quarter of the heavens where the moon was not showed deeply dark, embroidered with stars. On the flashing surface of the snow, shadows, so strong, so sharp and clearly outlined that they seemed almost more real than the objects themselves, fell from houses, trees, and telegraph-poles. An hour or so after sunset there would be some fourteen degrees of frost. The world seemed spellbound in icy purity, its earthly blemishes veiled; it lay fixed in a deathlike, enchanted trance.

Hans Castorp stopped until far into the night in his balcony

above the ensorcelled winter scene—much longer than Joachim, who retired at ten or a little later. His excellent chair, with the sectional mattress and the neck-roll, he pulled close to the snow-cushioned balustrade; at his hand was the white table with the lighted reading-lamp, a stack of books, and a glass of creamy milk, the “evening milk” which was brought to each of the guests’ rooms at nine o’clock. Hans Castorp put a dash of cognac in his, to make it more palatable. Already he had availed himself of all his means of protection against the cold, the entire outfit: lay ensconced well up to his chest in the buttoned-up sleeping-sack he had acquired in one of the well-furnished shops in the Platz, with the two camel’s-hair rugs folded over it in accordance with the ritual. He wore his winter suit, with a short fur jacket atop, a woollen cap, felt boots, and heavily lined gloves, which, however, could not prevent the stiffening of his fingers.

What held him so late—often until midnight and beyond, long after the “bad” Russian pair had left their loge—was partly the magic of the winter night, into which, until eleven, were woven the mounting strains of music from near and far. But even more it was inertia and excitement, both of these at once, and in combination: bodily inertia, the physical fatigue which hated any idea of moving; and mental excitement, the busy preoccupation of his thoughts with certain new and fascinating studies upon which the young man had embarked, and which left his brain no rest. The weather affected him, his organism was stimulated by the cold; he ate enormously, attacking the mighty Berghof meals, where the roast goose followed upon the roast beef, with the usual Berghof appetite, which was always even larger in winter than in summer. At the same time he had a perpetual craving for sleep; in the daytime, as well as on the moonlit evenings, he would drop off over his books, and then, after a few minutes’ unconsciousness, betake himself again to research. Talk fatigued him. He was more inclined than had been his habit to rapid, unrestrained, even reckless speech; but if he talked with Joachim, as they went on their snowy walks, he was liable to be overtaken by giddiness and trembling, would feel dazed and tipsy, and the blood would mount to his head. His curve had gone up since the oncoming of winter, and Hofrat Behrens had let fall some-

thing about injections; these were usually given in cases of obstinate high temperature, and Joachim and at least two-thirds of the guests had them. But he himself felt sure that the increase in his bodily heat had to do with the mental activity and excitation which kept him in his chair on the balcony until deep into the glittering, frosty night. The reading which held him so late suggested such an explanation to his mind. Hans Castorp, after imbibing all that *Ocean Steamships* had to offer him, had ordered certain books from home, some of them bearing on his profession, and they had arrived with his winter clothing: scientific engineering, technique of ship-building, and the like. But these volumes lay now neglected in favour of other textbooks belonging to quite a different field, an interest in which had seized upon the young man: anatomy, physiology, biology, works in German, French and English, sent up to the Berghof by the book-dealer in the village, obviously because Hans Castorp had ordered them, as was indeed the case. He had done so of his own motion, without telling anyone, on a solitary walk he took down to the Platz while Joachim was occupied with the weekly weighing or injection. His cousin was surprised when he saw the books in Hans Castorp's hands. They were expensive, as scientific works always are: the prices were marked on the wrappers and inside the front covers. Joachim asked why, if his cousin wanted to read such books, he had not borrowed them of the Hofrat, who surely possessed a well-chosen stock. The young man answered that it was quite a different thing to read when the book was one's own; for his part, he loved to mark them and underline passages in pencil. Joachim could hear, hours on end, the noise made by the paper-knife going through the uncut leaves.

The volumes were heavy, unhandy. Hans Castorp propped them against his chest or stomach as he lay; they were heavy, but he did not mind. Lying there, his mouth half open, he let his eye glide down the learned page, upon which fell the light from his red-shaded lamp, though he might have read, if need were, by the brilliance of the moonlight alone. He read, following the lines down the page with his head, until at the bottom his chin lay sunk upon his breast — and in this position the reader would pause perhaps for reflection, dozing a little or musing in half-slumber, before lifting his eyes to the next page.

He probed profoundly. While the moon took its appointed way above the crystalline splendours of the mountain valley, he read of organized matter, of the properties of protoplasm, that sensitive substance maintaining itself in extraordinary fluctuation between building up and breaking down; of form developing out of rudimentary, but always present, primordia; read with compelling interest of life, and its sacred, impure mysteries.

What was life? No one knew. It was undoubtedly aware of itself, so soon as it was life; but it did not know what it was. Consciousness, as exhibited by susceptibility to stimulus, was undoubtedly, to a certain degree, present in the lowest, most undeveloped stages of life; it was impossible to fix the first appearance of conscious processes at any point in the history of the individual or the race; impossible to make consciousness contingent upon, say, the presence of a nervous system. The lowest animal forms had no nervous systems, still less a cerebrum; yet no one would venture to deny them the capacity for responding to stimuli. One could suspend life; not merely particular sense-organs, not only nervous reactions, but life itself. One could temporarily suspend the irritability to sensation of every form of living matter in the plant as well as in the animal kingdom; one could narcotize ova and spermatozoa with chloroform, chloral hydrate, or morphine. Consciousness, then, was simply a function of matter organized into life; a function that in higher manifestations turned upon its avatar and became an effort to explore and explain the phenomenon it displayed—a hopeful-hopeless project of life to achieve self-knowledge, nature in recoil—and vainly, in the event, since she cannot be resolved in knowledge, nor life, when all is said, listen to itself.

What was life? No one knew. No one knew the actual point whence it sprang, where it kindled itself. Nothing in the domain of life seemed uncaused, or insufficiently caused, from that point on; but life itself seemed without antecedent. If there was anything that might be said about it, it was this: it must be so highly developed, structurally, that nothing even distantly related to it was present in the inorganic world. Between the protean amœba and the vertebrate the difference was slight, unessential, as compared to that between the simplest living organism and that nature which did not even deserve to be

called dead, because it was inorganic. For death was only the logical negation of life; but between life and inanimate nature yawned a gulf which research strove in vain to bridge. They tried to close it with hypotheses, which it swallowed down without becoming any the less deep or broad. Seeking for a connecting link, they had condescended to the preposterous assumption of structureless living matter, unorganized organisms, which darted together of themselves in the albumen solution, like crystals in the mother-liquor; yet organic differentiation still remained at once condition and expression of all life. One could point to no form of life that did not owe its existence to procreation by parents. They had fished the primeval slime out of the depth of the sea, and great had been the jubilation — but the end of it all had been shame and confusion. For it turned out that they had mistaken a precipitate of sulphate of lime for protoplasm. But then, to avoid giving pause before a miracle — for life that built itself up out of, and fell in decay into, the same sort of matter as inorganic nature, would have been, happening of itself, miraculous — they were driven to believe in a spontaneous generation — that is, in the emergence of the organic from the inorganic — which was just as much of a miracle. Thus they went on, devising intermediate stages and transitions, assuming the existence of organisms which stood lower down than any yet known, but themselves had as forerunners still more primitive efforts of nature to achieve life: primitive forms of which no one would ever catch sight, for they were all of less than microscopic size, and previous to whose hypothetical existence the synthesis of protein compounds must already have taken place.

What then was life? It was warmth, the warmth generated by a form-preserving instability, a fever of matter, which accompanied the process of ceaseless decay and repair of albumen molecules that were too impossibly complicated, too impossibly ingenious in structure. It was the existence of the actually impossible-to-exist, of a half-sweet, half-painful balancing, or scarcely balancing, in this restricted and feverish process of decay and renewal, upon the point of existence. It was not matter and it was not spirit, but something between the two, a phenomenon conveyed by matter, like the rainbow on the waterfall, and like the flame. Yet why not material — it was sen-

tient to the point of desire and disgust, the shamelessness of matter become sensible of itself, the incontinent form of being. It was a secret and ardent stirring in the frozen chastity of the universal; it was a stolen and voluptuous impurity of sucking and secreting; an exhalation of carbonic acid gas and material impurities of mysterious origin and composition. It was a pululation, an unfolding, a form-building (made possible by the over-balancing of its instability, yet controlled by the laws of growth inherent within it), of something brewed out of water, albumen, salt and fats, which was called flesh, and which became form, beauty, a lofty image, and yet all the time the essence of sensuality and desire. For this form and beauty were not spirit-borne; nor, like the form and beauty of sculpture, conveyed by a neutral and spirit-consumed substance, which could in all purity make beauty perceptible to the senses. Rather was it conveyed and shaped by the somehow awakened voluptuousness of matter, of the organic, dying-living substance itself, the reeking flesh.

As he lay there above the glittering valley, lapped in the bodily warmth preserved to him by fur and wool, in the frosty night illumined by the brilliance from a lifeless star, the image of life displayed itself to young Hans Castorp. It hovered before him, somewhere in space, remote from his grasp, yet near his sense; this body, this opaquely whitish form, giving out exhalations, moist, clammy; the skin with all its blemishes and native impurities, with its spots, pimples, discolorations, irregularities; its horny, scalelike regions, covered over by soft streams and whorls of rudimentary lanugo. It leaned there, set off against the cold lifelessness of the inanimate world, in its own vaporous sphere, relaxed, the head crowned with something cool, horny, and pigmented, which was an outgrowth of its skin; the hands clasped at the back of the neck. It looked down at him beneath drooping lids, out of eyes made to appear slanting by a racial variation in the lid-formation. Its lips were half open, even a little curled. It rested its weight on one leg, the hip-bone stood out sharply under the flesh, while the other, relaxed, nestled its slightly bent knee against the inside of the supporting leg, and poised the foot only upon the toes. It leaned thus, turning to smile, the gleaming elbows akimbo, in the paired symmetry of its limbs and trunk. The acrid, steaming shadows of the arm-

pits corresponded in a mystic triangle to the pubic darkness, just as the eyes did to the red, epithelial mouth-opening, and the red blossoms of the breast to the navel lying perpendicularly below. Under the impulsion of a central organ and of the motor nerves originating in the spinal marrow, chest and abdomen functioned, the peritoneal cavity expanded and contracted, the breath, warmed and moistened by the mucous membrane of the respiratory canal, saturated with secretions, streamed out between the lips, after it had joined its oxygen to the hæmoglobin of the blood in the air-cells of the lungs. For Hans Castorp understood that this living body, in the mysterious symmetry of its blood-nourished structure, penetrated throughout by nerves, veins, arteries, and capillaries; with its inner framework of bones — marrow-filled tubular bones, blade-bones, vertebræ — which with the addition of lime had developed out of the original gelatinous tissue and grown strong enough to support the body weight; with the capsules and well-oiled cavities, ligaments and cartilages of its joints, its more than two hundred muscles, its central organs that served for nutrition and respiration, for registering and transmitting stimuli, its protective membranes, serous cavities, its glands rich in secretions; with the system of vessels and fissures of its highly complicated interior surface, communicating through the body-openings with the outer world — he understood that this ego was a living unit of a very high order, remote indeed from those very simple forms of life which breathed, took in nourishment, even thought, with the entire surface of their bodies. He knew it was built up out of myriads of such small organisms, which had had their origin in a single one; which had multiplied by recurrent division, adapted themselves to the most varied uses and functions, separated, differentiated themselves, thrown out forms which were the condition and result of their growth.

And life? Life itself? Was it perhaps only an infection, a sickening of matter? Was that which one might call the original procreation of matter only a disease, a growth produced by morbid stimulation of the immaterial? The first step toward evil, toward desire and death, was taken precisely then, when there took place that first increase in the density of the spiritual, that pathologically luxuriant morbid growth, produced by the irritant of some unknown infiltration; this, in part pleasurable,

in part a motion of self-defence, was the primeval stage of matter, the transition from the insubstantial to the substance. This was the Fall. The second creation, the birth of the organic out of the inorganic, was only another fatal stage in the progress of the corporeal toward consciousness, just as disease in the organism was an intoxication, a heightening and unlicensed accentuation of its physical state; and life, life was nothing but the next step on the reckless path of the spirit dishonoured; nothing but the automatic blush of matter roused to sensation and become receptive for that which awaked it.

The books lay piled upon the table, one lay on the matting next his chair; that which he had latest read rested upon Hans Castorp's stomach and oppressed his breath; yet no order went from the cortex to the muscles in charge to take it away. He had read down the page, his chin had sunk upon his chest, over his innocent blue eyes the lids had fallen. He beheld the image of life in flower, its structure, its flesh-borne loveliness. She had lifted her hands from behind her head, she opened her arms. On their inner side, particularly beneath the tender skin of the elbow-points, he saw the blue branchings of the larger veins. These arms were of unspeakable sweetness. She leaned above him, she inclined unto him and bent down over him, he was conscious of her organic fragrance and the mild pulsation of her heart. Something warm and tender clasped him round the neck; melted with desire and awe, he laid his hands upon the flesh of her upper arms, where the fine-grained skin over the triceps came to his sense so heavenly cool; and upon his lips he felt the moist clinging of her kiss.

Of the City of God

[Significant changes have occurred since the night when Hans Castorp lay dreaming on his balcony and received a kiss from the image of life. On a night of general carnival and revelry Hans knelt before Clavdia Chauchat in a little public salon of the Berg-hof and poured out to her, in French, a torrent of words rhapsodizing the human body, with some emphasis on the mystery and wonders of the female organism. Quite late that night, after returning to Clavdia a small mechanical lead-pencil she had lent him, he stumbled to his room. The next day Clavdia left the sanatorium and descended to the flat-lands, presumably for a visit to the Russia beyond the Caucasus. Hans now waits devotedly for her promised return, though stunned, after the events of carnival night, by her sudden leave-taking. He treasures a souvenir Clavdia had left with him, a small x-ray photograph of the upper half of her torso. Settembrini has come to disapprove of his wayward pupil, whose "kicking up of the traces" brought a decided coolness to their relationship and a sharp rise of fever to the errant one. After special care and some new treatments by Behrens, Hans recovers enough to be up and about again. He fills the hours of waiting for Clavdia's return by an intense study of botany. Finally, there is a new-comer in the community. Although he does not live at the sanatorium, the Polish-Jewish-Jesuit Leo Naphta has been taken up by Settembrini. The great dialectical debates of the novel now begin, in Hans's presence, between these two. I have chosen part of a chapter that here serves two purposes; it reviews Hans's first year at the sanatorium and presents one of the dialogues between Naphta and Settembrini.]

HANS CASTORP was in his loggia, studying a plant which, now that the astronomical summer had begun, and the days were shortening, flourished luxuriantly in many places: the columbine or aquilegia, of the ranunculus family, which grew in clumps, with long stalks bearing the blue, violet, or reddish-brown blossoms, and spreading herbaceous foliage. They grew everywhere, but most profusely in that quiet bottom where, nearly a year ago, he had first seen them: that remote and wooded ravine, filled with the sound of rushing water, where on the bench above the foot-bridge, that ill-risked, ill-timed, ill-fated walk of his had ended. He revisited it now and again.

It was, if one began it a little less rashly than he had, no great distance thither. If you mounted the slope from the end of the sledge-run in the village, you could reach in some twenty minutes the picturesque spot where the wooden bridge of the path through the forest crossed above the run as it came down from the Schatzalp, provided you kept to the shortest route, did not loiter about, nor pause too long to get your breath. Hans Castorp, when Joachim was detained at home in the service of the cure, for some examination, blood-test, x-ray photography, weighing, or injection, would stroll thither in good weather, after second breakfast, or even after first; or he would employ the hours between tea and dinner in a visit to his favourite spot, to sit on the bench where once the violent nose-bleeding had overtaken him, to listen with bent head to the sound of the torrent and gaze at the secluded scene, with the hosts of blue aquilegias blooming in its depths.

Was it only for this he came? No, he sat there to be alone: to recall and go over in his mind the events and impressions of the past months. They were many, varied, and hard to classify; so interwoven and mingled they seemed, as almost to obscure any clear distinction between the concrete fact and the dreamed or imagined. But one and all, they had in their essence something fantastic, something which made his heart, unreliable as it had been from his first day up here, stand still when he thought of them, and then wildly flutter. Or could its flutterings be sufficiently accounted for by the reflection that a round year had gone by since first he sat here, that on this very spot whither once he had come in a condition of lowered vitality and seen the apparition of Pribislav Hippe, the aquilegias were blossoming anew?

Now, at least, on his bench by the rushing water, he had no more nose-bleeding — that was a thing of the past. Joachim had said from the very first that it was not easy to get acclimatized, and at the time of that earlier visit he was still finding it difficult. But he had made progress; and now, after eleven months, the process must be regarded as finished. More, in that direction, could not be expected. The chemistry of his digestion had adjusted itself, Maria had her ancient relish, his parched mucous membranes having sufficiently recovered to let him savour again the bouquet of that estimable brand of cigars. He still

loyally ordered them from Bremen whenever his stock ran low, although the shop-windows of the international resort displayed attractive wares. Maria, he felt, made a sort of bond between him, the exile, and his home in the "flat-land" — a bond more effectual than the postcards he now and then sent to his uncle, the intervals between which grew longer in proportion as he imbibed the more spacious time conceptions prevalent "up here." He mostly sent picture postcards, as being pleasanter to receive, with charming views of the valley in winter and in summer dress. They gave precisely the room he needed to tell his kinsmen the latest news of his state, whatever had been let fall by the doctors after the monthly or general examination: such as that, both to sight and hearing, he had unmistakably improved, but was still not entirely free from infection; that his continued slight excess of temperature came from small infected areas which were certain to disappear without a trace if he had patience, and then he would never need to return hither. He well knew that long letters were neither asked nor expected, it being no humanistic or literary circle to which he addressed himself down there, and the replies he received were equally lacking in expansiveness. They merely accompanied the means of subsistence which came to him from home, the income from his paternal inheritance. Turned into Swiss currency, this was so advantageous that he had never spent one instalment when the next arrived, enclosed in a letter of a few typed lines signed "James Tienappel," conveying his greetings and best wishes for recovery, together with the same from Grand-uncle Tienappel and sometimes from the seafaring Peter as well.

The Hofrat, so Hans Castorp told his people, had latterly given up the injections: they did not suit the young patient. They gave him headache and fatigue, caused loss of appetite, reduced his weight, and, while making his temperature go up at first, had not succeeded in reducing it in the long run. His face glowed rosy-red with dry, internal heat, a sign that for this child of the lowland, bred in an atmosphere that rejoiced in a high degree of humidity, acclimatization could only consist in "getting used to not getting used to it" — which, in fact, Rhadamanthus himself never did, being perpetually purple-cheeked. "Some people can't get used to it," Joachim had said; and this

seemed to be Hans Castorp's case. For even that trembling of the neck, which had come upon him soon after his arrival here, had never quite passed off, but would attack him as he walked or talked — yes, even up here in his blue-blossoming retreat, while he sat pondering the whole complex of his adventures; so that the dignified chin-support of Hans Lorenz Castorp had become almost fixed habit with him. He himself would all at once be conscious of using it and have a swift memory of the old man's choker collar, the provisional form of the ruff; the pale gold round of the christening basin; the ineffably solemn sound of the "great-great-great." These and suchlike associations would gradually in their turn lead him back to reflect upon the whole mass of his adventures in life.

Pribislav Hippe never again appeared to him in bodily form, as once eleven months before. The progress of acclimatization was over, there were no more visions. No more did his body lie supine while his ego roved back to a far-off present. No more of such incidents. The vividness and clarity of that memory-picture, if it returned to hover before his eyes, yet kept within sane and normal bounds — but might move Hans Castorp to draw out of his breast pocket the glass plate which he had received as a gift, and kept there in an envelope enclosed in a letter-case. It was a small negative. Held in the same plane with the ground, it was black and opaque; but lifted against the light, it revealed matter for a humanistic eye: the transparent reproduction of the human form, the bony framework of the ribs, the outline of the heart, the arch of the diaphragm, the bellows that were the lungs; together with the shoulder and upper-arm-bones, all shrouded in a dim and vaporous envelope of flesh — that flesh which once, in Carnival week, Hans Castorp had so madly tasted. What wonder his unstable heart stood still or wildly throbbed when he gazed at it, and then, to the sound of the rushing waters, leaning with crossed arms against the smooth back of his bench, his head inclined upon one shoulder, among the blossoming aquilegias, began to turn over everything in his mind!

It hovered before his eyes — the image of the human form divine, the masterpiece of organic life — as once upon that frosty, starry night when he had plunged so profoundly into the study of it. His contemplation of its inner aspect was bound

up in the young man's mind with a host of problems and discriminations, not of a kind the good Joachim had need to concern himself with, but for which Hans Castorp had come to feel as a civilian responsible. True, down in the plain he had never been aware of them, nor probably ever would have been. It was up here that the thing came about, where one sat piously withdrawn, looking down from a height of five thousand feet or so upon the earth and all that therein was — and it might be, also, by virtue of one's physical condition, with one's body brought, as it were, into higher relief by the toxins that were released by the localized inner infection to burn, a dry heat, in the face. His musings brought him upon Settembrini, organ-grinder and pedagogue, whose father had seen the light of day in Hellas, who chose to define love of the image as comprehending politics, eloquence, and rebellion, and who would consecrate the burgher's pike upon the altar of humanity. He thought of Comrade Krokowski, and the traffic they two had been having in the twilighted room below stairs. He thought of the twofold nature of analysis, and questioned how far it was applicable to realities and conducive to progress, how far related to the grave and its noisome anatomy. He called up the figures of the two grandfathers, the rebel and the loyalist, both, for reasons diametrically opposed, black-clad; confronted them with each other, and tried their worth. He went further, and took counsel with himself over such vast problems as form and freedom, body and spirit, honour and shame, time and eternity — and succumbed to a brief but violent spell of giddiness, on a sudden thought that all about him the columbines were in blossom once more, and his year here rounding to its close.

He had an odd name for the serious mental preoccupations which absorbed him in his picturesque retreat; he called them "taking stock"; the expression, crude as it was, defined for him an employment which he loved, even though it was bound up in his mind with the phenomena of fear and giddiness and palpitation, and made his face burn even more than its wont. Yet there seemed a peculiar fitness in the fact that the mental strain involved obliged him to make use of the ancestral chin-support; that way of holding his head lent him an outward dignity in keeping with thoughts which passed through his brain as he contemplated the image.

"Homo Dei" — that was what the ugly Naphta had called the image, when he was defending it against the English doctrine of an economic society. And, by a natural association, Hans Castorp decided that in the interest of these mental activities of his, and his responsible position as a civilian member of society, he must really — and Joachim must too — pay that little man the honour of a visit. Settembrini did not like the idea, as Hans Castorp was shrewd and thin-skinned enough to know. Even the first meeting had displeased the humanist, who had obviously tried to prevent it and protect his pupils from intercourse with Naphta, notwithstanding that he personally associated and discussed with him. His "pupils" — thus life's delicate child disingenuously put it, knowing all the time that it was himself alone who was the object of Settembrini's solicitude. So it is with schoolmasters. They permit themselves relaxations, saying that they are "grown up," and refuse the same to their pupils, saying that they are not "grown up." It was a good thing, then, that the hand-organ man was not actually in a position to deny young Hans Castorp anything — nor had even tried to do so. It was only necessary that the delicate child should conceal his thin-skinned perceptions and assume an air of unconsciousness; when there was nothing to prevent his taking friendly advantage of Naphta's invitation. Which, accordingly, he did, Joachim going along with him, willy-nilly, on a Sunday afternoon after the main rest-cure, not many days later than their first meeting.

It was but a few minutes' walk from the Berghof down to the vine-wreathed cottage door. They went in, passing on their right the entrance to the little shop, and climbed the narrow brown stairs to the door of the first storey. Near the bell was a small plate, with the name of Lukaçek, Ladies' Tailor. The door was opened by a half-grown boy, in a sort of livery of gaiters and striped jacket, a little page, with shaven poll and rosy cheeks. Him they asked for Professor Naphta, impressing their names on his mind, as they had brought no cards; he said he would go and deliver them to Herr Naphta — whom he named without a title. The door opposite the entrance stood open, and gave a view of the shop, where, regardless of the holiday, Lukaçek the tailor sat cross-legged on a table and stitched. He was sallow and bald-headed, with a large, drooping nose, beneath

which his black moustaches hung down on both sides his mouth and gave him a surly look.

"Good-afternoon," Hans Castorp greeted him.

"*Grütsi*," answered the tailor, in the Swiss dialect, which fitted neither his name nor his looks and sounded queer and unsuitable.

"Working hard?" went on Hans Castorp, motioning with his head. "Isn't to-day Sunday?"

"Something pressing," the tailor said curtly, stitching.

"Is it pretty? Are you making it in a hurry for a party?" Hans Castorp guessed.

The tailor let this question hang, for a little; bit off his cotton and threaded his needle afresh. After a while he nodded.

"Will it be pretty?" persisted Hans Castorp. "Will it have sleeves?"

"Yes, sleeves; it's for an old 'un," answered Lukeçek, with a strong Bohemian accent. The return of the lad interrupted this parley, which had been carried on through the doorway. Herr Naphta begged the gentlemen to come in, he announced, and opened a door a few steps further on in the passage, lifting the portière that hung over it to let them enter. Herr Naphta, in slippers, stood on a mossy green carpet just within, and received his guests.

Both cousins were surprised by the luxury of the two-windowed study. They were even astonished; for the poverty of the cottage, the mean stair and wretched corridor, led one to expect nothing of the kind. The contrast lent to Naphta's elegant furnishings a note of the fabulous, which of themselves they scarcely possessed, and would not otherwise have had in the eyes of Hans Castorp and Joachim Ziemssen. Yet they were elegant too, even strikingly so; indeed, despite writing-table and bookshelves the room hardly had a masculine look. There was too much silk about—wine-coloured, purplish silk; silken window-hangings, silken portières, and silken coverings to the furniture arranged on the narrow side of the room in front of a wall almost entirely covered with a Gobelin tapestry. Baroque easy-chairs with little pads on the arms were grouped about a small metal-bound table, and behind it stood a baroque sofa with velvet cushions. Bookcases lined the entrance wall on both sides of the door. They and the writing-table or, rather, roll-top

desk, which stood between the windows, were of carved mahogany; the glass doors of the bookcases were lined with green silk. But in the corner to the left of the sofa-group stood a work of art, a large painted wood-carving, mounted on a red-covered dais: a *pietà*, profoundly startling, artlessly effective to the point of being grotesque. The Madonna, in a cap, with gathered brows and wry, wailing mouth, with the Man of Sorrows on her lap — considered as a work of art it was primitive and faulty, with crudely emphasized and ignorant anatomy, the hanging head bristling with thorns, face and limbs blood-besprinkled, great blobs of blood welling from the wound in the side and from the nail-prints in hands and feet. This show-piece did indeed give a singular tone to the silken chamber. The wall-paper, on the window wall and above the bookcases, had obviously been supplied by the tenant: the green stripe in it matched the soft velvet carpet spread over the red drugget. The windows had cream-coloured blinds down to the floor. Only the ceiling had been impossible to treat: it was bare and full of cracks; but a small Venetian lustre hung down from it.

"We've come for a little visit," said Hans Castorp, with his eyes more on the pious horror in the corner than on the owner of the surprising room, who was expressing his gratification that the cousins had kept their word. With a hospitable motion of his small right hand he would have ushered them to the satin chairs. But Hans Castorp went as if spellbound straight up to the wooden group, and stood before it, arms akimbo and head on one side.

"What is this you have here?" he asked, in a low voice. "It's frightfully good. What depiction of suffering! It's old, of course?"

"Fourteenth century," answered Naphta. "Probably comes from the Rhine. Does it impress you?"

"Enormously," said Hans Castorp. "It would impress anybody — couldn't help it. I should never have thought there could be anything in the world at once so — forgive me — so ugly, and so beautiful."

"All works of art whose function it is to express the soul and the emotions," Naphta responded, "are always so ugly as to be beautiful, and so beautiful as to be ugly. That is a law. Their

beauty is not fleshly beauty, which is merely insipid — but the beauty of the spirit. Moreover, physical beauty is an abstraction," he added; "only the inner beauty, the beauty of religious expression, has any actuality."

"We are most grateful to you for making these distinctions clear," Hans Castorp said. "Fourteenth century?" he inquired of himself; "that means thirteen hundred so-and-so? Yes, that is the Middle Ages, the way the books say; and I can more or less recognize in this thing the conception I have been getting of them lately. I never knew anything about the Middle Ages before, myself, being on the technical side. But up here they have been brought home to me in various ways. There was no economic doctrine of society then, that's plain enough. What is the name of the artist?"

Naphta shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter?" he said. "We should not ask — for in the time when it was made they never did. It was not created by some wonderful and well-advertised single genius. It is an anonymous product, anonymous and communal. Moreover, it is very advanced Middle Ages — Gothic, *signum mortificationis*. No more of the palliating and beautifying that the Roman epoch thought proper to a depiction of the Crucifixion: here you have no royal crown, no majestic triumph over martyrdom and the world. It is the most utter and radical declaration of submission to suffering and the weakness of the flesh. Pessimistic and ascetic — it is Gothic art alone which is truly that. You are probably not familiar with the work of Innocent III, *De miseria humanæ conditionis*: an exceedingly witty piece of writing — it was written at the end of the twelfth century, but this was the earliest art to furnish an illustration to it."

Hans Castorp heaved a deep sigh. "Herr Naphta," he said, "every word you say interests me enormously. '*Signum mortificationis*' — is that right? I'll remember it. 'Anonymous and communal' — and that will take some thinking about too. You are quite right in assuming I don't know the work of that pope — I take it Innocent III *was* a pope? Did I understand you to say it is witty and ascetic? I must confess I should never have thought the two things went hand in hand; but when I put my mind to it, of course it is obvious that a discourse on human

misery gives one a good chance to poke fun at the things of the flesh. Is the work obtainable? Perhaps if I got up my Latin I could read it."

"I have it here," Naphta said, motioning with his head toward one of the bookcases. "It is at your service. But shall we not sit down? You can look at the *pietà* from the sofa. Tea is just coming in."

The little servant was fetching the tea, also a charming silver-bound basket containing slices of layer cake. And behind him, on the threshold, who should stand, on winged feet, wreathed in his subtle smile, and exclaiming: "*Sapperlot!*" and "*Accidente!*" — who, indeed, but the lodger from upstairs, Herr Settembrini, dropped in to keep them company? From his little window, he said, he had seen the cousins enter, and made haste to finish the page of the encyclopædia which he had at the moment in hand, in order to beg an invitation. Nothing more natural than his coming: it was justified by his old acquaintance with the Berghof guests, no less than by his relations with Naphta, which, despite deep-seated divergences of opinion, were lively on both sides, the host accepting his presence as a thing of course. All this did not prevent Hans Castorp from getting two impressions from his advent, one as clearly as the other: first, that Herr Settembrini had come to prevent them — or rather him — from being alone with little Naphta, and to establish, as it were, a pedagogic equilibrium; second, that Herr Settembrini did not object the least in the world, but rather the contrary, to exchanging his room in the loft for a sojourn in Naphta's fine and silken chamber, nor to taking a good and proper tea. He rubbed together his small yellow hands, with their line of hair running down the back from the little finger, before he fell to, with unmistakable and outspoken relish upon the layer cake, which had a chocolate filling.

The conversation continued on the subject of the *pietà*, Hans Castorp holding it to the point with look and word, and turning to the humanist as though to put him in critical rapport with the work of art. Herr Settembrini's aversion was obvious in the very air with which he turned towards it — for he had originally sat down with his back to that corner of the room. He was too polite to express all he felt, and confined himself to pointing out certain defects in the physical proportions of

the work, offences against nature, which were far from working upon his emotions, because they did not spring from archaic ineptitude, but from deliberate bad intent — a fundamentally opposed principle. — In which latter statement Naphta maliciously concurred. Certainly, there was no question of technical lack of skill. What we had here was conscious emancipation from the natural, a contempt for nature manifested by a pious refusal to pay her any homage whatever. Whereupon Settembrini declared that disregard of nature and neglect of her study only led men into error. He characterized as absurd the formlessness to which the Middle Ages and all periods like them had been a prey, and began, in sounding words, to exalt the Græco-Roman heritage, classicism, form, and beauty, reason, the pagan joy of life. To these things and these alone, he said, was it given to ameliorate man's lot on earth. Hans Castorp broke in here. What, he asked, about Plotinus, then, who was known to have said that he was ashamed of having a body? Or Voltaire, who, in the name of reason, protested against the scandalous Lisbon earthquake? Were they absurd? Perhaps. Yet it seemed to him, as he thought about it, that what one characterized as absurd might also be thought of as intellectually honourable; from which it would follow that the absurd hostility to nature evinced by Gothic art, when all was said and done, was as fine in its way as the gestures of Plotinus or Voltaire, since it testified to the selfsame emancipation, the same indomitable pride, which refused to abdicate in favour of blind natural forces —

Naphta burst out laughing. He sounded more than ever like a cracked plate and ended in a fit of coughing.

Settembrini said floridly to Hans Castorp: "Your brilliance is almost a discourtesy to our host, since it makes you appear ungrateful for this delicious cake. But I don't know that gratitude is your strong point. The kind I mean consists in making a good use of favours received."

As Hans Castorp looked rather mortified, he added in his most charming manner: "We all know you for a wag, Engineer: but your sly quips at the expense of the true, the good, and the beautiful will never make me doubt your fundamental love of them. You are aware, of course, that there is only one sort of revolt against nature which may be called honourable; that which revolts in the name of human beauty and human

dignity. All others bring debasement and degradation in their train, even when not directed to that end. And you know, too, what inhuman atrocities, what murderous intolerance were displayed by the century to which the production behind me owes its birth. Look at that monstrous type, the inquisitor — for instance, the sanguinary figure of Conrad von Marburg — and his infamous zeal in the persecution of everything that stood in the way of supernatural domination! You are in no danger of acclaiming the sword and the stake as instruments of human benevolence!"

"Yet in its service," countered Naphta, "laboured the whole machinery by means of which the Holy Office freed the world of undesirable citizens. All the pains of the Church, even the stake, even excommunication, were inflicted to save the soul from everlasting damnation — which cannot be said of the mania for destruction displayed by the Jacobins. Permit me to remark that any system of pains and penalties which is not based upon belief in a hereafter is simply a bestial stupidity. And as for the degradation of humanity, the history of its course is precisely synchronous with the growth of the bourgeois spirit. Renaissance, age of enlightenment, the natural sciences and economics of the nineteenth century, have left nothing undone or untaught which could forward this degradation. Modern astronomy, for example, has converted the earth, the centre of the All, the lofty theatre of the struggle between God and the Devil for the possession of a creature burningly coveted by each, into an indifferent little planet, and thus — at least for the present — put an end to the majestic cosmic position of man — upon which, moreover, all astrology bases itself."

"For the present?" Herr Settembrini asked, threateningly. His own manner of speaking had something in it of the inquisitor waiting to pounce upon the witness so soon as he shall have involved himself in an admission of guilt.

"Certainly. For a few hundred years, that is," assented Naphta, coldly. "A vindication, in this respect, of scholasticism is on the way, is even well under way, unless all signs fail. Copernicus will go down before Ptolemy. The heliocentric thesis is meeting by degrees with an intellectual opposition which will end by achieving its purpose. Science will see itself philosophically enforced to put back the earth in the position of

supremacy in which she was installed by the dogma of the Church."

"What? What? Intellectual opposition? Science philosophically enforced? What sort of voluntarism is this you are giving vent to? And what about pure knowledge, what about science? What about the unfettered quest for truth? Truth, my dear sir, so indissolubly bound up with freedom, the martyrs in whose cause you would like us to regard as criminals upon this planet but who are rather the brightest jewels in her crown?"

Herr Settembrini's question, and its delivery, were prodigious. He sat very erect, his righteous words rolled down upon little Naphta, and he let his voice swell out at the end, so that one could tell how sure he was his opponent could only reply with shame-faced silence. He had been holding a piece of layer cake between his fingers, but now he laid it back on his plate, as if loath to bite into it after launching his question.

Naphta responded, with disagreeable composure: "My good sir, there is no such thing as pure knowledge. The validity of the Church's teaching on the subject of science, which can be summed up in the phrase of Saint Augustine: *Credo, ut intellegam*: I believe, in order that I may understand, is absolutely incontrovertible. Faith is the vehicle of knowledge, intellect secondary. Your pure science is a myth. A belief, a given conception of the universe, an idea—in short, a will, is always in existence; which it is the task of the intellect to expound and demonstrate. It comes down every time to the *quod erat demonstrandum*. Even the conception of evidence itself, psychologically speaking, contains a strong element of voluntarism. The great schoolmen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were agreed that what is false in theology cannot be true in philosophy. We can, if you like, leave theology out of the argument; but a humanity, a cultural conception, which refuses to recognize that what is philosophically false cannot be scientifically true, is not worthy the name. The accusation of the Holy Office against Galileo stated that his thesis was philosophically absurd. A more crushing arraignment could not well be."

"Aha! The reasoning of our great genius turned out in the long run to have the greater validity! No, let us be serious, *Professore!* Answer me this, answer me in the presence of these

two young listeners: Do you believe in truth, in objective, scientific truth, to strive after the attainment of which is the highest law of all morality, and whose triumphs over authority form the most glorious page in the history of the human spirit?"

Hans Castorp and Joachim — the first faster than the second — turned their heads from Settembrini to Naphta.

Naphta replied: "There can be no such triumphs as those you speak of; for the authority is man himself — his interests, his worth, his salvation — and thus between it and truth no conflict is possible. They coincide."

"Then truth, according to you —"

"Whatever profits man, that is the truth. In him all nature is comprehended, in all nature only he is created, and all nature only for him. He is the measure of all things, and his welfare is the sole and single criterion of truth. Any theoretic science which is without practical application to man's salvation is as such without significance, we are commanded to reject it. Throughout the Christian centuries it was accepted fact that the natural sciences afforded man no edification. Lactantius, who was chosen by Constantine the Great as tutor to his son, put the position very clearly when he asked in so many words what heavenly bliss he could attain by knowing the sources of the Nile, or the twaddle of the physicists anent the heavenly bodies. Answer him if you can! Why have we given the Platonic philosophy the preference over every other, if not because it has to do with knowledge of God, and not knowledge of nature? Let me assure you that mankind is about to find its way back to this point of view. Mankind will soon perceive that it is not the task of true science to run after godless understanding; but to reject utterly all that is harmful, yes, even all that ideally speaking is without significance, in favour of instinct, measure, choice. It is childish to accuse the Church of having defended darkness rather than light. She did well, and thrice well, to chastise as unlawful all unconditioned striving after the 'pure' knowledge of things — such striving, that is, as is without reference to the spiritual, without bearing on man's salvation; for it is this unconditioned, this a-philosophical natural science that always has led and ever will lead men into darkness."

"Your pragmatism," Settembrini responded, "needs only to be translated into terms of politics for it to display its pernicious character in full force. The good, the true, and the just, is that which advantages the State: its safety, its honour, its power form the sole criterion of morality. Well and good. But mark that herewith you fling open the door for every sort of crime to enter; while as for human truth, individual justice, democracy, you can see what will become of them —"

"If I might be permitted," Naphta interpolated, "to introduce a little logic into the premisses, I should state the question thus: either Ptolemy and the schoolmen were right, and the world is finite in time and space, the deity is transcendent, the antithesis between God and man is sustained, and man's being is dual; from which it follows that the problem of his soul consists in the conflict between the spiritual and the material, to which all social problems are entirely secondary — and this is the only sort of individualism I can recognize as consistent — or else, on the other hand, your Renaissance astronomers hit upon the truth, and the cosmos is infinite. Then there exists no suprasensible world, no dualism; the Beyond is absorbed into the Here, the antithesis between God and nature falls; man ceases to be the theatre of a struggle between two hostile principles, and becomes harmonious and unitary, the conflict subsists merely between his individual and his collective interest; and the will of the State becomes, in good pagan wise, the law of morality. Either one thing or the other."

"I protest!" cried Settembrini, holding his tea-cup outstretched at arm's length toward his host. "I protest against the imputation that the modern State means the subjugation of the individual to evil ends! I protest against the dilemma in which you seek to place us, between Prussianism and Gothic reaction! Democracy has no meaning whatever if not that of an individualistic corrective to State absolutism of every kind. Truth and justice are the immediate jewels of personal morality. If, at times, they may appear to stand counter, even to be hostile, to the interests of the State, they may do so while all the time holding before their eyes her higher, yes, let us boldly say, her spiritual weal. To find in the Renaissance the origin of State-worship — what bastard logic! The achievements wrung from the past — I use the word literally, my dear sir — wrung from

the past by the Renaissance and the intellectual revival are personality, freedom, and the rights of man."

The listeners heaved each a deep sigh — they had been holding their breaths during Herr Settembrini's great replication. Hans Castorp did not let himself go altogether, yet could not refrain from slapping the edge of the table with his hand. "Magnificent," he said, between clenched teeth. Joachim too evinced lively approval, despite the word Herr Settembrini had let fall about Prussianism. Both of them turned toward the antagonist who had just suffered this crushing rebuff — Hans Castorp with such eagerness that he fell unconsciously into the very posture he had taken at the pig-drawing, his elbows on the table and his chin in his palm, and peered in suspense into Herr Naphta's face.

And Naphta sat there, tense and motionless, his lean hands in his lap. He said: "I try to introduce a little logic into the debate, and you answer me with lofty sentiments. I was already tolerably well aware that what is called liberalism — individualism, the humanistic conception of citizenship — was the product of the Renaissance. But the fact leaves me entirely cold, realizing as I do, that your great heroic age is a thing of the past, its ideals defunct, or at least lying at their latest gasp, while the feet of those who will deal them the *coup de grâce* are already before the door. You call yourself, if I am not mistaken, a revolutionist. But you err in holding that future revolutions will issue in freedom. In the past five hundred years, the principle of freedom has outlived its usefulness. An educational system which still conceives itself as a child of the age of enlightenment, with criticism as its chosen medium of instruction, the liberation and cult of the ego, the solvent of forms of life which are absolutely fixed — such a system may still, for a time, reap an empty rhetorical advantage; but its reactionary character is, to the initiated, clear beyond any doubt. All educational organizations worthy of the name have always recognized what must be the ultimate and significant principle of pedagogy: namely the absolute mandate, the iron bond, discipline, sacrifice, the renunciation of the ego, the curbing of the personality. And lastly, it is an unloving miscomprehension of youth to believe that it finds its pleasure in freedom: its deepest pleasure lies in obedience."

Joachim sat up straight. Hans Castorp reddened. Herr Settembrini excitedly twisted his fine moustache.

"No," Naphta went on. "Liberation and development of the individual are not the key to our age, they are not what our age demands. What it needs, what it wrestles after, what it will create — is Terror."

Snow

[Day after day, as part of his "stock-taking," Hans Castorp listens to the debates between Naphta and Settembrini on moral, philosophical, and religious issues, and comes to realize that the two antagonists are—"like God and the Devil in the mediaeval legends"—struggling for possession of his soul. And then, in the second winter of his residence at the sanatorium, there comes to Hans his "ultimate adventure"—his solitary journey into the snows of the high altitudes that he felt to be the "fitting theatre for the issue of his involved thoughts." It is in this episode, in which the themes, motifs, and "counterpositions" of the novel are—for a moment—attuned in a harmony of opposing tensions, that *The Magic Mountain* reaches its artistic and spiritual climax.]

THE snow-fall was monstrous and immeasurable, it made one realize the extravagant, outlandish nature of the place. It snowed day in, day out, and all through the night. The few roads kept open were like tunnels, with towering walls of snow on either side, crystal and alabaster surfaces that were pleasant to look at, and on which the guests scribbled all sorts of messages, jokes and personalities. But even this path between walls was above the level of the pavement, and made of hard-packed snow, as one could tell by certain places where it gave way, and let one suddenly sink in up to the knee. One might, unless one were careful, break a leg. The benches had disappeared, except for the high back of one emerging here and there. In the town, the street level was so raised that the shops had become cellars, into which one descended by steps cut in the snow.

And on all these lying masses more snow fell, day in, day out. It fell silently, through air that was moderately cold, perhaps ten to fifteen degrees of frost. One did not feel the cold, it might have been much less, for the dryness and absence of wind deprived it of sting. The mornings were very dark, breakfast was taken by the light of the artificial moon that hung from the vaulted ceiling of the dining-room, above the gay stencilled border. Outside was the reeking void, the world enwrapped in grey-white cotton-wool, packed to the window-panes in snow

and mist. No sight of the mountains; of the nearest evergreen now and again a glimpse through the fog, standing laden, and from time to time shaking free a bough of its heavy load, that flew into the air, and sent a cloud of white against the grey. At ten o'clock the sun, a wan wisp of light, came up behind its mountain, and gave the indistinguishable scene some shadowy hint of life, some sallow glimmer of reality; yet even so, it retained its delicate ghostliness, its lack of any definite line for the eye to follow. The contours of the peaks dissolved, disappeared, were dissipated in the mist, while the vision, led on from one pallidly gleaming slope of snow to another, lost itself in the void. Then a single cloud, like smoke, lighted up by the sun, might spread out before a wall of rock and hang there for long, motionless.

At midday the sun would half break through, and show signs of banishing the mist. In vain — yet a shred of blue would be visible, and suffice to make the scene, in its strangely falsified contours, sparkle marvellously far and wide. Usually, at this hour, the snowfall stopped, as though to have a look at what it had done; a like effect was produced by the rare days when the storm ceased, and the uninterrupted power of the sun sought to thaw away the pure and lovely surface from the new-fallen masses. The sight was at once fairylike and comic, an infantine fantasy. The thick light cushions plumped up on the boughs of trees, the humps and mounds of snow-covered rock-cropping or undergrowth, the droll, dwarfish, crouching disguise all ordinary objects wore, made of the scene a landscape in gnomeland, an illustration for a fairy-tale. Such was the immediate view — wearisome to move in, quaintly, roguishly stimulating to the fancy. But when one looked across the intervening space, at the towering marble statuary of the high Alps in full snow, one felt a quite different emotion, and that was awe of their majestic sublimity.

Afternoons between three and four. Hans Castorp lay in his balcony box, well wrapped, his head against the cushion, not too high or too low, of his excellent chair, and looked out at forest and mountain over his thick-upholstered balustrade. The snow-laden firs, dark-green to blackness, went marching up the sides of the valley, and beneath them the snow lay soft like down pillows. Above the tree line, the mountain walls reared

themselves into the grey-white air: huge surfaces of snow, with softly veiled crests, and here and there a black jut of rock. The snow came silently down. The scene blurred more and more, it inclined the eye, gazing thus into woolly vacuity, to slumber. At the moment of slipping off one might give a start — yet what sleep could be purer than this in the icy air? It was dreamless. It was as free from the burden — even the unconscious burden — of organic life, as little aware of an effort to breathe this contentless, weightless, imperceptible air as is the breathless sleep of the dead. When Hans Castorp stirred again, the mountains would be wholly lost in a cloud of snow; only a pinnacle, a jutting rock, might show one instant, to be rapt away the next. It was absorbing to watch these ghostly pranks; one needed to keep alert to follow the transmutations, the veiling and unveiling. One moment a great space of snow-covered rock would reveal itself, standing out bold and free, though of base or peak naught was to be seen. But if one ceased to fix one's gaze upon it, it was gone, in a breath.

Then there were storms so violent as to prevent one's sitting on the balcony for the driven snow which blew in, in such quantity as to cover floor and chair with a thick mantle. Yes, even in this sheltered valley it knew how to storm. The thin air would be in a hurly-burly, so whirling full of snow one could not see a hand's breadth before one's face. Gusts strong enough to take one's breath away flung the snow about, drew it up cyclone-fashion from the valley floor to the upper air, whisked it about in the maddest dance; no longer a snow-storm, it was a blinding chaos, a white dark, a monstrous dereliction on the part of this inordinate and violent region; no living creature save the snow-bunting — which suddenly appeared in troops — could flourish in it.

And yet Hans Castorp loved this snowy world. He found it not unlike life at the sea-shore. The monotony of the scene was in both cases profound. The snow, so deep, so light, so dry and spotless, was the sand of down below. One was as clean as the other: you could shake the snow from boots and clothing, just as you could the fine-ground, dustless stone and shell, product of the sea's depth — neither left trace behind. And walking in the snow was as toilsome as on the dunes; unless, indeed, a crust had come upon it, by dint of thawing and freez-

ing, when the going became easy and pleasant, like marching along the smooth, hard, wet, resilient strip of sand close to the edge of the sea.

But the storms and high-piled drifts of this year gave pedestrians small chance. They were favourable only for skiing. Under Herr Settembrini's critical eye — he played the connoisseur, though innocent of sports — Hans Castorp acquired a pair of oaken skis, finished a light-brown, with tapering, pointed ends and the best quality of straps. He rejoiced in his new resource, before which all difficulties and hindrances to movement fell away. It gave him the utter solitude he craved, and filled his soul with impressions of the wild inhumanity, the precariousness of this region into which he had ventured. On his one hand he might have a precipitous, pine-clad declivity, falling away into the mists; on the other sheer rock might rise, with masses of snow, in monstrous, Cyclopean forms, all domed and vaulted, swelling or cavernous. He would halt for a moment, to quench the sound of his own movement, when the silence about him would be absolute, complete, a wadded soundlessness, as it were, elsewhere all unknown. There was no stir of air, not so much as might even lightly sway the tree-boughs; there was not a rustle, nor the voice of a bird. It was primeval silence to which Hans Castorp hearkened, when he leaned thus on his staff, his head on one side, his mouth open. And always it snowed, snowed without pause, endlessly, gently, soundlessly falling.

No, this world of limitless silences had nothing hospitable; it received the visitor at his own risk, or rather it scarcely even received him, it tolerated his penetration into its fastnesses, in a manner that boded no good; it made him aware of the menace of the elemental, a menace not even hostile, but impersonally deadly. The child of civilization, remote from birth from wild nature and all her ways, is more susceptible to her grandeur than is her untutored son who has looked at her and lived close to her from childhood up, on terms of prosaic familiarity. The latter scarcely knows the religious awe with which the other regards her, that awe which conditions all his feeling for her, and is present, a constant, solemn thrill, in the profoundest depth of his soul. Hans Castorp, standing there in his puttees and long-sleeved camel's-hair waistcoat, on his skis *de luxe*,

suddenly seemed to himself exceedingly presumptuous, to be thus listening to the primeval hush, the deathlike silence of these wintry fastnesses. He felt his breast lightened when, on his way home, the first chalets, the first abodes of human beings, loomed visible through the fog. Only then did he become aware that he had been for hours possessed by a secret awe and terror. On the island of Sylt he had stood by the edge of the thundering surf. In his white flannels, elegant, self-assured, but most respectful, he had stood there as one stands before a lion's cage and looks deep into the yawning jaws of the beast, lined with murderous fangs. He had bathed in the surf, and heeded the blast of the coast-guard's horn, warning all and sundry not to venture rashly beyond the first line of billows, not to approach too nearly the oncoming tempest—the very last impulse of whose cataract, indeed, struck upon him like a blow from a lion's paw. From that experience our young man had learned the fearful pleasure of toying with forces so great that to approach them nearly is destruction. What he had not then felt was the temptation to come closer, to carry the thrilling contact with these deadly natural forces up to a point where the full embrace was imminent. Weak human being that he was—though tolerably well equipped with the weapons of civilization—what he at this moment knew was the fascination of venturing just so far into the monstrous unknown, or at least abstaining just so long from flight before it, that the adventure grazed the perilous, that it was just barely possible to put limits to it, before it became no longer a matter of toying with the foam and playfully dodging the ruthless paw—but the ultimate adventure, the billow, the lion's jaws, and the sea.

In a word, Hans Castorp was valorous up here—if by valour we mean not mere dull matter-of-factness in the face of nature, but conscious submission to her, the fear of death cast out by irresistible oneness. Yes, in his narrow, hypercivilized breast, Hans Castorp cherished a feeling of kinship with the elements, connected with the new sense of superiority he had lately felt at sight of the silly people on their little sleds; it had made him feel that a profounder, more spacious, less luxurious solitude than that afforded by his balcony chair would be beyond all price. He had sat there and looked abroad, at those mist-wreathed summits, at the carnival of snow, and blushed to be

gaping thus from the breastwork of material well-being. This motive, and no momentary fad — no, nor yet any native love of bodily exertion — was what impelled him to learn the use of skis. If it was uncanny up there in the magnificence of the mountains, in the deathly silence of the snows — and uncanny it assuredly was, to our son of civilization — this was equally true, that in these months and years he had already drunk deep of the uncanny, in spirit and in sense. Even a colloquy with Naphta and Settembrini was not precisely the canniest thing in the world, it too led one on into uncharted and perilous regions. So if we can speak of Hans Castorp's feeling of kinship with the wild powers of the winter heights, it is in this sense, that despite his pious awe he felt these scenes to be a fitting theatre for the issue of his involved thoughts, a fitting stage for one to make who, scarcely knowing how, found it had devolved upon him to take stock of himself, in reference to the rank and status of the *Homo Dei*.

No one was here to blow a warning to the rash one — unless, indeed, Herr Settembrini, with his farewell shout at Hans Castorp's disappearing back, had been that man. But possessed by valorous desire, our youth had given the call no heed — as little as he had the steps behind him on a certain carnival night. "*Eh, Ingegnere, un po' di ragione, sal!*" "Yes, yes, pedagogic Satana, with your *ragione* and your *ribellione*," he thought. "But I'm rather fond of you. You are a wind-bag and a hand-organ man, to be sure. But you mean well, you mean much better, and more to my mind, than that knife-edged little Jesuit and Terrorist, apologist of the Inquisition and the knout, with his round eye-glasses — though he is nearly always right when you and he come to grips over my paltry soul, like God and the Devil in the mediæval legends."

He struggled, one day, powdered in snow to the waist, up a succession of snow-shrouded terraces, up and up, he knew not whither. Nowhither, perhaps; these upper regions blended with a sky no less misty-white than they, and where the two came together, it was hard to tell. No summit, no ridge was visible, it was a haze and a nothing, toward which Hans Castorp strove; while behind him the world, the inhabited valley, fell away swiftly from view, and no sound mounted to his ears. In a twinkling he was a solitary, he was as lost as heart could

wish, his loneliness was profound enough to awake the fear which is the first stage of valour. "*Præterit figura huius mundi*," he said to himself, quoting Naphta, in a Latin hardly humanistic in spirit. He stopped and looked about. On all sides there was nothing to see, beyond small single flakes of snow, which came out of a white sky and sank to rest on the white earth. The silence about him refused to say aught to his spirit. His gaze was lost in the blind white void, he felt his heart pulse from the effort of the climb — that muscular organ whose animal-like shape and contracting motion he had watched, with a feeling of sacrilege, in the x-ray laboratory. A naïve reverence filled him for that organ of his, for the pulsating human heart, up here alone in the icy void, alone with its question and its riddle.

On he pressed; higher and higher toward the sky. Walking, he thrust the end of his stick in the snow and watched the blue light follow it out of the hole it made. That he liked; and stood for long at a time to test the little optical phenomenon. It was a strange, a subtle colour, this greenish-blue; colour of the heights and deeps, ice-clear, yet holding shadow in its depths, mysteriously exquisite. It reminded him of the colour of certain eyes, whose shape and glance had spelled his destiny; eyes to which Herr Settembrini, from his humanistic height, had referred with contempt as "Tartar slits" and "wolf's eyes" — eyes seen long ago and then found again, the eyes of Pribislav Hippe and Clavdia Chauchat. "With pleasure," he said aloud, in the profound stillness. "But don't break it — *c'est à visser, tu sais*." And his spirit heard behind him words of warning in a mellifluous tongue.

A wood loomed, misty, far off to the right. He turned that way, to the end of having some goal before his eyes, instead of sheer white transcendence; and made toward it with a dash, not remarking an intervening depression of the ground. He could not have seen it, in fact; everything swam before his eyes in the white mist, obliterating all contours. When he perceived it, he gave himself to the decline, unable to measure its steepness with his eye.

The grove that had attracted him lay the other side of the gully into which he had unintentionally steered. The trough, covered with fluffy snow, fell away on the side next the moun-

tains, as he observed when he pursued it a little distance. It went downhill, the steep sides grew higher, this fold of the earth's surface seemed like a narrow passage leading into the mountain. Then the points of his skis turned up again, there began an incline, soon there were no more side walls; Hans Castorp's trackless course ran once more uphill along the mountain-side.

He saw the pine grove behind and below him, on his right, turned again toward it, and with a quick descent reached the laden trees; they stood in a wedge-shaped group, a vanguard thrust out from the mist-screened forests above. He rested beneath their boughs, and smoked a cigarette. The unnatural stillness, the monstrous solitude, still oppressed his spirit; yet he felt proud to have conquered them, brave in the pride of having measured to the height of surroundings such as these.

It was three in the afternoon. He had set out soon after luncheon, with the idea of cutting part of the long rest-cure, and tea as well, in order to be back before dark. He had brought some chocolate in his breeches pocket, and a small flask of wine; and told himself exultantly that he had still several hours to revel in all this grandeur.

The position of the sun was hard to recognize, veiled as it was in haze. Behind him, at the mouth of the valley, above that part of the mountains that was shut off from view, the clouds and mist seemed to thicken and move forward. They looked like snow—more snow—as though there were pressing demand for it! Like a good hard storm. Indeed, the little soundless flakes were coming down more quickly as he stood.

Hans Castorp put out his arm and let some of them come to rest on his sleeve; he viewed them with the knowing eye of the nature-lover. They looked mere shapeless morsels; but he had more than once had their like under his good lens, and was aware of the exquisite precision of form displayed by these little jewels, insignia, orders, agraffes—no jeweller, however skilled, could do finer, more minute work. Yes, he thought, there was a difference, after all, between this light, soft, white powder he trod with his skis, that weighed down the trees, and covered the open spaces, a difference between it and the sand on the beaches at home, to which he had likened it. For this powder was not made of tiny grains of stone; but of myriads of

tinest drops of water, which in freezing had darted together in symmetrical variation — parts, then, of the same anorganic substance which was the source of protoplasm, of plant life, of the human body. And among these myriads of enchanting little stars, in their hidden splendour that was too small for man's naked eye to see, there was not one like unto another; an endless inventiveness governed the development and unthinkable differentiation of one and the same basic scheme, the equilateral, equiangled hexagon. Yet each, in itself — this was the uncanny, the anti-organic, the life-denying character of them all — each of them was absolutely symmetrical, icily regular in form. They were too regular, as substance adapted to life never was to this degree — the living principle shuddered at this perfect precision, found it deathly, the very marrow of death — Hans Castorp felt he understood now the reason why the builders of antiquity purposely and secretly introduced minute variation from absolute symmetry in their columnar structures.

He pushed off again, shuffling through the deep snow on his flexible runners, along the edge of the wood, down the slope, up again at random, to his heart's content, about and into this lifeless land. Its empty, rolling spaces, its dried vegetation of single dwarf firs sticking up through the snow, bore a striking resemblance to a scene on the dunes. Hans Castorp nodded as he stood and fixed the likeness in his mind. Even his burning face, his trembling limbs, the peculiar and half-intoxicated mingled sensations of excitement and fatigue were pleasurable, reminding him as they did of that familiar feeling induced by the sea air, which could sting one like whips, and yet was so laden with sleepy essences. He rejoiced in his freedom of motion, his feet were like wings. He was bound to no path, none lay behind him to take him back whence he had come. At first there had been posts, staves set up as guides through the snow — but he had soon cut free from their tutelage, which recalled the coast-guard with his horn, and seemed inconsistent with the attitude he had taken up toward the wild.

He pressed on, turning right and left among rocky, snow-clad elevations, and came behind them on an incline, then a level spot, then on the mountains themselves — how alluring and accessible seemed their softly covered gorges and defiles!

His blood leaped at the strong allurements of the distance and the height, the ever profounder solitude. At risk of a late return he pressed on, deeper into the wild silence, the monstrous and the menacing, despair that gathering darkness was sinking down over the region like a veil, and heightening his inner apprehension until it presently passed into actual fear. It was this fear which first made him conscious that he had deliberately set out to lose his way and the direction in which valley and settlement lay — and had been as successful as heart could wish. Yet he knew that if he were to turn in his tracks and go downhill, he would reach the valley bottom — even if some distance from the Berghof — and that sooner than he had planned. He would come home too early, not have made full use of his time. On the other hand, if he were overtaken unawares by the storm, he would probably in any case not find his way home. But however genuine his fear of the elements, he refused to take premature flight; his being scarcely the sportsman's attitude, who only meddles with the elements so long as he knows himself their master, takes all precautions, and prudently yields when he must — whereas what went on in Hans Castorp's soul can only be described by the one word challenge. It was perhaps a blameworthy, presumptuous attitude, even united to such genuine awe. Yet this much is clear, to any human understanding: that when a young man has lived years long in the way this one had, something may gather — may accumulate, as our engineer might put it — in the depths of his soul, until one day it suddenly discharges itself, with a primitive exclamation of disgust, a mental "Oh, go to the devil!" a repudiation of all caution whatsoever, in short with a challenge. So on he went, in his seven-league slippers, glided down this slope too and pressed up the incline beyond, where stood a wooden hut that might be a hayrick or shepherd's shelter, its roof weighted with flat stones. On past this to the nearest mountain ridge, bristling with forest, behind whose back the giant peaks towered upward in the mist. The wall before him, studded with single groups of trees, was steep, but looked as though one might wind to the right and get round it by climbing a little way up the slope. Once on the other side, he could see what lay beyond. Accordingly Hans Castorp set out on this tour of investigation,

which began by descending from the meadow with the hut into another and rather deep gully that dropped off from right to left.

He had just begun to mount again when the expected happened, and the storm burst, the storm that had threatened so long. Or may one say "threatened" of the action of blind, non-sentient forces, which have no purpose to destroy us — that would be comforting by comparison — but are merely horribly indifferent to our fate should we become involved with them? "Hullo!" Hans Castorp thought, and stood still, as the first blast whirled through the densely falling snow and caught him. "That's a gentle zephyr — tells you what's coming." And truly this wind was savage. The air was in reality frightfully cold, probably some degrees below zero; but so long as it remained dry and still one almost found it balmy. It was when a wind came up that the cold began to cut into the flesh; and in a wind like the one that blew now, of which that first gust had been a forerunner, the furs were not bought that could protect the limbs from its icy rigours. And Hans Castorp wore no fur, only a woollen waistcoat, which he had found quite enough, or even, with the faintest gleam of sunshine, a burden. But the wind was at his back, a little sidewise; there was small inducement to turn and receive it in the face; so the mad youth, letting that fact reinforce the fundamental challenge of his attitude, pressed on among the single tree-trunks, and tried to out-flank the mountain he had attacked.

It was no joke. There was almost nothing to be seen for swimming snow-flakes, that seemed without falling to fill the air to suffocation by their whirling dance. The icy gusts made his ears burn painfully, his limbs felt half paralysed, his hands were so numb he hardly knew if they held the staff. The snow blew inside his collar and melted down his back. It drifted on his shoulders and right side; he thought he should freeze as he stood into a snowman, with his staff stiff in his hands. And all this under relatively favouring circumstances; for let him turn his face to the storm and his situation would be still worse. Getting home would be no easy task — the harder, the longer he put it off.

At last he stopped, gave an angry shrug, and turned his skis the other way. Then the wind he faced took his breath on the

spot, so that he was forced to go through the awkward process of turning round again to get it back, and collect his resolution to advance in the teeth of his ruthless foe. With bent head and cautious breathing he managed to get under way; but even thus forearmed, the slowness of his progress and the difficulty of seeing and breathing dismayed him. Every few minutes he had to stop, first to get his breath in the lee of the wind, and then because he saw next to nothing in the blinding whiteness, and moving as he did with head down, had to take care not to run against trees, or be flung headlong by unevennesses in the ground. Hosts of flakes flew into his face, melted there, and he anguished with the cold of them. They flew into his mouth, and died away with a weak, watery taste; flew against his eyelids so that he winked, overflowed his eyes and made seeing as difficult as it was now almost impossible for other reasons: namely, the dazzling effect of all that whiteness, and the veiling of his field of vision, so that his sense of sight was almost put out of action. It was nothingness, white, whirling nothingness, into which he looked when he forced himself to do so. Only at intervals did ghostly-seeming forms from the world of reality loom up before him: a stunted fir, a group of pines, even the pale silhouette of the hay-hut he had lately passed.

He left it behind, and sought his way back over the slope on which it stood. But there was no path. To keep direction, relatively speaking, into his own valley would be a question far more of luck than management; for while he could see his hand before his face, he could not see the ends of his skis. And even with better visibility, the host of difficulties must have combined to hinder his progress: the snow in his face, his adversary the storm, which hampered his breathing, made him fight both to take a breath and to exhale it, and constantly forced him to turn his head away to gasp. How could anyone — either Hans Castorp or another and much stronger than he — make head? He stopped, he blinked his lashes free of water drops, knocked off the snow that like a coat of mail was sheathing his body in front — and it struck him that progress, under the circumstances, was more than anyone could expect.

And yet Hans Castorp did progress. That is to say, he moved on. But whether in the right direction, whether it might not have been better to stand still, remained to be seen. Theoretically

the chances were against it; and in practice he soon began to suspect something was wrong. This was not familiar ground beneath his feet, not the easy slope he had gained on mounting with such difficulty from the ravine, which had of course to be retraversed. The level distance was too short, he was already mounting again. It was plain that the storm, which came from the south-west, from the mouth of the valley, had with its violence driven him from his course. He had been exhausting himself, all this time, with a false start. Blindly, enveloped in white, whirling night, he laboured deeper and deeper into this grim and callous sphere.

"No, you don't," said he, suddenly, between his teeth, and halted. The words were not emotional, yet he felt for a second as though his heart had been clutched by an icy hand; it winced, and then knocked rapidly against his ribs, as it had the time Rhadamanthus found the moist cavity. Pathos in the grand manner was not in place, he knew, in one who had chosen defiance as his rôle, and was indebted to himself alone for all his present plight. "Not bad," he said, and discovered that his facial muscles were not his to command, that he could not express in his face any of his soul's emotions, for that it was stiff with cold. "What next? Down this slope; follow your nose home, I suppose, and keep your face to the wind — though that is a good deal easier said than done," he went on, panting with his efforts, yet actually speaking half aloud, as he tried to move on again: "but something has to happen, I can't sit down and wait, I should simply be buried in six-sided crystalline symmetry, and Settembrini, when he came with his little horn to find me, would see me squatting here with a snow-cap over one ear." He realized that he was talking to himself, and not too sensibly — for which he took himself to task, and then continued on purpose, though his lips were so stiff he could not shape the labials, and so did without them, as he had on a certain other occasion that came to his mind. "Keep quiet, and get along with you out of here," he admonished himself, adding: "You seem to be wool-gathering, not quite right in your head, and that looks bad for you."

But this he only said with his reason — to some extent detached from the rest of him, though after all nearly concerned. As for his natural part, it felt only too much inclined to yield

to the confusion which laid hold upon him with his growing fatigue. He even remarked this tendency and took thought to comment upon it. "Here," said he, "we have the typical reaction of a man who loses himself in the mountains in a snow-storm and never finds his way home." He gasped out other fragments of the same thought as he went, though he avoided giving it more specific expression. "Whoever hears about it afterwards, imagines it as horrible; but he forgets that disease — and the state I am in is, in a way of speaking, disease — so adjusts its man that it and he can come to terms; there are sensory appeasements, short circuits, a merciful narcosis — yes, oh yes, yes. But one must fight against them, after all, for they are two-faced, they are in the highest degree equivocal, everything depends upon the point of view. If you are not meant to get home, they are a benefaction, they are merciful; but if you mean to get home, they become sinister. I believe I still do. Certainly I don't intend — in this heart of mine so stormily beating it doesn't appeal to me in the least — to let myself be snowed under by this idiotically symmetrical crystallometry."

In truth, he was already affected, and his struggle against oncoming sensory confusion was feverish and abnormal. He should have been more alarmed on discovering that he had already declined from the level course — this time apparently on the other slope. For he had pushed off with the wind coming slantwise at him, which was ill-advised, though more convenient for the moment. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll get my direction again down below." Which he did, or thought he did — or, truth to tell, scarcely even thought so; worst of all, began to be indifferent whether he had done or no. Such was the effect of an insidious double attack, which he but weakly combated. Fatigue and excitement combined were a familiar state to our young man — whose acclimatization, as we know, still consisted in getting used to not getting used; and both fatigue and excitement were now present in such strengths as to make impossible any thought of asserting his reason against them. He felt as often after a colloquy with Settembrini and Naphta, only to a far greater degree: dazed and tipsy, giddy, a-tremble with excitement. This was probably why he began to colour his lack of resistance to the stealing narcosis with half-maudlin references to the latest-aired complex of theories. Despite his

scornful repudiation of the idea that he might lie down and be covered up with hexagonal symmetry, something within him maundered on, sense or no sense: told him that the feeling of duty which bade him fight against insidious sensory appeasements was a purely ethical reaction, representing the sordid bourgeois view of life, irreligion, Philistinism; while the desire, nay, craving, to lie down and rest, whispered him in the guise of a comparison between this storm and a sand-storm on the desert, before which the Arab flings himself down and draws his burnous over his head. Only his lack of a burnous, the unfeasibility of drawing his woollen waistcoat over his head, prevented him from following suit — this although he was no longer a child, and pretty well aware of the conditions under which a man freezes to death.

There had been a rather steep declivity, then level ground, then again an ascent, a stiff one. This was not necessarily wrong; one must of course, on the way to the valley, traverse rising ground at times. The wind had turned capriciously round, for it was now at Hans Castorp's back, and that, taken by itself, was a blessing. Owing, perhaps, to the storm, or the soft whiteness of the incline before him, dim in the whirling air, drawing him toward it, he bent as he walked. Only a little further — supposing one were to give way to the temptation, and his temptation was great; it was so strong that it quite lived up to the many descriptions he had read of the "typical danger-state." It asserted itself, it refused to be classified with the general order of things, it insisted on being an exception, its very exigence challenged comparison — yet at the same time it never disguised its origin or aura, never denied that it was, so to speak, garbed in Spanish black, with snow-white, fluted ruff, and stood for ideas and fundamental conceptions that were characteristically gloomy, strongly Jesuitical and anti-human, for the rack-and-knout discipline which was the particular horror of Herr Settembrini, though he never opposed it without making himself ridiculous, like a hand-organ man for ever grinding out "*ragione*" to the same old tune.

And yet Hans Castorp did hold himself upright and resist his craving to lie down. He could see nothing, but he struggled, he came forward. Whether to the purpose or not, he could not tell; but he did his part, and moved on despite the weight

the cold more and more laid upon his limbs. The present slope was too steep to ascend directly, so he slanted a little, and went on thus awhile without much heed whither. Even to lift his stiffened lids to peer before him was so great and so nearly useless an effort as to offer him small incentive. He merely caught glimpses: here clumps of pines that merged together; there a ditch or stream, a black line marked out between overhanging banks of snow. Now, for a change, he was going downhill, with the wind in his face, when, at some distance before him, and seeming to hang in the driving wind and mist, he saw the faint outline of a human habitation.

Ah, sweet and blessed sight! Verily he had done well, to march stoutly on despite all obstacles, until now human dwellings appeared, in sign that the inhabited valley was at hand. Perhaps there were even human beings, perhaps he might enter and abide the end of the storm under shelter, then get directions, or a guide if the dark should have fallen. He held toward this chimerical goal, that often quite vanished in mist, and took an exhausting climb against the wind before it was reached; finally drew near it — to discover, with what staggering astonishment and horror may be imagined, that it was only the hay-hut with the weighted roof, to which, after all his striving, by all his devious paths, he had come back.

That was the very devil. Hans Castorp gave vent to several heart-felt curses — of which his lips were too stiff to pronounce the labials. He examined the hut, to get his bearings, and came to the conclusion that he had approached it from the same direction as before — namely, from the rear; and therefore, what he had accomplished for the past hour — as he reckoned it — had been sheer waste of time and effort. But there it was, just as the books said. You went in a circle, gave yourself endless trouble under the delusion that you were accomplishing something, and all the time you were simply describing some great silly arc that would turn back to where it had its beginning, like the riddling year itself. You wandered about, without getting home. Hans Castorp recognized the traditional phenomenon with a certain grim satisfaction — and even slapped his thigh in astonishment at this punctual general law fulfilling itself in his particular case.

The lonely hut was barred, the door locked fast, no entrance

possible. But Hans Castorp decided to stop for the present. The projecting roof gave the illusion of shelter, and the hut itself, on the side turned toward the mountains, afforded, he found, some little protection against the storm. He leaned his shoulder against the rough-hewn timber, since his long skis prevented him from leaning his back. And so he stood, obliquely to the wall, having thrust his staff in the snow; hands in pockets, his collar turned up as high as it would go, bracing himself on his outside leg, and leaning his dizzy head against the wood, his eyes closed, but opening them every now and then to look down his shoulder and across the gully to where the high mountain wall palely appeared and disappeared in mist.

His situation was comparatively comfortable. "I can stick it like this all night, if I have to," he thought, "if I change legs from time to time, lie on the other side, so to speak, and move about a bit between whiles, as of course I must. I'm rather stiff, naturally, but the effort I made has accumulated some inner warmth, so after all it was not quite in vain, that I have come round all this way. Come round — not coming round — that's the regular expression they use, of people drowned or frozen to death. — I suppose I used it because I am not quite so clear in the head as I might be. But it is a good thing I can stick it out here; for this frantic nuisance of a snow-storm can carry on until morning without a qualm, and if it only keeps up until dark it will be quite bad enough, for in the dark the danger of going round and round and *not* coming round is as great as in a storm. It must be toward evening already, about six o'clock, I should say, after all the time I wasted on my circular tour. Let's see, how late is it?" He felt for his watch; his numbed fingers could scarcely find and draw it from his pocket. Here it was, his gold hunting-watch, with his monogram on the lid, ticking faithfully away in this lonely waste, like Hans Castorp's own heart, that touching human heart that beat in the organic warmth of his interior man.

It was half past four. But deuce take it, it had been nearly as much before the storm burst. Was it possible his whole bewildered circuit had lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour? "'Coming round' makes time seem long," he noted. "And when you *don't* 'come round' — does it seem longer? But the fact remains that at five or half past it will be regularly dark.

Will the storm hold up in time to keep me from running in circles again? Suppose I take a sip of port — it might strengthen me."

He had brought with him a bottle of that amateurish drink, simply because it was always kept ready in flat bottles at the Berghof, for excursions — though not, of course, excursions like this unlawful escapade. It was not meant for people who went out in the snow and got lost and night-bound in the mountains. Had his senses been less befogged, he must have said to himself that if he were bent on getting home, it was almost the worst thing he could have done. He did say so, after he had drunk several swallows, for they took effect at once, and it was an effect much like that of the Kulmbacher beer on the evening of his arrival at the Berghof, when he had angered Settembrini by his ungoverned prattle anent fish-sauces and the like — Herr Ludovico, the pedagogue, the same who held madmen to their senses when they would give themselves rein. Hans Castorp heard through thin air the mellifluous sound of his horn; the orator and schoolmaster was nearing by forced marches, to rescue his troublesome nursling, life's delicate child, from his present desperate pass and lead him home. — All which was of course sheer rubbish, due to the Kulmbacher he had so foolishly drunk. For of course Herr Settembrini had no horn, how could he have? He had a hand-organ, propped by a sort of wooden leg against the pavement, and as he played a sprightly air, he flung his humanistic eyes up to the people in the houses. And furthermore he knew nothing whatever of what had happened, as he no longer lived in House Berghof, but with Lukaček the tailor, in his little attic room with the water-bottle, above Naphta's silken cell. Moreover, he would have no right nor reason to interfere — no more than upon that carnival night on which Hans Castorp had found himself in a position quite as mad and bad as this one, when he gave the ailing Clavdia Chau-chat back *son crayon* — his, Pribislav Hippe's, pencil. What position was that? What position could it be but the horizontal, literally and not metaphorically the position of all long-termers up here? Was not he himself used to lie long hours out of doors, in snow and frost, by night as well as day? And he was making ready to sink down when the idea seized him, took him as it were by the collar and fetched him up standing, that

all this nonsense he was uttering was still inspired by the Kulmbacher beer and the impersonal, quite typical and traditional longing to lie down and sleep, of which he had always heard, and which would by quibbling and sophistry now betray him.

"That was the wrong way to go to work," he acknowledged to himself. "The port was not at all the right thing; just the few sips of it have made my head so heavy I cannot hold it up, and my thoughts are all just confused, stupid quibbling with words. I can't depend on them — not only the first thought that comes into my head, but even the second one, the correction which my reason tries to make upon the first — more's the pity. '*Son crayon!*' That means her pencil, not his pencil, in this case; you only say *son* because *crayon* is masculine. The rest is just a pretty feeble play on words. Imagine stopping to talk about that when there is a much more important fact; namely, that my left leg, which I am using as a support, reminds me of the wooden leg on Settembrini's hand-organ, that he keeps jolting over the pavement with his knee, to get up close to the window and hold out his velvet hat for the girl up there to throw something into. And at the same time, I seem to be pulled, as though with hands, to lie down in the snow. The only thing to do is to move about. I must pay for the Kulmbacher, and limber up my wooden leg."

He pushed himself away from the wall with his shoulder. But one single pace forward, and the wind sliced at him like a scythe, and drove him back to the shelter of the wall. It was unquestionably the position indicated for the time; he might change it by turning his left shoulder to the wall and propping himself on the right leg, with sundry shakings of the left, to restore the circulation as much as might be. "Who leaves the house in weather like this?" he said. "Moderate activity is all right; but not too much craving for adventure, no coying with the bride of the storm. Quiet, quiet — if the head be heavy, let it droop. The wall is good, a certain warmth seems to come from the logs — probably the feeling is entirely subjective. — Ah, the trees, the trees! Oh, living climate of the living — how sweet it smells!"

It was a park. It lay beneath the terrace on which he seemed to stand — a spreading park of luxuriant green shade-trees, elms, planes, beeches, birches, oaks, all in the dappled light and

shade of their fresh, full, shimmering foliage, and gently rustling tips. They breathed a deliciously moist, balsamic breath into the air. A warm shower passed over them, but the rain was sunlit. One could see high up in the sky the whole air filled with the bright ripple of raindrops. How lovely it was! Oh, breath of the homeland, oh, fragrance and abundance of the plain, so long foregone! The air was full of bird song — dainty, sweet, blithe fluting, piping, twittering, cooing, trilling, warbling, though not a single little creature could be seen. Hans Castorp smiled, breathing gratitude. But still more beauties were preparing. A rainbow flung its arc slanting across the scene, most bright and perfect, a sheer delight, all its rich glossy, banded colours moistly shimmering down into the thick, lustrous green. It was like music, like the sound of harps commingled with flutes and violins. The blue and the violet were transcendent. And they descended and magically blended, were transmuted and re-unfolded more lovely than before. Once, some years earlier, our young Hans Castorp had been privileged to hear a world-famous Italian tenor, from whose throat had gushed a glorious stream to witch the world with gracious art. The singer took a high note, exquisitely; then held it, while the passionate harmony swelled, unfolded, glowed from moment to moment with new radiance. Unsuspected veils dropped from before it one by one; the last one sank away, revealing what must surely be the ultimate tonal purity — yet no, for still another fell, and then a well-nigh incredible third and last, shaking into the air such an extravagance of tear-glistening splendour, that confused murmurs of protest rose from the audience, as though it could bear no more; and our young friend found that he was sobbing. — So now with the scene before him, constantly transformed and transfigured as it was before his eyes. The bright, rainy veil fell away; behind it stretched the sea, a southern sea of deep, deepest blue shot with silver lights, and a beautiful bay, on one side mistily open, on the other enclosed by mountains whose outline paled away into blue space. In the middle distance lay islands, where palms rose tall and small white houses gleamed among cypress groves. Ah, it was all too much, too blest for sinful mortals, that glory of light, that deep purity of the sky, that sunny freshness on the water! Such a scene Hans Castorp had never beheld, nor any-

thing like it. On his holidays he had barely sipped at the south, the sea for him meant the colourless, tempestuous northern tides, to which he clung with inarticulate, childish love. Of the Mediterranean, Naples, Sicily, he knew nothing. And yet — he *remembered*. Yes, strangely enough, that was recognition which so moved him. "Yes, yes, its very image," he was crying out, as though in his heart he had always cherished a picture of this spacious, sunny bliss. Always — and that always went far, far, unthinkably far back, as far as the open sea there on the left where it ran out to the violet sky bent down to meet it.

The sky-line was high, the distance seemed to mount to Hans Castorp's view, looking down as he did from his elevation onto the spreading gulf beneath. The mountains held it embraced, their tree-clad foot-hills running down to the sea; they reached in half-circle from the middle distance to the point where he sat, and beyond. This was a mountainous littoral, at one point of which he was crouching upon a sun-warmed stone terrace, while before him the ground, descending among undergrowth, by moss-covered rocky steps, ran down to a level shore, where the reedy shingle formed little blue-dyed bays, minute archipelagoes and harbours. And all the sunny region, these open coastal heights and laughing rocky basins, even the sea itself out to the islands, where boats plied to and fro, was peopled far and wide. On every hand human beings, children of sun and sea, were stirring or sitting. Beautiful young human creatures, so blithe, so good and gay, so pleasing to see — at sight of them Hans Castorp's whole heart opened in a responsive love, keen almost to pain.

Youths were at work with horses, running hand on halter alongside their whinnying, head-tossing charges; pulling the refractory ones on a long rein, or else, seated bareback, striking the flanks of their mounts with naked heels, to drive them into the sea. The muscles of the riders' backs played beneath the sun-bronzed skin, and their voices were enchanting beyond words as they shouted to each other or to their steeds. A little bay ran deep into the coast line, mirroring the shore as does a mountain lake; about it girls were dancing. One of them sat with her back toward him, so that her neck, and the hair drawn to a knot above it smote him with loveliness. She sat with her feet in a depression of the rock, and played on a shep-

herd's pipe, her eyes roving above the stops to her companions, as in long, wide garments, smiling, with outstretched arms, alone, or in pairs swaying gently toward each other, they moved in the paces of the dance. Behind the flute-player — she too was white-clad, and her back was long and slender, laterally rounded by the movement of her arms — other maidens were sitting, or standing entwined to watch the dance, and quietly talking. Beyond them still, young men were practising archery. Lovely and pleasant it was to see the older ones show the younger, curly-locked novices, how to span the bow and take aim; draw with them, and laughing support them staggering back from the push of the arrow as it leaped from the bow. Others were fishing, lying prone on a jut of rock, wagging one leg in the air, holding the line out over the water, approaching their heads in talk. Others sat straining forward to fling the bait far out. A ship, with mast and yards, lying high out of the tide, was being eased, shoved, and steadied into the sea. Children played and exulted among the breaking waves. A young female, lying outstretched, drawing with one hand her flowered robe high between her breasts, reached with the other in the air after a twig bearing fruit and leaves, which a second, a slender-hipped creature, erect at her head, was playfully withholding. Young folk were sitting in nooks of the rocks, or hesitating at the water's edge, with crossed arms clutching either shoulder, as they tested the chill with their toes. Pairs strolled along the beach, close and confiding, at the maiden's ear the lips of the youth. Shaggy-haired goats leaped from ledge to ledge of the rocks, while the young goatherd, wearing perched on his brown curls a little hat with the brim turned up behind, stood watching them from a height, one hand on his hip, the other holding the long staff on which he leaned.

"Oh, lovely, lovely," Hans Castorp breathed. "How joyous and winning they are, how fresh and healthy, happy and clever they look! It is not alone the outward form, they seem to be wise and gentle through and through. That is what makes me in love with them, the spirit that speaks out of them, the sense, I might almost say, in which they live and play together." By which he meant the friendliness, the mutual courteous regard these children of the sun showed to each other, a calm, reciprocal reverence veiled in smiles, manifested almost imperceptibly,

and yet possessing them all by the power of sense association and ingrained idea. A dignity, even a gravity, was held, as it were, in solution in their lightest mood, perceptible only as an ineffable spiritual influence, a high seriousness without austerity, a reasoned goodness conditioning every act. All this, indeed, was not without its ceremonial side. A young mother, in a brown robe loose at the shoulder, sat on a rounded mossy stone and suckled her child, saluted by all who passed with a characteristic gesture which seemed to comprehend all that lay implicit in their general bearing. The young men, as they approached, lightly and formally crossed their arms on their breasts, and smilingly bowed; the maidens shaped the suggestion of a curtsy, as the worshipper does when he passes the high altar, at the same time nodding repeatedly, blithely and heartily. This mixture of formal homage with lively friendliness, and the slow, mild mien of the mother as well, where she sat pressing her breast with her forefinger to ease the flow of milk to her babe, glancing up from it to acknowledge with a smile the reverence paid her — this sight thrilled Hans Castorp's heart with something very close akin to ecstasy. He could not get his fill of looking, yet asked himself in concern whether he had a right, whether it was not perhaps punishable, for him, an outsider, to be a party to the sunshine and gracious loveliness of all these happy folk. He felt common, clumsy-booted. It seemed unscrupulous.

A lovely boy, with full hair drawn sideways across his brow and falling on his temples, sat directly beneath him, apart from his companions, with arms folded on his breast — not sadly, not ill-naturedly, quite tranquilly on one side. This lad looked up, turned his gaze upward and looked at him, Hans Castorp, and his eyes went between the watcher and the scenes upon the strand, watching his watching, to and fro. But suddenly he looked past Hans Castorp into space, and that smile, common to them all, of polite and brotherly regard, disappeared in a moment from his lovely, purely cut, half-childish face. His brows did not darken, but in his gaze there came a solemnity that looked as though carved out of stone, inexpressive, unfathomable, a deathlike reserve, which gave the scarcely reassured Hans Castorp a thorough fright, not unaccompanied by a vague apprehension of its meaning.

He too looked in the same direction. Behind him rose towering columns, built of cylindrical blocks without bases, in the joinings of which moss had grown. They formed the façade of a temple gate, on whose foundations he was sitting, at the top of a double flight of steps with space between. Heavy of heart he rose, and, descending the stair on one side, passed through the high gate below, and along a flagged street, which soon brought him before other propylæa. He passed through these as well, and now stood facing the temple that lay before him, massy, weathered to a grey-green tone, on a foundation reached by a steep flight of steps. The broad brow of the temple rested on the capitals of powerful, almost stunted columns, tapering toward the top — sometimes a fluted block had been shoved out of line and projected a little in profile. Painfully, helping himself on with his hands, and sighing for the growing oppression of his heart, Hans Castorp mounted the high steps and gained the grove of columns. It was very deep, he moved in it as among the trunks in a forest of beeches by the pale northern sea. He purposely avoided the centre, yet for all that slanted back again, and presently stood before a group of statuary, two female figures carved in stone, on a high base: mother and daughter, it seemed; one of them sitting, older than the other, more dignified, right goddesslike and mild, yet with mourning brows above the lightless empty eye-sockets; clad in a flowing tunic and a mantle of many folds, her matronly brow with its waves of hair covered with a veil. The other figure stood in the protecting embrace of the first, with round, youthful face, and arms and hands wound and hidden in the folds of the mantle.

Hans Castorp stood looking at the group, and from some dark cause his laden heart grew heavier still, and more oppressed with its weight of dread and anguish. Scarcely daring to venture, but following an inner compulsion, he passed behind the statuary, and through the double row of columns beyond. The bronze door of the sanctuary stood open, and the poor soul's knees all but gave way beneath him at the sight within. Two grey old women, witchlike, with hanging breasts and dugs of finger-length, were busy there, between flaming braziers, most horribly. They were dismembering a child. In dreadful silence they tore it apart with their bare hands — Hans Castorp saw the bright hair blood-smeared — and cracked the

tender bones between their jaws, their dreadful lips dripped blood. An icy coldness held him. He would have covered his eyes and fled, but could not. They at their gory business had already seen him, they shook their reeking fists and uttered curses — soundlessly, most vilely, with the last obscenity, and in the dialect of Hans Castorp's native Hamburg. It made him sick, sick as never before. He tried desperately to escape; knocked into a column with his shoulder — and found himself, with the sound of that dreadful whispered brawling still in his ears, still wrapped in the cold horror of it, lying by his hut, in the snow, leaning against one arm, with his head upon it, his legs in their skis stretched out before him.

It was no true awakening. He blinked his relief at being free from those execrable hags, but was not very clear, nor even greatly concerned, whether this was a hay-hut, or the column of a temple, against which he lay; and after a fashion continued to dream, no longer in pictures, but in thoughts hardly less involved and fantastic.

"I felt it was a dream, all along," he rambled. "A lovely and horrible dream. I knew all the time that I was making it myself — the park with the trees, the delicious moisture in the air, and all the rest, both dreadful and dear. In a way, I knew it all beforehand. But how is it a man can know all that and call it up to bring him bliss and terror both at once? Where did I get the beautiful bay with the islands, where the temple precincts, whither the eyes of that charming boy pointed me, as he stood there alone? Now I know that it is not out of our single souls we dream. We dream anonymously and communally, if each after his fashion. The great soul of which we are a part may dream through us, in our manner of dreaming, its own secret dreams, of its youth, its hope, its joy and peace — and its blood-sacrifice. Here I lie at my column and still feel in my body the actual remnant of my dream — the icy horror of the human sacrifice, but also the joy that had filled my heart to its very depths, born of the happiness and brave bearing of those human creatures in white. It is meet and proper, I hereby declare that I have a prescriptive right to lie here and dream these dreams. For in my life up here I have known reason and recklessness. I have wandered lost with Settembrini and Naphta in high and mortal places. I know all of man. I have known man-

kind's flesh and blood. I gave back to the ailing Clavdia Chau-chat Pribislav Hippe's lead-pencil. But he who knows the body, life, knows death. And that is not all; it is, pedagogically speaking, only the beginning. One must have the other half of the story, the other side. For all interest in disease and death is only another expression of interest in life, as is proven by the humanistic faculty of medicine, that addresses life and its ails always so politely in Latin, and is only a division of the great and pressing concern which, in all sympathy, I now name by its name: the human being, the delicate child of life, man, his state and standing in the universe. I understand no little about him, I have learned much from 'those up here,' I have been driven up from the valley, so that the breath almost left my poor body. Yet now from the base of my column I have no meagre view. I have dreamed of man's state, of his courteous and enlightened social state; behind which, in the temple, the horrible blood-sacrifice was consummated. Were they, those children of the sun, so sweetly courteous to each other, in silent recognition of that horror? It would be a fine and right conclusion they drew. I will hold to them, in my soul, I will hold with them and not with Naphta, neither with Settembrini. They are both talkers; the one luxurious and spiteful, the other for ever blowing on his penny pipe of reason, even vainly imagining he can bring the mad to their senses. It is all Philistinism and morality, most certainly it is irreligious. Nor am I for little Naphta either, or his religion, that is only a *guazzabuglio* of God and the Devil, good and evil, to the end that the individual soul shall plump into it head first, for the sake of mystic immersion in the universal. Pedagogues both! Their quarrels and counter-positions are just a *guazzabuglio* too, and a confused noise of battle, which need trouble nobody who keeps a little clear in his head and pious in his heart. Their aristocratic question! Disease, health! Spirit, nature! Are those contradictions? I ask, are they problems? No, they are no problems, neither is the problem of their aristocracy. The recklessness of death is in life, it would not be life without it — and in the centre is the position of the *Homo Dei*, between recklessness and reason, as his state is between mystic community and windy individualism. I, from my column, perceive all this. In this state he must live gallantly, associate in friendly reverence

with himself, for only he is aristocratic, and the counter-positions are not at all. Man is the lord of counter-positions, they can be only through him, and thus he is more artistocratic than they. More so than death, too aristocratic for death — that is the freedom of his mind. More aristocratic than life, too aristocratic for life, and that is the piety in his heart. There is both rhyme and reason in what I say, I have made a dream poem of humanity. I will cling to it. I will be good. I will let death have no mastery over my thoughts. For therein lies goodness and love of humankind, and in nothing else. Death is a great power. One takes off one's hat before him, and goes weavingly on tiptoe. He wears the stately ruff of the departed and we do him honour in solemn black. Reason stands simple before him, for reason is only virtue, while death is release, immensity, abandon, desire. Desire, says my dream. Lust, not love. Death and love — no, I cannot make a poem of them, they don't go together. Love stands opposed to death. It is love, not reason, that is stronger than death. Only love, not reason, gives sweet thoughts. And from love and sweetness alone can form come: form and civilization, friendly, enlightened, beautiful human intercourse — always in silent recognition of the blood-sacrifice. Ah, yes, it is well and truly dreamed. I have taken stock. I will remember. I will keep faith with death in my heart, yet well remember that faith with death and the dead is evil, is hostile to humankind, so soon as we give it power over thought and action. *For the sake of goodness and love, man shall let death have no sovereignty over his thoughts.* — And with this — I awake. For I have dreamed it out to the end, I have come to my goal. Long, long have I sought after this word, in the place where Hippe appeared to me, in my loggia, everywhere. Deep into the snow mountains my search has led me. Now I have it fast. My dream has given it me, in utter clearness, that I may know it for ever. Yes, I am in simple raptures, my body is warm, my heart beats high and knows why. It beats not solely on physical grounds, as finger-nails grow on a corpse; but humanly, on grounds of my joyful spirits. My dream word was a draught, better than port or ale, it streams through my veins like love and life, I tear myself from my dream and sleep, knowing as I do, perfectly well, that they are highly dangerous to my young life. Up, up! Open your eyes! These are your

limbs, your legs here in the snow! Pull yourself together, and up! Look — fair weather!”

The bonds held fast that kept his limbs involved. He had a hard struggle to free himself—but the inner compulsion proved stronger. With a jerk he raised himself on his elbows, briskly drew up his knees, shoved, rolled, wrestled to his feet; stamped with his skis in the snow, flung his arms about his ribs and worked his shoulders violently, all the while casting strained, alert glances about him and above, where now a pale blue sky showed itself between grey-bluish clouds, and these presently drew away to discover a thin sickle of a moon. Early twilight reigned: no snowfall, no storm. The wall of the opposite mountain with its shaggy, tree-clad ridge stretched out before him plain and peaceful. Shadow lay on half its height, but the upper half was bathed in palest rosy light. How were things in the world? Was it morning? Had he, despite what the books said, lain all night in the snow and not frozen? Not a member was frost-bitten, nothing snapped when he stamped, shook and struck himself, as he did vigorously, all the time seeking to establish the facts of his situation. Ears, toes, fingertips, were of course numb, but not more so than they had often been at night in his loggia. He could take his watch from his pocket—it was still going, it had not stopped, as it did if he forgot to wind it. It said not yet five—it was in fact considerably earlier, twelve, thirteen minutes. Preposterous! Could it be he had lain here in the snow only ten minutes or so, while all these scenes of horror and delight and those presumptuous thoughts had spun themselves in his brain, and the hexagonal hurly vanished as it came? If that were true, then he must be grateful for his good fortune; that is, from the point of view of a safe home-coming. For twice such a turn had come, in his dream and fantasy, as had made him start up—once from horror, and again for rapture. It seemed, indeed, that life meant well by her lone-wandering delicate child.

Be all that as it might, and whether it was morning or afternoon—there could in fact be no doubt that it was still late afternoon—in any case, there was nothing in the circumstances or in his own condition to prevent his going home, which he accordingly did: descending in a fine sweep, as the crow flies, to the valley, where, as he reached it, lights were showing,

though his way had been well enough lighted by reflection from the snow. He came down the Brehmenbühl, along the edge of the forest, and was in the Dorf by half past five. He left his skis at the grocer's, rested a little in Herr Settembrini's attic cell, and told him how the storm had overtaken him in the mountains. The horrified humanist scolded him roundly, and straightway lighted his spirit-kettle to brew coffee for the exhausted one — the strength of which did not prevent Hans Castorp from falling asleep as he sat.

An hour later the highly civilized atmosphere of the Berghof caressed him. He ate enormously at dinner. What he had dreamed was already fading from his mind. What he had thought — even that selfsame evening it was no longer so clear as it had been at first.

Mynheer Peeperkorn

[In July of the summer that followed Hans Castorp's expedition into the snow, Joachim Ziemssen, who had fled the sanatorium to rejoin his regiment, returns to Davos, to die. His mother, Hans's aunt, joins the cousins and, before Joachim's death, lets it slip that she and her son were visited at the table in a Munich restaurant by Madame Chauchat, who asked to be remembered to Hans. This news of Clavdia is doubly welcome to him, for some months earlier when pronounced cured by Behrens he had rejected the opportunity to return to the flat-land on the excuse that he had promised Clavdia to await her return. He also owed it to himself, he felt, to remain at the sanatorium to continue his "stock-taking" (this was before his ski trip to the mountains). Thus, before Joachim's flight to the flat-land and before his vision in the snow Hans had said to himself: "If I am left up here, it is for ever; alone I should never find my way back." And now Joachim is dead. Hans was at his bedside when the honor-loving Joachim died in a delirious coma, but he could not bring himself to leave the mountain even for the sake of his beloved cousin's funeral. The author, however, asks us to "take our stand in spirit with Hans Castorp on his lonely height, and gaze down with him upon a damp burial-ground in the flat-land; see the flash of a sword as it rises and falls, hear the words of command rapped out, and three salvoes, three fanatical salutes reverberating over Joachim Ziemssen's root-pierced grave." After those words, which close the sixth part of the novel, the seventh and last part opens with a lyric essay on the "Ocean of Time," which contains a moving apostrophe on the earthly ocean that far from the mountains beats against the edge of Hans's native flat-land. We then encounter the last and greatest personage of the novel, Mynheer Peeperkorn, who is the means of bringing Clavdia Chauchat back to Hans. It is impossible to present here the hundred pages that contain the story of Hans's, Peeperkorn's, and Clavdia's relationship, but I have chosen two passages that generously indicate the magnificence of Peeperkorn's personality and tell something of the reunion between Hans and Clavdia.]

HANS CASTORP sat near the open door to the music-room, with his back to the portières, on a chair that happened to be standing there, a plush-covered chair in Renaissance style, with

a high straight back, and no arms. He held a newspaper as though to read it, but instead was listening with his head on one side to the snatches of music and talk from the next room. His brows were dark, his thoughts seemed not on harmonies bent, but rather on the thorny path of his present disillusionment. Bitter, bitter was the weird of our young man, who had borne out the long waiting only to be gulled at the end. Indeed he seemed not far from a sudden determination to fling his paper upon the chair he sat in, to escape by the hall door and exchange the empty gaieties of the salon for the frosty solitude of his balcony, and the society of his Maria.

"And your cousin, monsieur?" a voice suddenly asked above and behind his shoulder. It was a voice enchanting to his ear; it seemed his senses had been expressly contrived to perceive its sweet-and-bitter huskiness as the very height and summit of earthly harmonies; it was the voice that once had said to him: "Certainly. But be careful not to break it" — a compelling, fateful voice. And if he heard aright, it had asked him about Joachim.

Slowly he let his newspaper fall, and turned his face up a little, so that the crown of his head came against the straight back of his chair. He even closed his eyes, but quickly opened them, and gazed somewhere into space — the expression on the poor wight's face was well-nigh that of a sleep-walker, or clairvoyant. He wished she might ask again, but she did not, he was not even sure she still stood behind him, when, after all that pause, so tardily and with scarce audible voice he answered: "He is dead. He went down below to the service, and he died."

He realized that this "dead" was the first word to fall between them; likewise, simultaneously, that she was not sure of expressing herself in his tongue, and chose short and easy phrases to condole in. Still standing behind and above him, she said: "Oh, woe, alas! That is too bad! Quite dead and buried? Since when?"

"Some time ago. His mother came and took him back with her. He had grown a beard, a soldier's beard. They fired three salvoes over his grave."

"He deserved them. He was a very good young man. Far better than most other people — than some others one knows."

"Yes, he was good and brave. Rhadamanthus always talked

about his doggedness. But his body would have it otherwise. *Rebellio carnis*, the Jesuits call it. He always set store by his body — in the highest sense. However, his body thought otherwise, and snapped its fingers at doggedness. But it is more moral to lose your life than to save it."

"Monsieur is still the philosophizing *fainéant*, I see. But Rhadamanthus? Who is that?"

"Behrens. That is Settembrini's name for him."

"Ah, Settembrini. Him I know. That Italian who — whom I did not like. He was not *hu* — man. He had — arrogance." The voice dwelt on the word human — dreamily, fanatically; and accented arrogance on the final syllable. "He is no longer here? And I am so stupid, I do not know what is Rhadamanthus."

"A humanistic allusion. Settembrini has moved away. We've philosophized a lot of late, he and I and Naphta."

"Who is Naphta?"

"His adversary."

"If he is that, then I would gladly make his acquaintance. — Did I not tell you your cousin would die if he went down to be a soldier?"

And Hans Castorp answered as he had vowed and dreamed: "*Tu l'as su*," he said.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked him.

There was a long pause. He did not retract, he waited, with the crown of his head pressed against the chair-back, and his gaze half tranced, to hear her voice again; and again he was not sure she was still there, again he was afraid the broken music might have drowned her departing footsteps. At last it came again: "And Monsieur did not go down to his cousin's funeral?"

He replied: "No, I bade him adieu up here, before they shut him away, when he had begun to smile in his beard. His brow was cold — *tu sais comme les fronts des morts sont froids*?"

"Again! What a way is that to address a lady whom one hardly knows!"

"Must I speak not humanly, but humanistically?"

"*Quelle blague!* You were here all the time?"

"Yes. I waited."

"Waited — for what?"

"For thee!"

A laugh came from above him, a word that sounded like "Madman!" — "For me? How absurd it is — *ils ne t'auraient pas laissé partir.*"

"Oh, yes, Behrens would have, once — he was furious. But it would have been folly. I have not only the old scars that come from my school-days, but the fresh places that give me my fever."

"Still fever?"

"Yes, still, a little — or nearly always. It is intermittent. But not an intermittent fever."

"*Des allusions?*"

He was silent. He still gazed somnambulant, but his brows were gathered. After a while he asked: "*Et toi — où as-tu été?*"

A hand struck the back of the chair. "*Toujours ce tutoyer! Mais c'est un sauvage!* — Where have I been? All over. In Moscow" — the voice pronounced it Muoscow — "in Baku — in some German baths, in Spain."

"Oh, in Spain. Did you like it?"

"So-so. The travelling is bad. The people are half Moorish. Castile is bare and stark. The Kremlin is finer than that castle or monastery, or whatever it is, at the foot of the mountains —"

"Yes, the Escorial."

"Yes, Philip's castle. An inhuman place. I preferred the folk-dancing in Catalonia, the *sardana* to the bagpipes. *Moi, j'ai dansé aussi moi!* they take each other's hands and dance in a ring — the whole square is full of dancing people. *C'est charmant.* That is *hu* — man. I bought a little blue cap, such as all the men and boys of the people wear down there, almost like a fez — the *boina*. I shall wear it in the rest-cure, and other places, perhaps. Monsieur shall judge if it becomes me."

"What monsieur?"

"Sitting here in this chair."

"Not Mynheer Peeperkorn?"

"He has already pronounced judgment — he says I look charming in it."

"He said that — all of it? Did he really finish the sentence, so it could be understood?"

"Ah! It seems Monsieur is out of temper? Monsieur would be spiteful, cutting? He would laugh at people who are much

greater and better, and — more *hu* — man than himself and his — his *ami bavard de la Méditerranée, son maître et grand parleur* — put together. But I cannot listen — ”

“Have you my x-ray portrait?” he interrupted, crest-fallen. She laughed. “I must look it out.”

“I carry yours here. And on my bedside table I have a little easel — ”

He did not finish. Before him stood Peeperkorn. He had searched for his travelling-companion, entered through the portières and stood in front of Hans Castorp’s chair, behind which he saw her talking; stood like a tower, so close to Hans Castorp as to rouse the latter from his trance, and make him realize that it was in place to get up and be mannerly. But they were so close he had to slide sidewise from his seat, and then the three stood in a triangle, the centre of which was the chair.

Frau Chauchat complied with the requirements of the civilized West, by presenting the gentlemen to each other, Hans Castorp to Peeperkorn as “an acquaintance of a former stay.” Superfluous to account for Herr Peeperkorn. She gave his name, and the Dutchman bent a look upon the young man, out of his colourless eyes, beneath the astonishing arabesque of wrinkles that made his face so like an old idol’s; gave him a look, and put out his hand, which was freckled on the back, and would have looked like a sea-captain’s, Hans Castorp thought, but for the lanceolate finger-nails. For the first time, he stood under the immediate influence of Peeperkorn’s impressive personality (personality was the word that always occurred to one in reference to this man, one knew straightway that this was a personality; and the more one saw of him the more one was convinced that a personality must look not otherwise than as he did) and his unstable youth felt the weight of this broad-shouldered, red-faced man in the sixties, with his aureole of white hair, his cracked lips and the chin-whisker that strayed long and scanty over the clerical waist-coat. Peeperkorn’s manner was courtesy itself.

“My dear sir,” he said, “with the greatest of pleasure. Don’t mention it. I am entirely your man. In making your acquaintance, I distinctly feel — as a young man, you inspire me with confidence. I like you. I — don’t mention it. Settled, sir, settled. You suit me.”

What could Hans Castorp do? Peeperkorn's gestures were conclusive, peremptory. He liked Hans Castorp. It was "settled." And his satisfaction gave Peeperkorn an idea, which he indicated by means of speaking gesture. His fair companion, coming to the rescue, elaborated and made it vocal.

"My child," he said. "Very well. Very well indeed. Very. But how would it be — ? Pray understand me. Our life here is but brief. Our power to do it justice is but — These are facts, my child. Laws. In — ex — orable. In short, my child, in short and in brief — " He paused, in an impressive attitude, which suggested that he would defer to another's judgment but disclaim responsibility if, despite his warning, an error were committed.

Frau Chauchat was obviously skilled in interpreting his half-uttered wishes. She said: "Why not? We might remain down a little longer, make a party, perhaps, and drink a bottle of wine together." She turned to Hans Castorp. "Make haste! Why are you waiting? We must have company, we three are not enough. Who is still in the salon? Ask anyone who is there, fetch some of your friends down from their balconies. We will ask Dr. Ting-fu from our table."

Peeperkorn rubbed his hands.

"Very good," he said. "Absolutely. Capital. Do as you are bid, young man, make haste! Let us make a little company, play, and eat and drink. Let us feel that — settled, young man. Absolutely."

Hans Castorp took the lift to the second storey. He knocked at Ferge's door, who in his turn fetched Wehsal and Herr Albin from their chairs in the main rest-hall below. Lawyer Paravant and the Magnus couple were still in the hall, Frau Stöhr and the Kleefeld in the salon. A large table was set up under the centre chandelier, chairs and serving-tables put about. Mynheer courteously greeted each guest as he appeared, with a glance of the pallid eyes and a lifting of the masklike brows. They sat down, twelve together, Hans Castorp between his kingly host and Clavdia Chauchat. Cards and counters were produced, they decided on some rounds of *vingt et un*. Peeperkorn summoned the dwarf and in his most impressive manner ordered wine — white Chablis of '06, three bottles for a start — and dessert, whatever *pâtisseries* and dried fruits were to be

had. He rubbed his hands in high glee as the good things came in, and communicated his sentiments in broken phrases which were none the less entirely successful, at least in the direction of establishing his "personality." He laid both hands on his neighbour's arm, then raised his long forefinger with the pointed nail, and claimed and received the admiration of the table for the splendid golden colour of the wine in the rummers, for the sugar that sweated from the Malaga grapes, for a certain sort of little salt and poppy-seed pretzel. These, he declared, were divine, and with an imperious gesture nipped in the bud any possible protest against the strength of his adjective. He had taken charge of the bank at first, but soon turned it over to Herr Albin, and was understood to say that the charge of it hindered his unfettered enjoyment.

The gambling was to him quite evidently a minor consideration. The stakes were very low, a mere trifle in his view, though the bidding, at his suggestion, began at fifty *rappen*, a considerable sum to most of those present. Lawyer Paravant and Frau Stöhr went white and red by turns; the latter suffered pangs of indecision when called on to decide whether it was too high for her to buy at eighteen. She squealed aloud when Herr Albin with chill routine dealt her a card so high as to confound her hopes over and over. Peeperkorn laughed heartily.

"Squeal away, madame, squeal away," said he. "It sounds shrill and full of life, it wells up from depths — drink, madame, drink and refresh yourself for new efforts." He filled her glass, also his neighbour's and his own, ordered three more bottles, and clicked glasses with Wehsal and Frau Magnus the only wasted one; they two seeming to stand in most need of enlivenment. Faces flushed more and more, from the effects of the truly marvellous wine — only Dr. Ting-fu's remained unchangingly yellow, with jet-black slits of eyes. He staked very high, with his little suppressed giggle, and was shamelessly lucky. Lawyer Paravant, his gaze a-swim, challenged fate by putting ten francs on an only moderately hopeful opening card, bought until he was pale in the face, and then won twice his money back; for Herr Albin had rashly doubled on the strength of an ace he received. Not only the persons involved felt the shock of these events; the whole circle shared the shattering effect. Even Herr Albin, whose sang-froid outdid the croupiers of Monte

Carlo, where, according to him, he was an old habitu  , now scarcely mastered his excitement. Hans Castorp played high, so did Frau St  hr and the Kleefeld, Frau Chauchat as well. They went the rounds: played *Chemin de fer*, "My aunt, your aunt," and the perilous *Diff  rence*. There were outbursts of jubilation and despair, explosions of rage, attacks of hysterical laughter — all due to the reaction of this unlawful pleasure upon their nerves; and all perfectly serious and genuine. The chances and changes of life itself would have called up in them no other reaction.

But it was not solely — or even chiefly — the play and the wine that made the little circle so tense, that flushed their cheeks and opened their eyes so wide, or evoked such breathless excitement, such almost painful concentration on the moment's business. It was rather the effect of a commanding nature in their midst, a "personality"; it was Mynheer Peeperkorn who held the gathering in the hollow of his mobile gesturing hand, and enforced it, by the spectacle of his countenance, by his pallid gaze beneath the monumental creases of his brow, by his words, and his compelling pantomime, to take the mood of the hour. No matter what he said; it was highly incomprehensible, and the more so the more wine he drank. Yet they hung on his lips, they could not take their eyes from the little round made by his finger and thumb, with the pointed nails stiffly erect beside it; or from the majestic, speaking face; they utterly succumbed to feelings which for self-forgetfulness and intensity far exceeded the accustomed gamut of these people. The tribute they paid was too much for some of them — Frau Magnus, at least, felt very poorly; threatened to faint, but stoutly refused to retire, and contented herself with the chaise-longue, where she lay awhile with a wet napkin over her forehead, and then rejoined the group at the table.

Peeperkorn put down her plight to lack of nourishment. He expressed himself in this sense, with impressive disjointedness, forefinger aloft. People must nourish themselves properly, he gave them to understand, in order to do justice to life's manifold claims. And he ordered sustenance for the company: platters of cold meat, joint and roast; tongue, goose, ham, sausage, whole dishes of delectables, all garnished with little radishes, butter-balls, and parsley, gay as flower-beds. They found a wel-

come, despite the lately consumed supper, which, it were superfluous to tell the reader, had lacked nothing in heartiness. But Mynheer Peeperkorn, after a few bites, dismissed the whole as "kickshaws" — dismissed them with a scorn which gave dismaying evidence of the uncertain temper of this lordly man. Yes, he waxed choleric, turned upon one of the company who tried to defend the collation. He swelled with rage, struck the table with his first, and cursed the food for garbage, fit for the dust-bin. This reduced the offender to silence, for certainly Peeperkorn, as host and dispenser of the good cheer, might find fault with its quality if he chose.

But his rage, however disproportionate, became him magnificently, Hans Castorp saw that. It did not misrepresent or render him petty: it wrought his incoherence, which no one in the group could have had the heart to connect with the mixture of wine he had drunk, to so royal a pitch that they all with one accord agreed, and took not another bite of the offending viands. Frau Chauchat set to work to mollify her companion's mood. She stroked his great sea-captain's hand, as it rested on the cloth after the blow he had struck, and said cajolingly that they might order something else, a hot dish, perhaps, if the *chef* could be won over. "Very good, my child," Peeperkorn said, assuaged. And passed, without abating his dignity, from a full torrent of wrath to a state of appeasement, as he took Clavdia's hand and kissed it. He ordered omelets for himself and the company, for each person a fine large *omelette aux fines herbes*, to help them do justice to the demands life made on them. And accompanied the order with a hundred-franc note as a sweetener for the staff.

His placidity was fully restored by the appearance of the steaming dishes, with their burden of canary-yellow besprent with green, which dispersed a mild warm fragrance of eggs and butter upon the air. They fell to with Peeperkorn, who ate and presided over the enjoyment, with broken words and compelling gesture enjoining upon everybody a perfervid appreciation of these gifts of God. He ordered a Hollands all round to go with the omelets; the transparent liquor gave out a healthy grain odour, mingled with just the faintest whiff of juniper — and Peeperkorn laid upon them all to drink it reverently.

Hans Castorp smoked, Frau Chauchat as well; the latter Rus-

sian cigarettes with a mouthpiece, from a lacquered box with a *troika* going full speed on the lid, which lay to hand on the table before her. Peeperkorn made no objection to his neighbours' enjoyment, but did not smoke himself — he never had done so. If they understood him aright, he considered the use of tobacco one of those over-refined enjoyments the cultivation of which robbed of their majesty the simpler pleasures of life — those gifts and claims to which our power of feeling was even at best scarcely equal. "Young man," said he to Hans Castorp, holding him by the power of his pale eye and his developed gesture: "Young man — the simple — the holy. Good — you understand me. A bottle of wine, a steaming dish of eggs, pure grain spirit — let us absorb such things as these, exhaust them, satisfy their claims, before we — Positively, sir. Not a word. I have known men and women, cocaine eaters, hashish smokers, morphine takers — My dear friend, very good. Very good indeed. Very. Let them. We cannot judge, or condemn. But the simple, the great, the primeval gifts of God — to them they were unequal in the first place. Settled, my friend. Condemned, rejected. They could not respond. — Your name, young man? Good. I knew it, but I had forgotten. Not in cocaine, not in opium, not in vice as such does the viciousness lie. The unpardonable — the — unpardonable — sin —"

He paused. Tall and broad, he bent toward his neighbour; paused and maintained a marvellously expressive silence. His forefinger was raised, his mouth a broken line; beneath the bare, red upper lip, which was somewhat raw from the razor, the horizontal folds of his bald forehead rose to meet the white aureole of his hair; the small pale eyes stared wide, and Hans Castorp seemed to read in them some flicker of horror at the crime, the great transgression, the unforgivable sin, which seeking to expound he stood there now, charming the silence with all the force of a commanding though incoherent personality. Hans Castorp thought it a disinterested horror, yet with something too of a personal kind, something that touched the kingly creature near: fear, perhaps, but not of any mean or narrow sort; that was very like panic flickering up momentarily in the eyes. Hans Castorp — despite the grounds he had for hostile misinterpretation of Frau Chauchat's majestic friend — was by nature too respectful not to feel shocked at the revelation.

He cast down his eyes, and nodded, to give his neighbour the satisfaction of being understood.

"You are quite right," he said. "It may easily be a sin — and a sign of impotence — to indulge in the refinements of life, at the same time being inadequate to its great, simple, sacred gifts. If I understood you aright, Herr Peeperkorn, that was your meaning. And though I hadn't thought of it in that light, I may say that I agree with you, now that you mention it. It probably happens seldom enough that these sound and simple gifts of life have real justice done them. The majority of human beings are too heedless, too flabby, too corrupt, too worn out inwardly to give them their due, I feel sure of that."

The mighty one was immensely pleased. "Young man," he said, "positively. Will you permit me — not a word. I beg you to drink with me — no heel-taps — arm-in-arm. I do not, at this moment, propose to you the brotherly thou; I was about to do so, but it would no doubt be precipitate. Somewhat. In the near future, however. Depend upon it. Or, if you insist upon the present —"

Hans Castorp demurred.

"Excellent, young man. 'Impotence' — very good. Very. Gives one the shivers. 'Corrupt' — very good too. 'Gifts' — not so good — 'claims' better — the holy, the feminine claims life makes upon manly honour and strength —"

Hans Castorp was suddenly driven to realize that Peeperkorn was very drunk. Still, his drunkenness was not debasing, there was no loss of dignity; rather it combined with the nobility of his nature to produce an immense and awe-inspiring effect. Bacchus himself, thought Hans Castorp, without detriment to his godhead, leaned for support on the shoulders of his troop. Everything depended upon *who* was drunk — a drunken personality was far from being the same as a drunken tinker. He took care not to abate, even inwardly, his respect for this overwhelming person, whose gestures had grown lax, and his tongue stammering.

"Brother," said Peeperkorn. His great torso lolled back in free and regal intoxication against his chair. His arm lay stretched along the cloth and he tapped the table with fist lightly clenched. "Brother-in-blood — prospective. In the near future — after a proper interval for reflection. — Very good. Set —

tled. — Life, young man, is a female. A sprawling female, with swelling breasts close to each other, great soft belly between her haunches, slender arms, bulging thighs, half-closed eyes. She mocks us. She challenges us to expend our manhood to its uttermost span, to stand or fall before her. To stand or fall. To *fall*, young man — do you know what that means? The defeat of the feelings, their overthrow when confronted by life — that is impotence. For it there is no mercy, it is pitilessly, mockingly condemned. — Not a word, young man! Spewed out of the mouth. Shame and ignominy are soft words for the ruin and bankruptcy, the horrible disgrace. It is the end of everything, the hellish despair, the Judgment Day. . . .”

The Dutchman had flung back his mighty torso more and more, his kingly head sank lower on his breast, he seemed to be dozing as he talked. But with the last word he lifted the fist that had been lying relaxed on the table, and brought it down with a crash, making our slim young Hans Castorp, overwrought as he was with wine and play, and the singularity of the whole scene, jump, and in startled awe look at the mighty one. “The Judgment Day!” How the phrase suited the man! Hans Castorp did not remember ever hearing it uttered, except perhaps at catechism. And no wonder, he said to himself. Who else would have thought of using it like that — or, more correctly, who would have been big enough to take the thunderbolt in his mouth? Naphta, perhaps, when he talked his vindictive rubbish — but it would have been cheek. Whereas Peep-erkorn’s utterance seemed to hold the sound of the last trump, majestic, biblical. “Good Lord, what a personality!” he felt for the hundredth time. “At last I’ve come in contact with a real character — and it turns out to be Clavdia’s —.” Not too clear-headed himself, he turned his wineglass about on the table, one hand in his trouser pocket, one eye clipped shut against the smoke of the cigarette he held in the corner of his mouth. Certainly he would have done better to keep quiet. What was his feeble pipe, after the rolling thunder of Jove? But his two democratic mentors had trained him to discussion — for they were both democratic, though one of them struggled against it — and habit betrayed him into one of his naïve commentaries.

“Your remarks, Mynheer Peep-erkorn,” (what an expression! Does one make “remarks” about the Day of Judgment?) “lead

back my mind to what you said previously about vice: that it consists in an affront to the simple, what you call the holy, or, as I might say, the classic, gifts which life offers us; the larger gifts, by contrast with the later and 'cultivated' ones, the refinements, which you 'indulge in,' as one of us put it, whereas one 'consecrates oneself' to the great gifts and pays them homage. But just here, it seems to me, lies the excuse for vice (you must pardon me, but I incline by nature to excuses, though there is nothing 'large' about them — I am quite clear on that point) in so far as it is a result of impotence. About the horrors of impotence you have said things of such magnitude that I am quite confounded, as you see me sit here. But in my view, a vicious man appears not at all insensible of your horrors; on the contrary he does them full justice, since it is the abdication of his feelings before the classical gifts of life that drives him to vice. Thus we need not see in vice any affront to life, it may just as well be regarded as homage to it; on the other hand, so far as the refinements represent *stimulantia*, as they say — means of excitation or intoxication — so far as they sustain or increase the power to feel, then life is their purpose and meaning, the desire for feeling, the impotent striving after feeling — I mean —"

What was he talking about? Was it not democratic and unblushing enough that he had said "as one of us put it" — thus coupling himself and a personality like Peeperkorn? Had certain events in the past — which shed a dubious light on present pretensions — given him courage to utter the impertinence? Were the gods wishful to destroy him, when they moved him to embark on this foolhardy analysis of "vice"? Now let him look to it to extricate himself; for surely he has invoked the whirlwind.

Mynheer Peeperkorn, during Hans Castorp's harangue, had sat flung back in his chair, his head still sunk on his breast. It was uncertain even whether he had been listening. But now, slowly, as the young man's utterance grew more involved, he began to erect himself to his full sitting height, the majestic head inflamed; the pattern of furrows on his brow expanded upwards, his little eyes opened in pallid menace. Obviously a storm was brewing beside which the other had been a passing cloud. Mynheer's under lip pressed wrathfully against the upper, the corners of his mouth drew down, the chin pro-

truded. Slowly he raised his right arm above his head; the fist clenched and remained poised aloft, ready for summary execution upon the democratic prattler, who for his part was panic-stricken — yet not without a thrill of precarious joy at this spectacle of regal rage.

He repressed an inclination to flight, and hastened to say, disarmingly: "Of course, I have failed to express my meaning. The whole thing is simply a question of scale. If a thing has size, one cannot call it vice. Vice is petty. Of their nature, so are the *raffinements*. They are never on the grand scale. But since the most primitive times man has had to his hand a resource, a means of mounting to the heights of feeling, which belongs among the classic gifts of life: a resource, simple, sacred, in the grand style, if I may so express myself. I mean the grape, wine, the gift of the gods to man, as we are told of old time. A god invented it, and with its invention civilization began. For we are told that, thanks to the art of planting and treading the vine, man emerged from his barbaric state, and achieved culture; even to-day where the grape grows, those people are accounted, or account themselves, possessed of a higher culture than the Cimmerians, a fact which is worthy our attention. For it indicates that civilization is not a thing of the reason, of being sober and articulate; it has far more to do with inspiration and frenzy, the joys of the winecup — if I may make so bold as to ask, have I not expressed your attitude in the matter?"

A sly dog, this Hans Castorp. Or, as Herr Settembrini with literary feeling had put it, a "wag." To rush into controversy with personalities, to be even forward of speech — but then to know how to extricate himself when need was, and his coat-tails, as it were, all but on fire! In the first place, he had given them an impromptu but quite respectable *apologia* for drinking; into which, *en passant*, he had slipped a reference to "civilization" — of which there was just then small trace in Mynheer Peeperkorn's primitive and menacing attitude; and lastly, he had got round him, put him in the wrong, by asking him, quite simply, a question which one can scarcely answer and maintain the threatening pose or the raised fist. And accordingly the Dutchman relaxed from his neolithic rage, slowly his arm sank again till it rested on the table, his face lost its swollen look, the storm passed over with no trace but the last mutter

of thunder, he even seemed to entertain the thought of clicking glasses again; and now Frau Chauchat came to the rescue, by calling her companion's attention to the gradual disintegration of the party.

"My friend," she said to him, in French, "you are neglecting your other guests. You devote yourself too exclusively to this gentleman — important though your conversation with him doubtless is — and the others have stopped playing, I fear they grow tired — shall we say good-night?"

Peeperkorn turned his attention to the circle. It was true: they were demoralized. Lethargy and boredom sat on every brow; the guests were out of hand, like a neglected class. Several were on the point of falling asleep. Peeperkorn took a firm grip on the reins he had let fall. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he summoned them, with raised forefinger — and that pointed finger was like a waving standard or the flash of an unsheathed sword, as his words were like the rallying-cry of the leader, which brings to a stand the threatened rout. It had its effect in a trice. They picked themselves up, they pulled themselves together, they looked again with smiles into their host's pale eyes beneath his masklike brows. He held them all, he pressed them afresh into service of his personality, sinking the tip of his forefinger till it met the tip of his thumb, and erecting the three others straight and stiff with their long nails. He stretched out his sea-captain's hand, checking them, warning them, and words issued from his cracked lips — words utterly irrelevant and indistinct, yet exerting on their spirits a resistless power, thanks to the reserves of personality behind them.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Very good, very good indeed. Very. The flesh, ladies and gentlemen, is — not another word. No, permit me to say — weak, so the Scripture has it. Weak. Inclined to be unequal to claims — but I appeal to your — in short, ladies and gentlemen, in short *and* in brief, I ap — peal! You will say to me: 'Sleep.' Very good, ladies and gentlemen, very good, very. I love and honour sleep. I venerate the deep, sweet, refreshing bliss of it. Sleep is one of the — what did you call them, young man? — one of the classic gifts of life — the first, the very first, the highest, ladies and gentlemen. But you will recall, you will remember — Gethsemane. 'And took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee. . . . Then saith he

unto them: . . . Tarry ye here and watch with me.' You remember? 'And he cometh unto the disciples and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter: What, could ye not watch with me one hour?' Immense, my friends. Heart-piercing, moving to the last—very. 'And came and found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy. And saith unto them: Sleep on now, and take your rest, behold the hour is at hand.' Ladies and gentlemen, that pierces the heart, it sears—"

In truth, they were all cut to the quick, they were crushed. He had folded his hands across his chest, upon his scanty beard, and laid his head on one side. His eyes had grown dim with feeling as the words expressive of the lonely anguish of death fell from his chapped lips. Frau Stöhr sobbed. Frau Magnus heaved a heavy sigh. Lawyer Paravant saw it was incumbent upon him to represent the sense of the meeting. In a voice solemnly sunk, he assured their honoured host that the circle was his to command. Herr Peeperkorn mistook them. Here they were, blithe as the dawn, jolly as sand-boys, ready for anything. This, he said, was a priceless evening, so festive, so out of the ordinary. Such was their feeling, and no one of them had any present idea of availing himself of life's good gift of sleep. Mynheer Peeperkorn could count on them, one and all.

"Splendid, excellent," Peeperkorn cried, and stood erect again. He unclasped his hands and spread them wide and high before him, palms outward—it looked like a heathen prayer. His majestic physiognomy, but now imprinted with Gothic anguish, blossomed once more in pagan jollity. Even a sybaritic dimple appeared in his cheek. "The hour is at hand," said he, and sent for the wine-card. He put on a horn-rimmed pince-nez, the nose-piece of which rode high up on his forehead, and ordered champagne, three bottles of Mumm & Co., *Cordon rouge*, extra dry, with *petits fours*, toothsome cone-shaped little dainties in lace frills, covered with coloured frosting and filled with chocolate and *pistache* cream. Frau Stöhr licked her fingers after them. Herr Albin nonchalantly removed the wire from the first bottle, and let the mushroom-shaped cork pop to the ceiling; elegantly he conformed to the ritual, holding the neck of the bottle wrapped in a serviette as he poured. The noble foam bedewed the cloth. Every glass rang as the guests saluted, then drank the first one empty at a

draught, electrifying their digestive organs with the ice-cold, prickling, perfumed liquid. Every eye sparkled. The game had come to an end, no one troubled to take cards or gains from the table. They gave themselves over to a blissful *far niente*, enlivened by scraps of conversation in which, out of sheer high spirits, no one hung back. They uttered thoughts that in the thinking had seemed primevally fresh and beautiful, but in the saying somehow turned lame, stammering, indiscreet, a perfect gallimaufry, calculated to arouse the scorn of any sober onlooker. The audience, however, took no offence, all being in much the same irresponsible condition. Even Frau Magnus's ears were red, and she admitted that she felt "as though life were running through her" — which Herr Magnus seemed not over-pleased to hear. Hermine Kleefeld leaned against Herr Albin's shoulder as she held her glass to be filled. Peeperkorn conducted the Bacchanalian rout with his long-fingered gestures, and summoned additional supplies: coffee followed the champagne, "Mocha double," with fresh rounds of "bread," and pungent liqueurs: apricot brandy, chartreuse, *crème de vanille*, and maraschino for the ladies. Later there appeared marinated *filets* of fish, and beer; lastly tea, both Chinese and camomile, for those who had done with champagne and liqueurs and did not care to return to a sound wine, as Mynheer himself did; he, Frau Chauchat, and Hans Castorp working back after midnight to a Swiss red wine. Mynheer Peeperkorn, genuinely thirsty, drank down glass after glass of the simple, effervescent drink.

The party held together for another hour, partly because they were all too leaden-footed and befuddled to rise, partly because this method of spending the hours of the night appealed to them by its novelty; partly by the weight of Peeperkorn's personality, and the blasting example of Peter and his brethren, to which they all shamed to yield. Generally speaking, the female section seemed less compromised than the male. For the men, flushed or sallow, sat with their legs sprawled before them, puffing out their cheeks. Now and then they would make a half-mechanical effort to lift the glass, but their hearts were no longer in it. The women were more enterprising. Hermine Kleefeld, bare elbows on the table, propped up her head, her cheeks in her hands, and showed the giggling Ting-fu all the

enamel of her front teeth. Frau Stöhr, with her chin and shoulder coquettishly meeting, sought to reawaken Lawyer Paravant to desire. Frau Magnus's state was such that she had seated herself on Herr Albin's lap and was pulling both his ears by their lobes — a sight in which Herr Magnus appeared to find relief. The company had urged Anton Karlowitsch Ferge to regale them with the story of the pleura-shock; but his tongue was too thick, he could not manage it, and honourably avowed his incapacity, which was greeted by the company as occasion for another drink. Wehsal all at once began to weep bitterly, from some unplumbed depth of wretchedness. They brought him round with coffee and cognac; but the episode roused Peeperkorn's lively interest, who looked at his quivering chin, from which tears dripped, and with raised forefinger and lifted masklike brows called the attention of the company to the phenomenon.

"That is — " he said. "Ah — with your permission, that is — holy. Dry his chin, my child, take my serviette — or, still better, let it drip. He himself has done so. Holy, holy, my friends. In every sense. Christian and pagan. A primitive phenomenon, of the first — the very first — No. No, that is to say — "

This oft-repeated phrase set the key for all the running comment with which he accompanied his production of gesture — gesture that by now, in all conscience, had grown more than a little burlesque. He had a way of lifting that little circlet formed by thumb and forefinger to a poise above his ear, and coyly twisting his head away from it — one watched him as one might an elderly priest of some oriental cult, with the skirts of his robe snatched up, doing a dance before the sacrificial altar. Again, flung back in Olympian repose, with one arm stretched out on the back of his neighbour's chair, he beguiled them all to their confusion, by painting a vivid and irresistible scene of a dark, frosty winter morning, when the yellow gleam of the night-lamp reveals the network of bare boughs outside the pane, rigid in the harsh and penetrating mist of early dawn. So telling was the picture, so universal its appeal — actually, they all shivered; particularly when he went on to speak of rising in such a dawn, and squeezing a great sponge filled with ice-cold water over neck and shoulders. The effective sensation he characterized as "holy." But all this was a digression, an

aside thrown out to illustrate receptivity for life; a fantastic impromptu, let fall merely to renew and reassert the whole irresistible compulsion of his presence and his sensations upon the scene of abandoned night-revelry. He made love to every female creature within reach, without discrimination or respect of person; tendering such offers to the dwarf that the crippled creature's large old face was wreathed in smiles. He paid Frau Stöhr compliments that made the vulgar creature bridle more extravagantly than ever, and become almost senseless with affectation. He supplicated — and received — a kiss from Fräulein Kleefeld, upon his thick, chapped lips. He even coquetted with the forlorn Frau Magnus — and all this without detriment to the delicate homage he paid his companion, whose hand he would every now and then carry gallantly to his lips. "Wine —" he said, "women; they are — that is — pardon me — Gethsemane — Day of Judgment. . . ."

Toward two o'clock word flew about that "the old man" — in other words, Hofrat Behrens — was approaching by forced marches. Panic reigned among the nerveless company. Chairs and ice-pails were upset. They fled through the library. Peeperkorn raged at the precipitate breaking-up of the festivities, in kingly choler struck the table with his fist and called after the retreating "cowardly slaves" — but allowed Frau Chauchat and Hans Castorp to calm him with the consideration that the banquet had already lasted some six hours, and must in any case some time come to an end. He lent an ear when they murmured something about the "holy" boon of sleep, and yielded to their efforts to lead him away to bed.

"Let me lean upon you, my child! And you, young man, on my other side," he said. They helped him lift his unwieldy body from table, gave him the support of their arms, and he walked with wide steps between them bedwards, his mighty head sunk on his lifted shoulder. First one and then the other of his aides was carried to one side by his staggering pace. It is probable that he was merely indulging himself in the regal luxury of being thus supported and piloted; presumably he could have gone by himself. But he scorned the effort. If made it would have been solely for the unworthy purpose of disguising his state, and of this he was royally unashamed, revelling in the fun of making his companions stagger with him from

side to side. He even said, on the way: "Children — nonsense. Of course I'm not — at this moment. You ought to see — ridiculous —"

"Ridiculous, of course," Hans Castorp agreed. "It certainly is. We are giving the classical gifts of life their due, staggering in their honour. Seriously, on the other hand: I've had my share too; but any so-called drunkenness to the contrary, I fully recognize the honour of helping such a tremendous personality to bed; I am not so drunk I don't know that in the matter of size I don't hold a candle —"

"Come, come, chatterbox," Peeperkorn said, and they moved rhythmically on toward the stairs, drawing Frau Chauchat with them.

II

A WATERFALL is always an attractive goal for an excursion. We scarcely know how to explain why Hans Castorp, with all his native love of falling water, had never visited the picturesque cascade in the valley of the Fluela. His cousin's strong sense of duty to the service had probably prevented him, during Joachim's time; the latter's purposeful attitude had tended to confine their activities to the close vicinity of the Berghof. But even since that time — if we except the winter excursions on skis — Hans Castorp's relations with the mountain scenery had been extremely conservative, not to say monotonous. The young man found a curious pleasure in the contrast between the limitations of his physical sphere and the broad scope of his mental operations. However, when it was proposed that his little group of seven people should make a driving excursion to the waterfall, he readily assented.

It was the blissful month of May, oft celebrated in the pleasant little ditties of the flat-land. Up here the air was fresh, the temperature scarcely ingratiating; but at least the snow was gone. It might, indeed, snow again; during the last few days there had been flurries of gigantic flakes, but it did not lie, it only made wet. The winter drifts had wasted away, they were gone, save for vestiges here and there; and the green slopes, the open paths, tempted the spirit to rove.

The group had been less socially occupied of late weeks owing to the illness of its ruling spirit, the prepotent Pieter Peeperkorn. His fever refused to yield to the beneficent working of

the climate or the skilled ministrations of so excellent a doctor as Hofrat Behrens. He was obliged to spend much time in bed, not only on the days when the quartan fever held sway, but on others too. There was trouble with his liver and spleen, Behrens told those who tended him; the digestion was not what it should be — in short, the Hofrat did not neglect to point out that the condition seemed to indicate a danger of chronic debility, not to be ignored.

Mynheer Peeperkorn had presided at only one evening festivity in all these weeks; and the group had taken but one short walk. Hans Castorp was rather relieved than otherwise at this state of affairs; for the pledge he had drunk with Clavdia Chauchat's protector made him difficulties, in general conversation, of the same kind he had to deal with in the case of Frau Chauchat herself, namely the avoidance of the formal mode of address — as though, as Peeperkorn said, they had eaten a philippina together. He was fertile in expedients to get round it or simply leave it out; nevertheless, the favour accorded him by Peeperkorn had doubled his present dilemma.

But now the excursion to the waterfall was the order of the day; Peeperkorn himself had arranged it, and felt equal to the effort. It was the third day after the usual attack, and he announced that he wished to take advantage of it. He did not, indeed, appear at the early meals of the day, but took them, in company with Madame Chauchat, in their salon, as they often did of late. But Hans Castorp received word, through the lame concierge, to be ready for a drive an hour after the midday meal, and further, to communicate with Ferge and Wehsal, Settembrini and Naphta, and to engage two landaus for three o'clock.

Accordingly, at this hour they assembled before the portal of the Berghof — Hans Castorp, Ferge and Wehsal, and awaited the pair from the *appartements de luxe*; whiling the time by holding out lumps of sugar on the palms of their hands, for the horses to nip them up with thick, moist black lips. Their companions appeared with no great delay on the threshold; Peeperkorn's kingly head seemed narrower; he lifted his hat as he stood in a long, rather shabby ulster, by Madame Chauchat's side, and his lips shaped a vague form of greeting to the company in general. Then he descended and shook hands with

the three gentlemen, who met him at the foot of the steps. He laid his left hand on Hans Castorp's shoulder, saying: "Well, young man, and how goes it, my son?"

"Topping, thanks, I hope it's mutual," responded the young man.

The sun shone, the day was beautiful and bright. But they had done well to don overcoats, driving would be cool. Madame Chauchat too wore a warm belted mantle of some woolly stuff with a pattern of large checks, and a small fur about her shoulders. The rim of her felt hat was turned down at one side by the olive-green veil she wore bound under her chin; an effect so charming that it was actual pain to most of the beholders — Ferge being the only man there not in love with her. To his disinterested state was probably due the temporary advantage he presently enjoyed, of being selected to sit opposite Mynheer and Madame in the first landau, while Hans Castorp mounted with Wehsal into the second, catching as he did so a mocking smile that for a moment visited Frau Chauchat's face. The others would be called for at their lodgings. The Malayan servant joined the party with a capacious basket, from the top of which protruded the necks of two winebottles. He bestowed it under the back seat of the first landau, took his place by the coachman on the box and folded his arms; the horses started up, and the carriages, with the brakes against their wheels, drove down the drive.

They arrived at the grocer's vine-clad cottage, where Naphta and Settembrini stood waiting in the street; the one in his shabby fur, the other in a yellowish-white spring overcoat, copiously stitched, and looking almost foppish. They all bowed and exchanged greetings, and Naphta took his place beside Ferge in the first landau, which now contained four persons, while Herr Settembrini added himself to the other two in the second carriage. Wehsal gave up his place on the back seat, and the Italian lolled there elegantly, as though on his native Corso; in his very best mood, and bubbling over with *esprit*.

He talked about the pleasure of driving, the charm of sitting still and being moved along at the same time amid a changing scene; showed a fatherly interest in Hans Castorp, even patted the forlorn Wehsal's cheek and bade him forget his own unsympathetic ego in admiration of the blithe exterior world, to

which the Italian pointed with a spacious gesture of his hand in its worn leather glove.

It was a delightful drive. The horses, all four of them sturdy, glossy, well-fed beasts, with a blaze on each forehead, covered the excellent road at a steady pace. There was no dust. The route was bordered here and there by crumbling rock tufted with grass and flowers. Telegraph-poles flew past. Their way wound along the mountain forests in pleasant curves that invited the interest and led it on; in the sunny distance glimmered mountain heights still partly covered with snow. They left behind their own accustomed valley, and the change of scene refreshed their spirits. At the edge of the forest they drew up, having decided to cover on foot the remainder of the distance to the goal they had in mind — a goal of which they had been for some time aware, by reason of the sound that came to their ears, at first scarcely perceptible, but steadily increasing in volume. They all heard, directly they dismounted, that far-away, sibilant, vibrating roar, that distant murmuring of water, as yet so faint that they would suddenly lose the sound and pause to listen again.

"It is mild enough now," Settembrini said. He had often been here before. "But when you come close, it is brutal, at this time of the year. You won't be able to hear yourselves think — mark my words."

Thus they entered the woods, along a path strewn with damp pine-needles: Pieter Peeperkorn first, leaning on Madame Chauchat's arm, his soft black hat drawn down on his brows, walking with his slumping gait; behind them Hans Castorp, hatless, like the other gentlemen, hands in pockets, head on one side, whistling softly as he looked about; then Naphta and Settembrini, then Ferge and Wehsal, last the Malay with the tea-basket on his arm. They all talked about the wood.

For the wood was not quite usual, it had a peculiarity which made it picturesque, exotic, even uncanny. It abounded in a hanging moss that draped and wreathed and wrapped the trees: the matted web of this parasitic plant hung and dangled in long, pallid beards from the branches, so that scarcely any pine-needles were visible for the shrouding veil. A complete, a bizarre transformation, a bewitched and morbid scene. For the trees were sick of this rank growth, it threatened to choke them

to death — so all the visitors felt, as the little train wound along the path toward the sound, and the hissing and splashing swelled slowly to a mighty tumult that justified Settembrini's prediction.

A turn in the path revealed the bridge and the rocky ravine down which the torrent poured. At the moment their eyes perceived it, their ears seemed saluted with the maximum of sound — for which infernal was the only right word. The volume of water fell perpendicularly in a single cascade, perhaps nine or ten feet high, and of considerable breath, and foaming white shot away over the rocks. The frantic noise of its falling seemed to mingle all possible intensities and variations of sound — hissing, thundering, roaring, bawling, whispering, crashing, crackling, droning, chiming — truly it was enough to drive one senseless. The visitors went very close, on the slippery rocks at the bottom of the chasm, and stood looking, bespattered with its spray, enveloped in its mist, their ears stopped by its insensate clamour. They exchanged glances and head-shakes and rather intimidated smiles as they stood regarding this spectacle, this long catastrophe of foam and fury, whose preposterous roaring deafened them, frightened them, bewildered their senses of sight and hearing, so that they even imagined they heard above, below, and on all sides, cries of warning, trumpet-calls, hoarse human voices.

Gathered in a little group behind Mynheer Peeperkorn, Frau Chauchat surrounded by the five gentlemen, they stood and looked into the surging waters. The others could not see the Dutchman's face, but they saw him take off his hat, and breathe in the freshness with expanding chest. They communicated by looks and signs, for words would have been useless, even shrieked immediately into the ear, against that raging thunder. Their lips formed soundless phrases of wonder and admiration. Hans Castorp, Settembrini, and Ferge proposed, by nods and signs, to climb up the side of the ravine in which they stood, and look down upon the water from above. It was not difficult: a series of narrow steps cut in the rock led up to an upper storey, so to speak, of the forest. They climbed it, one behind the other, reached the bridge which spanned the water just where it arched to pour downward, and leaning on the rail, waved to the party below. Then they crossed over and climbed

laboriously down on the other side of the stream, whence they rejoined their friends by a second bridge over the whirling torrent.

Tea-drinking was now indicated; and more than one of them said it might be well to withdraw a little from the din in order to enjoy that refreshment in comfort, not totally dumb, not utterly deafened and dazed. But they learned that Peeperkorn thought otherwise. He shook his head, and pointed several times with violence toward the ground. His distorted lips curled back with the emphasis of the "Here!" they shaped. What could the others do? In such matters he was accustomed to command, and the weight of his personality would always have been decisive, even if he had not been, as he was, master and mover of the expedition. Size itself is tyrannical, autocratic; thus it has always been, thus it will remain. Mynheer desired to eat in sight, in thunderous hearing of the waterfall, it was his mighty will. Who did not wish to go hungry must acquiesce. Most of them felt dissatisfied. Herr Settembrini saw that all chance of conversation, of a human interchange of ideas, would be out of the question, and flung up his hand with a gesture of resigned despair. The Malay hastened to carry out his master's will. Two camp-stools were set up against the rocks for Monsieur and Madame, and at their feet upon a cloth he spread out the contents of the basket: coffee-apparatus and glasses, thermos bottles, cake and wine. The others found places on boulders, or against the railing of the foot-bridge, holding their cups of hot coffee in their hands, their plates on their knees; they ate silently, amid the clamour.

Peeperkorn sat with his coat-collar turned up and his hat on the ground beside him, drinking port out of a monogrammed silver cup, which he emptied many times. And suddenly he began to speak. Extraordinary man! It was impossible for him to hear his own voice, still more for the others to catch a syllable of what he let transpire without its in the least transpiring. But with the winecup in his right hand, he raised his forefinger, stretching his left arm palm outwards toward the water. They saw his kingly features move in speech, the mouth form words, which were as soundless as though spoken into empty, etherless space. No one dreamed he would continue; with embarrassed smiles they watched this futile activity, thinking every

moment it would cease. But he went on, with tense, compelling gesture, to harangue the clamour that swallowed his words; directing upon this or that one of the company by turns the gaze of his pale little weary eyes, spanned wide beneath the lifted folds of his brow; and whoever felt himself addressed was constrained to nod back again, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, hand to ear, as though any sort of effort to hear could better the utterly hopeless situation. He even stood up! There, in his crumpled ulster, that reached nearly to his heels, the collar turned up; bare-headed, cup in hand, the high brow creased with folds like some heathen idol's in a shrine, and crowned by the aureole of white hair like flickering flames; there he stood by the rocks and spoke, holding the circle of thumb and forefinger, with the lancelike others above it, before his face, and sealing his mute and incomprehensible toast with that compelling sign of precision. Such words as they were accustomed to hearing from him, they could read on his lips or divine from his gestures: "Settled" and "Absolutely!"—but that was all. They saw his head sink sideways, the broken bitterness of the lips, they saw the man of sorrows in his guise. But then quite suddenly flashed the dimple, the sybaritic roguishness, the garment snatched up dancewise, the ritual impropriety of the heathen priest. He lifted his beaker, waved it half-circle before the assembled guests, and drank it out in three gulps, so that it stood bottom upwards. Then he handed it with outstretched arm to the Malay, who received it with an obeisance, and gave the sign to break up the feast.

Fullness of Harmony

[Peeperkorn's suicide, described by Clavdia as "an abdication" from life, took place in the middle of the night following the excursion to the waterfall. As she had once before, Madame Chauchat hastily departed from the Berghof to the flat-lands below, though not without a solemn and final farewell to Hans Castorp. Deprived of the company of three whom he has genuinely loved for very different reasons (Joachim, Clavdia, and Peeperkorn), and remote and aloof from Settembrini, Hans falls prey to a demon that now walks abroad in the Berghof, "The Great God Dumps." Behrens (and this is the last time we hear his voice) informs Hans that there has long been something about his case which "doesn't hold water," and suggests that his slight temperature probably comes from a mild blood infection that can easily be cured by a serum prepared from Hans's own veins. The experiment comes to nothing and is quickly dropped. Time rolls on with increasing speed and ever less content and experience. While the diversions of the other guests grow more futile — Esperanto, stamp-collecting, color-photography, puzzles, even the accumulation of all possible brands of chocolate — Hans passionately devotes himself to patience solitaire. "Everywhere, at all hours of the day, he played . . . at night under the stars . . . in the morning in his pyjamas . . . at table . . . almost in his sleep." He was freed from this mania only by the Berghof's acquisition of a stupendous phonograph and a vast library of records. From the hundreds of albums, embracing every kind of music, five selections came to be Hans's particular favorites, the operas *Aida*, *Carmen*, and *Faust*, Debussy's *The Afternoon of a Faun*, and above all, Schubert's musical setting of Müller's poem *Der Lindenbaum*. I have here chosen the account of Hans's experience of that song. His understanding of its theme of love is a preparation for the final event of the novel.]

AND now we come back to the fifth and last piece in his group of high favourites: this time not French, but something especially and exemplarily German; not opera either, but a *lied*, one of those which are folk-song and masterpiece together, and from the combination receive their peculiar stamp as spiritual epitomes. Why should we beat about the bush? It was

Schubert's "Linden-tree," it was none other than the old, old favourite, "*Am Brunnen vor dem Tore*."

It was sung to piano accompaniment by a tenor voice; and the singer was a lad of parts and discernment, who knew how to render with great skill, fine musical feeling and finesse in recitative his simple yet consummate theme. We all know that the noble *lied* sounds rather differently when given as a concert-number from its rendition in the childish or the popular mouth. In its simplified form the melody is sung straight through; whereas in the original art-song, the key changes to minor in the second of the eight-line stanzas, changes back again with beautiful effect to major in the fifth line; is dramatically resolved in the following "bitter blasts" and "facing the tempest"; and returns again only with the last four lines of the third stanza, which are repeated to finish out the melody. The truly compelling turn in the melody occurs three times, in its modulated second half, the third time in the repetition of the last half-strophe "Ay, onward, ever onward." The enchanting turn, which we would not touch too nearly in bold words, comes on the phrases "Upon its branches fair," "A message in my ear," "Yet ever in my breast"; and each time the tenor rendered them, in his clear, warm voice, with his excellent breathing-technique, with the suggestion of a sob, and so much sensitive, beauty-loving intelligence, the listener felt his heart gripped in undreamed-of fashion; with an effect the singer knew how to heighten by head-tones of extraordinary ardour on the lines "I found my solace there," and "For rest and peace are here." In the repetition of the last line, "Here shouldst thou find thy rest," he sang the "shouldst thou" the first time yearningly, at full strength, but the second in the tenderest flute-tones.

So much for the song, and the rendering of it. For the earlier selections, we may flatter ourselves, perhaps, that we have been able to communicate to the reader some understanding, more or less precise, of Hans Castorp's intimate emotional participation in the chosen numbers of his nightly programme. But to make clear what this last one, the old "Linden-tree," meant to him, is truly a ticklish endeavour; requiring great delicacy of emphasis if more harm than good is not to come of the undertaking.

Let us put it thus: a conception which is of the spirit, and therefore significant, is so because it reaches beyond itself to become the expression and exponent of a larger conception, a whole world of feeling and sentiment, which, whether more or less completely, is mirrored in the first, and in this wise, accordingly, the degree of its significance measured. Further, the love felt for such a creation is in itself "significant": betraying something of the person who cherishes it, characterizing his relation to that broader world the conception bodies forth — which, consciously or unconsciously, he loves along with and in the thing itself.

May we take it that our simple hero, after so many years of hermetic-pedagogic discipline, of ascent from one stage of being to another, has now reached a point where he is conscious of the "meaningfulness" of his love and the object of it? We assert, we record, that he has. To him the song meant a whole world, a world which he must have loved, else he could not have so desperately loved that which it represented and symbolized to him. We know what we are saying when we add — perhaps rather darkly — that he might have had a different fate if his temperament had been less accessible to the charms of the sphere of feeling, the general attitude of mind, which the *lied* so profoundly, so mystically epitomized. The truth was that his very destiny had been marked by stages, adventures, insights, and these flung up in his mind suitable themes for his "stock-taking" activities, and these, in their turn, ripened him into an intuitional critic of this sphere, of this its absolutely exquisite image, and his love of it. To the point even that he was quite capable of bringing up all three as objects of his conscientious scruples!

Only one totally ignorant of the tender passion will suppose that such scruples can detract from the object of love. On the contrary, they but give it spice. It is they which lend love the spur of passion, so that one might almost define passion as misgiving love. But wherein lay Hans Castorp's conscientious and stock-taking misgiving, as to the ultimate propriety of his love for the enchanting *lied* and the world whose image it was? What was the world behind the song, which the motions of his conscience made to seem a world of forbidden love?

It was death.

What utter and explicit madness! That glorious song! An indisputable masterpiece, sprung from the profoundest and holiest depths of racial feeling; a precious possession, the archetype of the genuine; embodied loveliness. What vile detraction!

Yes. Ah, yes! All very fine. Thus must every upright man speak. But for all that, behind this so lovely and pleasant artistic production stood — death. It had with death certain relations, which one might love, yet not without consciously, and in a “stock-taking” sense, acknowledging a certain illicit element in one’s love. Perhaps in its original form it was not sympathy with death; perhaps it was something very much of the people and racy of life; but spiritual sympathy with it was none the less sympathy with death. At first blush proper and pious enough, indisputably. But the issues of it were sinister.

What was all this he was thinking? He would not have listened to it from one of you. Sinister issues. Fantastical, dark-corner, misanthropic, torture-chamber thoughts, Spanish black and the ruff, lust not love — and these the issues of pure-eyed loveliness!

Unquestioning confidence, Hans Castorp knew, he had never placed in Herr Settembrini. But he remembered now an admonition the enlightened mentor had given him in past time, at the beginning of his hermetic career, on the subject of “spiritual backsliding” to darker ages. Perhaps it would be well to make cautious application of that wisdom to the present case. It was the backsliding which Herr Settembrini had characterized as “disease”; the epitome itself, the spiritual phase to which one backslid — that too would appeal to his pedagogic mind as “diseased”? And even so? Hans Castorp’s loved nostalgic lay, and the sphere of feeling to which it belonged — morbid? Nothing of the sort. They were the sanest, the homeliest in the world. And yet — This was a fruit, sound and splendid enough for the instant or so, yet extraordinarily prone to decay; the purest refreshment of the spirit, if enjoyed at the right moment, but the next, capable of spreading decay and corruption among men. It was the fruit of life, conceived of death, pregnant of dissolution; it was a miracle of the soul, perhaps the highest, in the eye and sealed with the blessing of conscienceless beauty; but on cogent grounds regarded with mistrust by the eye of shrewd geniality dutifully “taking stock” in its love

of the organic; it was a subject for self-conquest at the definite behest of conscience.

Yes, self-conquest—that might well be the essence of triumph over this love, this soul-enchantment that bore such sinister fruit! Hans Castorp's thoughts, or rather his prophetic half-thoughts soared high, as he sat there in night and silence before his truncated sarcophagus of music. They soared higher than his understanding; they were alchemistically enhanced. Ah, what power had this soul-enchantment! We were all its sons, and could achieve mighty things on earth, in so far as we served it. One need have no more genius, only much more talent, than the author of the "*Lindenbaum*," to be such an artist of soul-enchantment as should give to the song a giant volume by which it should subjugate the world. Kingdoms might be founded upon it, earthly, all-too-earthly kingdoms, solid, "progressive," not at all nostalgic—in which the song degenerated to a piece of gramophone music played by electricity. But its faithful son might still be he who consumed his life in self-conquest, and died, on his lips the new word of love which as yet he knew not how to speak. Ah, it was worth dying for, the enchanted *lied*! But he who died for it, died indeed no longer for it; was a hero only because he died for the new, the new word of love and the future that whispered in his heart.

The Thunderbolt

[Two events, each terrifying in its own way, occur toward the end of Hans Castorp's long sojourn at the International Sanatorium Berghof on the mountainside at Davos. As the interests of the guests had taken strange and devious turns in the latter days of Hans's residence in the sanatorium, so Dr. Krokowski, the psychoanalyst, began to dabble in the occult. Except for Settembrini, who though no longer a guest of the sanatorium was aware of its activities, the remaining associates of Hans's flocked to the performances of Krokowski's medium, a repulsive local girl. In a ghastly and climactic seance the long dead Joachim is materialized; he appears in a phosphorescent halo dressed in a field-gray uniform and steel helmet of the German field soldier of 1914. As if this kind of terror were not enough, a second event stuns the disintegrating Berghof milieu. A disputation between Naphta and Settembrini explodes into a violent quarrel which has the startling consequence that the absolutist Naphta challenges the tenderhearted devotee of reason and enlightenment to a duel with pistols. In a dull, cold dawn the two principals meet with loaded guns, though Settembrini has privately informed Hans, who is to be a spectator of the duel, that he will not kill; he will permit himself to be shot by Naphta. When Settembrini fires into the air, the outraged Naphta shrieks "Coward!" and immediately turns his pistol against his forehead and commits suicide. The materialization of Joachim, the duel, and Naphta's suicide are symbolic foreshadowings of the only event that could bring Hans Castorp from his mountain retreat to the flat-land once again.]

IN HIGH summer, the year was once more rounding out, the seventh year, though he knew it not, of his sojourn up here.

Then, like a thunder-peal —

But God forbid and modestly withhold us from speaking overmuch of what the thunder-peal bore us on its wave of sound! Here rodомontade is out of place. Rather let us lower our voice to say that then came the peal of thunder we all know so well; that deafening explosion of long-gathering magazines of passion and spleen. That historic thunder-peal, of which we speak with bated breath, made the foundations of the earth to shake; but for us it was the shock that fired the mine beneath the

magic mountain, and set our sleeper ungently outside the gates. Dazed he sits in the long grass and rubs his eyes — a man who, despite many warnings, had neglected to read the papers.

His Mediterranean friend and mentor had ever tried to prompt him; had felt it incumbent upon him to instruct his nursling, the object of his solicitude, in what was going on down below; but his pupil had lent no ear. The young man had indeed, in a stock-taking way, preoccupied himself with this or that among the subjective shadows of things; but the things themselves he had heeded not at all, having a wilful tendency to take the shadow for the substance, and in the substance to see only shadow. For this, however, we must not judge him harshly, since the relation between substance and shadow has never been defined once and for all.

During those days of stifling expectation, when the nerves of Europe were on the rack, Hans Castorp did not see Herr Settembrini. The newspapers with their wild, chaotic contents pressed up out of the depths to his very balcony, they disorganized the house, filled the dining-room with their sulphurous, stifling breath, even penetrated the chambers of the dying. These were the moments when the "Seven-Sleeper," not knowing what had happened, was slowly stirring himself in the grass, before he sat up, rubbed his eyes — yes, let us carry the figure to the end, in order to do justice to the movement of our hero's mind: he drew up his legs, stood up, looked about him. He saw himself released, freed from enchantment — not of his own motion, he was fain to confess, but by the operation of exterior powers, of whose activities his own liberation was a minor incident indeed! Yet though his tiny destiny fainted to nothing in the face of the general, was there not some hint of a personal mercy and grace for him, a manifestation of divine goodness and justice? Would Life receive again her erring and "delicate" child — not by a cheap and easy slipping back to her arms, but sternly, solemnly, penitentially — perhaps not even among the living, but only with three salvoes fired over the grave of him a sinner? Thus might he return. He sank on his knees, raising face and hands to a heaven that howsoever dark and sulphurous was no longer the gloomy grotto of his state of sin.

And in this attitude Herr Settembrini found him — figuratively and most figuratively spoken, for full well we know our

hero's traditional reserve would render such theatricality impossible. Herr Settembrini, in fact, found him packing his trunk. For since the moment of his sudden awakening, Hans Castorp had been caught up in the hurry and scurry of a "wild" departure, brought about by the thunder-peal. "Home" — the Berghof — was the picture of an ant-hill in a panic: its little population was flinging itself, heels over head, five thousand feet downwards to the catastrophe-smitten flat-land. They stormed the little trains, they crowded them to the footboard — luggageless, if needs must, and the stacks of luggage piled high the station platform, the seething platform, to the height of which the scorching breath from the flat-land seemed to mount — and Hans Castorp stormed with them. In the heart of the tumult Ludovico embraced him, quite literally enfolded him in his arms and kissed him, like a southerner — but like a Russian too — on both his cheeks; and this, despite his own emotion, took our wild traveller no little aback. But he nearly lost his composure when, at the very last, Herr Settembrini called him "Giovanni" and, laying aside the form of address common to the cultured West, spoke to him with the thou!

"*E così in giù,*" he said. "*Così vai in giù finalmente — addio, Giovanni mio!* Quite otherwise had I thought to see thee go. But be it so, the gods have willed it thus and not otherwise. I hoped to discharge you to go down to your work, and now you go to fight among your kindred. My God, it was given to you and not to your cousin, our *Tenente!* What tricks life plays! Go, then, it is your blood that calls, go and fight bravely. More than that can no man. But forgive me if I devote the remnant of my powers to incite my country to fight where the Spirit and *sacro egoismo* point the way. *Addio!*"

Hans Castorp thrust out his head among ten others, filling the little open window-frame. He waved. And Herr Settembrini waved back, with his right hand, while with the ring-finger of his left he delicately touched the corner of his eye.

What is it? Where are we? Whither has the dream snatched us? Twilight, rain, filth. Fiery glow of the overcast sky, ceaseless booming of heavy thunder; the moist air rent by a sharp singing whine, a raging, swelling howl as of some hound of hell, that ends its course in a splitting, a splintering and sprin-

klung, a crackling, a coruscation; by groans and shrieks, by trumpets blowing fit to burst, by the beat of a drum coming faster, faster — There is a wood, discharging drab hordes, that come on, fall, spring up again, come on. — Beyond, a line of hill stands out against the fiery sky, whose glow turns now and again to blowing flames. About us is rolling plough-land, all upheaved and trodden into mud; athwart it a bemired high road, disguised with broken branches and from it again a deeply furrowed, boggy field-path leading off in curves toward the distant hills. Nude, branchless trunks of trees meet the eye, a cold rain falls. Ah, a signpost! Useless, though, to question it, even despite the half-dark, for it is shattered, illegible. East, west? It is the flat-land, it is the war. And we are shrinking shadows by the way-side, shamed by the security of our shadowdom, and noways minded to indulge in any rodomontade; merely led hither by the spirit of our narrative, merely to see again, among those running, stumbling, drum-mustered grey comrades that swarm out of yonder wood, one we know; merely to look once more in the simple face of our one-time fellow of so many years, the genial sinner whose voice we know so well, before we lose him from our sight.

They have been brought forward, these comrades, for a final thrust in a fight that has already lasted all day long, whose objective is the retaking of the hill position and the burning villages beyond, lost two days since to the enemy. It is a volunteer regiment, fresh young blood and mostly students, not long in the field. They were roused in the night, brought up in trains to morning, then marched in the rain on wretched roads — on no roads at all, for the roads were blocked, and they went over moor and ploughed land with full kit for seven hours, their coats sodden. It was no pleasure excursion. If one did not care to lose one's boots, one stooped at every second step, clutched with one's fingers into the straps and pulled them out of the quaking mire. It took an hour of such work to cover one meadow. But at last they have reached the appointed spot, exhausted, on edge, yet the reserve strength of their youthful bodies has kept them tense, they crave neither the sleep nor the food they have been denied. Their wet, mud-bespattered faces, framed between strap and grey-covered helmet, are flushed with exertion — perhaps too with the sight of the losses

they suffered on their march through that boggy wood. For the enemy, aware of their advance, have concentrated a barrage of shrapnel and large-calibre grenades upon the way they must come; it crashed among them in the wood, and howling, flaming, splashing, lashed the wide ploughed land.

They must get through, these three thousand ardent youths; they must reinforce with their bayonets the attack on the burning villages, and the trenches in front of and behind the line of hills; they must help to advance their line to a point indicated in the dispatch their leader has in his pocket. They are three thousand, that they may be two thousand when the hills, the villages are reached; that is the meaning of their number. They are a body of troops calculated as sufficient, even after great losses, to attack and carry a position and greet their triumph with a thousand-voiced huzza — not counting the stragglers that fall out by the way. Many a one has thus fallen out on the forced march, for which he proved too young and weak; paler he grew, staggered, set his teeth, drove himself on — and after all he could do fell out notwithstanding. Awhile he dragged himself in the rear of the marching column, overtaken and passed by company after company; at length he remained on the ground, lying where it was not good to lie. Then came the shattering wood. But there are so many of them, swarming on — they can survive a blood-letting and still come on in hosts. They have already overflowed the level, rain-lashed land; the high road, the field road, the boggy ploughed land; we shadows stand amid and among them. At the edge of the wood they fix their bayonets, with the practised grips; the horns enforce them, the drums roll deepest bass, and forward they stumble, as best they can, with shrill cries; nightmarishly, for clods of earth cling to their heavy boots and fetter them.

They fling themselves down before the projectiles that come howling on, then they leap up again and hurry forward; they exult, in their young, breaking voices as they run, to discover themselves still unhit. Or they are hit, they fall, fighting the air with their arms, shot through the forehead, the heart, the belly. They lie, their faces in the mire, and are motionless. They lie, their backs elevated by the knapsack, the crowns of their heads pressed into the mud, and clutch and claw in the air. But the wood emits new swarms, who fling themselves down, who

spring up, who, shrieking or silent, blunder forward over the fallen.

Ah, this young blood, with its knapsacks and bayonets, its mud-befouled boots and clothing! We look at it, our humanistic-æsthetic eye pictures it among scenes far other than these: we see these youths watering horses on a sunny arm of the sea; roving with the beloved one along the strand, the lover's lips to the ear of the yielding bride; in happiest rivalry bending the bow. Alas, no, here they lie, their noses in fiery filth. They are glad to be here — albeit with boundless anguish, with unspeakable sickness for home; and this, of itself, is a noble and a shaming thing — but no good reason for bringing them to such a pass.

There is our friend, there is Hans Castorp! We recognize him at a distance, by the little beard he assumed while sitting at the "bad" Russian table. Like all the others, he is wet through and glowing. He is running, his feet heavy with mould, the bayonet swinging in his hand. Look! He treads on the hand of a fallen comrade; with his hobnailed boot he treads the hand deep into the slimy, branch-strewn ground. But it is he. What, singing? As one sings, unaware, staring stark ahead, yes, thus he spends his hurrying breath, to sing half soundlessly:

And loving words I've carven
Upon its branches fair —

He stumbles, No, he has flung himself down, a hell-hound is coming howling, a huge explosive shell, a disgusting sugar-loaf from the infernal regions. He lies with his face in the cool mire, legs sprawled out, feet twisted, heels turned down. The product of a perverted science, laden with death, slopes earthward thirty paces in front of him and buries its nose in the ground; explodes inside there, with hideous expense of power, and raises up a fountain high as a house, of mud, fire, iron, molten metal, scattered fragments of humanity. Where it fell, two youths had lain, friends who in their need flung themselves down together — now they are scattered, commingled and gone.

Shame or our shadow-safety! Away! No more! — But our friend? Was he hit? He thought so, for the moment. A great clod of earth struck him on the shin, it hurt, but he smiles at

it. Up he gets, and staggers on, limping on his earth-bound feet, all unconsciously singing:

Its waving branches whi — ispered
A mess — age in my ear —

and thus, in the tumult, in the rain, in the dusk, vanishes out of our sight.

Farewell, honest Hans Castorp, farewell, Life's delicate child! Your tale is told. We have told it to the end, and it was neither short nor long, but hermetic. We have told it for its own sake, not for yours, for you were simple. But after all, it was your story, it befell you, you must have more in you than we thought; we will not disclaim the pedagogic weakness we conceived for you in the telling; which could even lead us to press a finger delicately to our eyes at the thought that we shall see you no more, hear you no more for ever.

Farewell — and if thou livest or diest! Thy prospects are poor. The desperate dance, in which thy fortunes are caught up, will last yet many a sinful year; we should not care to set a high stake on thy life by the time it ends. We even confess that it is without great concern we leave the question open. Adventures of the flesh and in the spirit, while enhancing thy simplicity, granted thee to know in the spirit what in the flesh thou scarcely couldst have done. Moments there were, when out of death, and the rebellion of the flesh, there came to thee, as thou tookest stock of thyself, a dream of love. Out of this universal feast of death, out of this extremity of fever, kindling the rain-washed evening sky to a fiery glow, may it be that Love one day shall mount?

FINIS OPERIS

V

**ESSAYS AND
CHARACTER PORTRAITS**

ESSAYS AND CHARACTER PORTRAITS

THE old quarrel between criticism and creation is almost as ancient and probably as fruitless as the quarrel between philosophy and poetry. Nowhere, however, has the line between criticism and creation been so firmly drawn as in Germany, where there has long been an arbitrary (and verbal) distinction between the creator or "poet" and the writer or "man of letters." Goethe, who was both (one of Mann's best essays bears the title "Goethe's Career as a Man of Letters"), could say: "All speculation and criticism imply some hitch or stoppage in the creative powers"; and in a similar vein Mann once wrote: "I shall probably never be able to protect my creative work . . . from being interrupted or prolonged in the most annoying way by my tendency to . . . essay writing."

Such rather sly apologies aside, Goethe and Mann, along with other sensible men, have had something to say about the futility of too sharp a distinction between the creator and the critic. "What are the Germans after with their mechanical antithesis?" Mann has asked, and gone on to say: "Mechanical because it draws too rigid a line between 'writing' and 'creating' whereas the line does not run outwardly, between products, but inwardly, inside the organic personality." Most creators, Mann suggests, inevitably engage in criticism, for "An art whose medium is the word must always evince a high degree of critical creativeness; language itself is a criticism of life: it calls by name, hits things off, characterizes, and passes judgments. . . ."

Thomas Mann's major critical writings show little concern for theoretical and abstract critical speculation. They deal rather with the personality of the artist, his ideas, and his background, and illustrate another of Goethe's pronouncements: "I am more and more convinced that whenever one has to express an opinion on the actions or writings of others, unless this be done from a certain one-sided enthusiasm, or from a loving interest in the person and the work, the result is hardly worth considering." Thomas Mann's major critical essays (and his

fictions on Goethe and Schiller) are clearly works of love and understanding, tributes of debt and allegiance to particular individuals, and, most of them, to a period of greatness that can roughly be called "nineteenth century." Hardly ever does he concern himself with the theory of literary forms and techniques or with problems of artistic craftsmanship. His chief interest is the balancing of "artistic" and "ethical" counterpositions as they appear in the artist, his art, and his time. To a certain extent Mann's critical essays are themselves "nineteenth century." They are above all else moral histories of an artist's or thinker's engagement with ethical, social, and historical events and ideas, usually in terms of the nineteenth-century theme. "We moderns," Mann has said, "are but heat-conductors between that greatness and our own time."

A Weary Hour

. . . the struggle and compulsion, the passion and pain.

[Although his name is not mentioned, the hero of this intense episode is Schiller, who at the moment of the story is living in Jena and working on his dramatic trilogy *Wallenstein*. A few miles distant, in Weimar, lives Goethe, "that other man . . . whom he loved and hated," or as Schiller phrased it before the great friendship had ripened into its later phases: "I could kill his spirit and then love him again from my heart. . . . How lightly is *his* genius borne by his fate; and how must *I* even to this moment struggle!" Written in 1905 to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, *A Weary Hour* foreshadows Mann's imaginative portrait of another writer, Gustave von Aschenbach, the hero of *Death in Venice*. Unlike the "natural geniuses" Goethe and Tolstoy, Schiller and his fictional counterpart Aschenbach are self-created writers. At one point, though, there is an interesting resemblance between Aschenbach and Goethe: both devote the fresh hours of the morning to their composition, while Schiller, as we see in this story, labors throughout night's dark and lonely hours. In his *Life of Schiller*, Carlyle presents Doering's detailed account of Schiller's night-time vigils and exclaims: "Who can picture Schiller's feelings in this solitude, without participating in some faint reflection of their grandeur!" Thomas Mann's depiction of a dark hour in the movement of Schiller's genius is more than a faint reflection. We do not see Schiller from the outside or hear "about" him in Mann's sketch. We are, in this story, projected into the very center of Schiller's consciousness.]

HE got up from the table, his little, fragile writing-desk; got up as though desperate, and with hanging head crossed the room to the tall, thin, pillar-like stove in the opposite corner. He put his hands to it; but the hour was long past midnight and the tiles were nearly stone cold. Not getting even this little comfort that he sought, he leaned his back against them and, coughing, drew together the folds of his dressing-gown, between which a dragged lace shirt-frill stuck out; he snuffed

hard through his nostrils to get a little air, for as usual he had a cold.

It was a particular, a sinister cold, which scarcely ever quite disappeared. It inflamed his eyelids and made the flanges of his nose all raw; in his head and limbs it lay like a heavy, sombre intoxication. Or was this cursed confinement to his room, to which the doctor had weeks ago condemned him, to blame for all his languor and flabbiness? God knew if it was the right thing—perhaps so, on account of his chronic catarrh and the spasms in his chest and belly. And for weeks on end now, yes, weeks, bad weather had reigned in Jena—hateful, horrible weather, which he felt in every nerve of his body—cold, wild, gloomy. The December wind roared in the stove-pipe with a desolate god-forsaken sound—he might have been wandering on a heath, by night and storm, his soul full of unappeasable grief. Yet this close confinement—that was not good either; not good for thought, nor for the rhythm of the blood, where thought was engendered.

The six-sided room was bare and colourless and devoid of cheer: a whitewashed ceiling wreathed in tobacco smoke, walls covered with trellis-patterned paper and hung with silhouettes in oval frames, half a dozen slender-legged pieces of furniture; the whole lighted by two candles burning at the head of the manuscript on the writing-table. Red curtains draped the upper part of the window-frames; mere festooned wisps of cotton they were, but red, a warm, sonorous red, and he loved them and would not have parted from them; they gave a little air of ease and charm to the bald unlovely poverty of his surroundings. He stood by the stove and blinked repeatedly, straining his eyes across at the work from which he had just fled: that load, that weight, that gnawing conscience, that sea which to drink up, that frightful task which to perform, was all his pride and all his misery, at once his heaven and his hell. It dragged, it stuck, it would not budge—and now again . . . ! It must be the weather; or his catarrh, or his fatigue. Or was it the work? Was the thing itself an unfortunate conception, doomed from its beginning to despair?

He had risen in order to put a little space between him and his task, for physical distance would often result in improved perspective, a wider view of his material and a better chance of

conspectus. Yes, the mere feeling of relief on turning away from the battlefield had been known to work like an inspiration. And a more innocent one than that purveyed by alcohol or strong, black coffee.

The little cup stood on the side-table. Perhaps it would help him out of the impasse? No, no, not again! Not the doctor only, but somebody else too, a more important somebody, had cautioned him against that sort of thing — another person, who lived over in Weimar and for whom he felt a love which was a mixture of hostility and yearning. That was a wise man. He knew how to live and create; did not abuse himself; was full of self-regard.

Quiet reigned in the house. There was only the wind, driving down the Schlossgasse and dashing the rain in gusts against the panes. They were all asleep — the landlord and his family, Lotte and the children. And here he stood by the cold stove, awake, alone, tormented; blinking across at the work in which his morbid self-dissatisfaction would not let him believe.

His neck rose long and white out of his stock and his knock-kneed legs showed between the skirts of his dressing-gown. The red hair was smoothed back from a thin, high forehead; it retreated in bays from his veined white temples and hung down in thin locks over the ears. His nose was aquiline, with an abrupt whitish tip; above it the well-marked line of the brows almost met. They were darker than his hair and gave the deep-set, inflamed eyes a tragic, staring look. He could not breathe through his nose; so he opened his thin lips and made the freckled, sickly cheeks look even more sunken thereby.

No, it was a failure, it was all hopelessly wrong. The army ought to have been brought in! The army was the root of the whole thing. But it was impossible to present it before the eyes of the audience — and was art powerful enough thus to enforce the imagination? Besides, his hero was no hero; he was contemptible, he was frigid. The situation was wrong, the language was wrong; it was a dry pedestrian lecture, good for a history class, but as drama absolutely hopeless!

Very good, then, it was over. A defeat. A failure. Bankruptcy. He would write to Körner, the good Körner, who believed in him, who clung with childlike faith to his genius. He would scoff, scold, beseech — this friend of his; would remind him

of the *Carlos*, which likewise had issued out of doubts and pains and rewritings and after all the anguish turned out to be something really fine, a genuine masterpiece. But times were changed. Then he had been a man still capable of taking a strong, confident grip on a thing and giving it triumphant shape. Doubts and struggles? Yes. And ill he had been, perhaps more ill than now; a fugitive, oppressed and hungry, at odds with the world; humanly speaking, a beggar. But young, still young! Each time, however low he had sunk, his resilient spirit had leaped up anew; upon the hour of affliction had followed the feeling of triumphant self-confidence. That came no more, or hardly ever, now. There might be one night of glowing exaltation — when the fires of his genius lighted up an impassioned vision of all that he might do if only they burned on; but it had always to be paid for with a week of enervation and gloom. Faith in the future, his guiding star in times of stress, was dead. Here was the despairing truth: the years of need and nothingness, which he had thought of as the painful testing-time, turned out to have been the rich and fruitful ones; and now that a little happiness had fallen to his lot, now that he had ceased to be an intellectual freebooter and occupied a position of civic dignity, with office and honours, wife and children — now he was exhausted, worn out. To give up, to own himself beaten — that was all there was left to do. He groaned; he pressed his hands to his eyes and dashed up and down the room like one possessed. What he had just thought was so frightful that he could not stand still on the spot where he had thought it. He sat down on a chair by the further wall and stared gloomily at the floor, his clasped hands hanging down between his knees.

His conscience . . . how loudly his conscience cried out! He had sinned, sinned against himself all these years, against the delicate instrument that was his body. Those youthful excesses, the nights without sleep, the days spent in close, smoke-laden air, straining his mind and heedless of his body; the narcotics with which he had spurred himself on — all that was now taking its revenge.

And if it did — then he would defy the gods, who decreed the guilt and then imposed the penalties. He had lived as he had to live, he had not had time to be wise, not time to be care-

ful. Here in this place in his chest, when he breathed, coughed, yawned, always in the same spot came this pain, this piercing, stabbing, diabolical little warning; it never left him, since that time in Erfurt five years ago when he had had catarrhal fever and inflammation of the lungs. What was it warning him of? Ah, he knew only too well what it meant — no matter how the doctor chose to put him off. He had no time to be wise and spare himself, no time to save his strength by submission to moral laws. What he wanted to do he must do soon, do quickly, do today.

And the moral laws? . . . Why was it that precisely sin, surrender to the harmful and the consuming, actually seemed to him more moral than any amount of wisdom and frigid self-discipline? Not that constituted morality: not the contemptible knack of keeping a good conscience — rather the struggle and compulsion, the passion and pain.

Pain . . . how his breast swelled at the word! He drew himself up and folded his arms; his gaze, beneath the close-set auburn brows, was kindled by the nobility of his suffering. No man was utterly wretched so long as he could still speak of his misery in high-sounding and noble words. One thing only was indispensable; the courage to call his life by large and fine names. Not to ascribe his sufferings to bad air and constipation; to be well enough to cherish emotions, to scorn and ignore the material. Just on this one point to be naïve, though in all else sophisticated. To believe, to have strength to believe, in suffering. . . . But he *did* believe in it; so profoundly, so ardently, that nothing which came to pass with suffering could seem to him either useless or evil. His glance sought the manuscript, and his arms tightened across his chest. Talent itself — was that not suffering? And if the manuscript over there, his unhappy effort, made him suffer, was not that quite as it should be — a good sign, so to speak? His talents had never been of the copious, ebullient sort; were they to become so he would feel mistrustful. That only happened with beginners and bunglers, with the ignorant and easily satisfied, whose life was not shaped and disciplined by the possession of a gift. For a gift, my friends down there in the audience, a gift is not anything simple, not anything to play with; it is not mere ability. At bottom it is a compulsion; a critical knowledge of the ideal, a permanent dis-

satisfaction, which rises only through suffering to the height of its powers. And it is to the greatest, the most unsatisfied, that their gift is the sharpest scourge. Not to complain, not to boast; to think modestly, patiently of one's pain; and if not a day in the week, not even an hour, be free from it — what then? To make light and little of it all, of suffering and achievement alike — that was what made a man great.

He stood up, pulled out his snuff-box and sniffed eagerly, then suddenly clasped his hands behind his back and strode so briskly through the room that the flames of the candles flickered in the draught. Greatness, distinction, world conquest and an imperishable name! To be happy and unknown, what was that by comparison? To be known — known and loved by all the world — ah, they might call that egotism, those who knew naught of the urge, naught of the sweetness of this dream! Everything out of the ordinary is egotistic, in proportion to its suffering. "Speak for yourselves," it says, "ye without mission on this earth, ye whose life is so much easier than mine!" And Ambition says: "Shall my sufferings be vain? No, they must make me great!"

The nostrils of his great nose dilated, his gaze darted fiercely about the room. His right hand was thrust hard and far into the opening of his dressing-gown, his left arm hung down, the fist clenched. A fugitive red played in the gaunt cheeks — a glow thrown up from the fire of his artistic egoism: that passion for his own ego, which burnt unquenchably in his being's depths. Well he knew it, the secret intoxication of this love! Sometimes he needed only to contemplate his own hand, to be filled with the liveliest tenderness towards himself, in whose service he was bent on spending all the talent, all the art that he owned. And he was right so to do, there was nothing base about it. For deeper still than his egoism lay the knowledge that he was freely consuming and sacrificing himself in the service of a high ideal, not as a virtue, of course, but rather out of sheer necessity. And this was his ambition: that no one should be greater than he who had not also suffered more for the sake of the high ideal. No one. He stood still, his hand over his eyes, his body turned aside in a posture of shrinking and avoidance. For already the inevitable thought had stabbed him:

the thought of that other man, that radiant being, so sense-endowed, so divinely unconscious, that man over there in Weimar, whom he loved and hated. And once more, as always, in deep disquiet, in feverish haste, there began working within him the inevitable sequence of his thoughts: he must assert and define his own nature, his own art, against that other's. Was that other greater? Wherein, then, and why? If he won, would he have sweated blood to do so? If he lost, would his downfall be a tragic sight? He was no hero, no; a god, perhaps. But it was easier to be a god than a hero. Yes, things were easier for him. He was wise, he was deft, he knew how to distinguish between knowing and creating; perhaps that was why he was so blithe and carefree, such an effortless and gushing spring! But if creation was divine, knowledge was heroic, and he who created in knowledge was hero as well as god.

The will to face difficulties. . . . Did anyone realize what discipline and self-control it cost him to shape a sentence or follow out a hard train of thought? For after all he was ignorant, undisciplined, a slow, dreamy enthusiast. One of Cæsar's letters was harder to write than the most effective scene — and was it not almost for that very reason higher? From the first rhythmical urge of the inward creative force towards matter, towards the material, towards casting in shape and form — from that to the thought, the image, the word, the line — what a struggle, what a Gethsemane! Everything that he wrote was a marvel of yearning after form, shape, line, body; of yearning after the sunlit world of that other man who had only to open his god-like lips and straightway call the bright unshadowed things he saw by name!

And yet — and despite that other man. Where was there an artist, a poet, like himself? Who like him created out of nothing, out of his own breast? A poem was born as music in his soul, as pure, primitive essence, long before it put on a garment of metaphor from the visible world. History, philosophy, passion were no more than pretexts and vehicles for something which had little to do with them, but was at home in orphic depths. Words and conceptions were keys upon which his art played and made vibrate the hidden strings. No one realized. The good souls praised him, indeed, for the power of feeling

with which he struck one note or another. And his favourite note, his final emotional appeal, the great bell upon which he sounded his summons to the highest feasts of the soul — many there were who responded to its sound. Freedom! But in all their exaltation, certainly he meant by the word both more and less than they did. Freedom — what was it? A self-respecting middle-class attitude towards thrones and princes? Surely not that. When one thinks of all that the spirit of man has dared to put into the word! Freedom from what? After all, from what? Perhaps, indeed, even from happiness, from human happiness, that silken bond, that tender, sacred tie. . . .

From happiness. His lips quivered. It was as though his glance turned inward upon himself; slowly his face sank into his hands. . . . He stood by the bed in the next room, where the flowered curtains hung in motionless folds across the window, and the lamp shed a bluish light. He bent over the sweet head on the pillow . . . a ringlet of dark hair lay across her cheek, that had the paleness of pearl; the childlike lips were open in slumber. "My wife! Beloved, didst thou yield to my yearning and come to me to be my joy? And that thou art. . . . Lie still and sleep; nay, lift not those sweet shadowy lashes and gaze up at me, as sometimes with thy great, dark, questioning, searching eyes. I love thee so! By God I swear it. It is only that sometimes I am tired out, struggling at my self-imposed task, and my feelings will not respond. And I must not be too utterly thine, never utterly happy in thee, for the sake of my mission."

He kissed her, drew away from her pleasant, slumbrous warmth, looked about him, turned back to the outer room. The clock struck; it warned him that the night was already far spent; but likewise it seemed to be mildly marking the end of a weary hour. He drew a deep breath, his lips closed firmly; he went back and took up his pen. No, he must not brood, he was too far down for that. He must not descend into chaos; or at least he must not stop there. Rather out of chaos, which is fullness, he must draw up to the light whatever he found there fit and ripe for form. No brooding! Work! Define, eliminate, fashion, complete!

And complete it he did, that effort of a labouring hour. He brought it to an end, perhaps not to a good end, but in any case to an end. And being once finished, lo, it was also good. And

from his soul, from music and idea, new works struggled upward to birth and, taking shape, gave out light and sound, ringing and shimmering, and giving hint of their infinite origin — as in a shell we hear the sighing of the sea whence it came.

1905

Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner

— not, I confess, without misgivings.

[Throughout Thomas Mann's life, music has been more than an absorbing interest to him, it has been a ruling passion. Not only has he repeatedly used musical episodes, themes, and allusions in his fiction; to a degree perhaps unparalleled by any other contemporary prose-writer, he has consciously endeavored to *write* musically. In his early years he thought seriously of studying to become a concert violinist, and somewhere he tells us that had he become a musician he would have been known as Paul Mann. Significantly, Thomas Mann's most recent novel, *Doctor Faustus*, the work of a man in his seventies, is the "life" of an imaginary German musician and composer, Adrian Leverkühn.

The passion that Mann confesses for "the Wagnerian enchantment" has been, at least until recently, the most profound musical experience of his life. (There is very little of Wagner in *Doctor Faustus*.) Mann's devotion to Wagner is reflected in three essays, one of them—I present a section of it here—next to the *Goethe and Tolstoy* in size and importance. A long short story, *The Blood of the Walsungs*, is a shocking narrative employing Wagnerian themes and overtones in both a literal and a figurative sense.

Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner, written in 1933 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death, was delivered as a lecture at the University of Munich, just a few days before Mann left Germany, to remain for years in self-imposed exile. A dominant theme of the essay is the great nineteenth century. I should like to quote here its opening sentences; they set the framework of the entire essay and are a moving testimony to Thomas Mann's preoccupation with nineteenth-century artists, writers, and ideas:

Suffering and great as that nineteenth century whose complete expression he is, the mental image of Richard Wagner stands before my eyes. Scored through and through with all his century's unmistakable traits, surcharged with all its driving forces, so I see his image; and scarcely can I distinguish between my two loves: love of his work, as magnificently equivocal, sus-

pect and compelling a phenomenon as any in the world of art, and love of the century during which he lived his restless, harassed, tormented, possessed, miscomprehended life, and in which, in a blaze of glory, he died. We of today, absorbed as we are in tasks which—for novelty and difficulty at least—never saw their like, we have no time and little wish to give its due to the epoch—we call it the bourgeois—now dropping away behind us. Our attitude toward the nineteenth century is that of sons toward a father: critical, as is only fair. We shrug our shoulders alike over its belief—which was a belief in ideas—and over its unbelief—that is to say, its melancholy relativism. Its attachment to liberal ideas of reason and progress seems to us laughable, its materialism all too crass, its monistic solution of the riddle of the universe full of shallow complacency. And yet its scientific self-sufficiency is atoned for, yes, outweighed, by the pessimism, the musical bond with night and death, which will very likely one day seem its strongest trait. Though another, not unconnected with it, is its wilful love of mere largeness, its taste for the monumental and standard, the copious and grandiose—this again, strange to say, coupled with an infatuation for the very small and the circumstantial, for the minutiae of psychological processes. Yes, greatness, of a turbid, suffering kind; disillusioned, yet bitterly, fanatically aware of truth; conscious too of the brief, incredulous bliss to be snatched from beauty as she flies—such greatness as this was the meaning and mark of the nineteenth century.

I have chosen a single, self-sustained section from the early part of the essay for presentation here.]

MY PASSION for the Wagnerian enchantment began with me so soon as I knew of it, and began to make it my own and penetrate it with my understanding. All that I owe to him, of enjoyment and instruction, I can never forget: the hours of deep and single bliss in the midst of the theatre crowds, hours of nervous and intellectual transport and rapture, of insights of great and moving import such as only this art vouchsafes. My zeal is never weary, I am never satiated, with watching, listening, admiring—not, I confess, without misgivings; but the doubts and objections do my zeal as little wrong as did Nietzsche's immortal critique, which has always seemed to me like a panegyric with the wrong label, like another kind of glorification.

It was love-in-hate, it was self-flagellation. Wagner's art was the great passion of Nietzsche's life. He loved it as did Baudelaire, the poet of the *Fleurs du mal*, of whom it is told that in the agony, the paralysis, and the clouded mind of his last days he smiled with pleasure when he heard Wagner's name: "*il a souri d'allégresse.*" Thus Nietzsche, in his paralytic night, used to listen to the sound of that name and say: "I loved him very much." He hated him very much too, on intellectual, cultural, ethical grounds — which shall not be gone into here and now. But it would be strange indeed if I stood alone in the feeling that Nietzsche's polemic against Wagner pricks on enthusiasm for the composer rather than lames it.

What I did take exception to, always — or rather, what left me cold — was Wagner's theory. It is hard for me to believe that anyone ever took it seriously. This combination of music, speech, painting, gesture, that gave itself out to be the only true art and the fulfilment of all artistic yearning — what had I to do with this? A theory of art that would make *Tasso* give way to *Siegfried*? I found it hard to swallow, this derivation of the single arts from the distintegration of an original theatrical unity, to which they should all happily find their way back. Art is entire and complete in each of its forms and manifestations; we do not need to add up the different kinds to make a whole. To think that is *bad* nineteenth-century, a bad, mechanistic mode of thought; and Wagner's triumphant performance does not justify his theory but only itself. It lives, and it will live, but art will outlive it in the arts, and move mankind through them, as it always has. We should be children and barbarians to suppose that the influence of art upon us is profounder or loftier by reason of the heaped-up volume of its assault upon our senses.

Wagner, as an impassioned man of the theatre — one might call him a theatromaniac — inclined to such a belief, in so far as the first desideratum of art appeared to him to be the most immediate and complete communication to the senses of everything that was to be said. And strange enough it is to see, in the case of his principal work, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, what was the effect of this ruthless demand of his upon the drama, which after all was the crux of all his striving, and of which the fundamental law seemed to him to be precisely this utter, all-

inclusive sense-appeal. We know the story of how this work was written. Wagner was working on his dramatic sketch of Siegfried's death; he himself tells us that he found it intolerable to have so much of the story lying before the beginning of the play, which had then to be woven in afterwards as it proceeded. He felt an overpowering need to bring that previous history within the sphere of his sense-appeal, and so he began to write backwards: first *Young Siegfried*, then the *Valkyrie*, then the *Rheingold*. He rested not until he had reduced the past to the present and brought it all upon the stage—in four evenings, everything from the primitive cell, the primeval beginnings, the first E-flat major of the bass basson at the commencement of the overture to the *Rheingold*, with which then he solemnly and almost soundlessly set to. Something glorious was the result, and we can understand the enthusiasm of its creator in view of the success of a scheme so colossal, so rich in new and profound possibilities of effectiveness. But what was it, really, this result? Æsthetics has been known to repudiate the composite drama as an art form. Gillparzer, for instance, did so. He considered that the relation of one part to another resulted in imparting an epic character to the whole—whereby, indeed, it gained in sublimity. But precisely this is what conditions the effectiveness of the *Ring* and the nature of its greatness: Wagner's masterpiece owes its sublimity to the epic spirit, and the epic is the sphere from which its material is drawn. The *Ring* is a scenic epic; its source is the dislike of the antecedent doings that haunt the stage behind the scenes—a dislike not shared, as we know, by the classic nor by the French drama. Ibsen is much closer to the classic stage, with his analytical technique and his skill at developing the backgrounds. It is amusing to think that precisely Wagner's theory of dramatic sense-appeal was what so wonderfully betrayed him into the epic vein.

His relation to the single arts out of which he created his "composite art-work" is worth dwelling upon. It has something peculiarly dilettantish about it. In the still loyal fourth *Thoughts out of Season* (*Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*) upon Wagner's childhood and youth, Nietzsche says: "His youth is that of a many-sided dilettante, of whom nothing very much will come. He had no strict, inherited family tradition to make a frame for him. Painting, poetry, acting, music, came as nat-

urally to him as an academic career; the superficial observer might think him a born dilettante." In fact, not only the superficial but the admiring and impassioned observer might well say, at risk of being misunderstood, that Wagner's art *is* dilettantism, monumentalized and lifted into the sphere of genius by his intelligence and his enormous will-power. There is something dilettante in the very idea of a union of the arts; it could never have got beyond the dilettante had they not one and all been ruthlessly subordinated to his vast genius for expression. There is something suspect in his relation to the arts — something unæsthetic, however nonsensical that may sound. Italy, the plastic and graphic arts, leave him cold. He writes to Frau Wesendonk in Rome: "See everything for me too — I need to have somebody do it for me. . . . I have my own way of responding to these things, as I have discovered again and again, and finally quite conclusively when I was in Italy. For a while I am vividly impressed by some significant visual experience; but — it does not last. It seems that my eyes are not enough for me to use to take in the world."

Perfectly understandable. For he is an ear-man, a musician and poet; but still it is odd that he can write from Paris to the same correspondent: "Well, well, how the child is revelling in Raphael and painting! All very lovely, sweet, and soothing; only it never touches me. I am still the Vandal who, in a whole year spent in Paris, never got round to visit the Louvre. That tells the whole story." Not the whole; but after all something, and that something is significant. Painting is a great art — as great as the composite art-work. It existed before the composite art-work and it continues to do so — but it moves him not. He would have to be smaller than he is for one not to be wounded to the heart for the art of painting! For neither as past nor as living present has it anything to say to him. The greatness that grew up, as it were, beside him, the French impressionistic school — he hardly saw it; it had nothing to do with him. His relations with it were confined to the fact that Renoir painted his portrait; not a very flattering portrait — we are told that he did not much care for it. But his attitude toward poetry was clearly different. Throughout his life it gave him infinite riches — especially Shakespeare; though he speaks almost with pity of "literature-writers" in defence of the theory by which he

glorifies his own powers. But no matter for that; he has made mighty contribution to poetry, she is much the richer for his work — always bearing in mind that it must not be read, that it is not really written verse but, as it were, exhalations from the music, needing to be complemented by gesture, music, and picture and existing as poetry only when all these work together. Purely as composition it is often bombastic, baroque, even childish; it has something majestically and sovereignly inept — side by side with such passages of absolute genius, power, compression, primeval beauty, as disarm all doubt; though they never quite make us forget that what we have here are images that stand not within the cultural structure of our great European literature and poetry, but apart from it, more in the nature of directions for a theatrical performance, which among other things needs a text. Among such gems of language interspersed among the boldly dilettante, I think in particular of the *Ring* and of *Lohengrin* — the latter, purely as writing, is perhaps the noblest, purest, and finest of Wagner's achievements.

His genius lies in a dramatic synthesis of the arts, which only as a whole, precisely as a synthesis, answers to our conception of a genuine and legitimate work of art. The component parts — even to the music, in itself, not considered as part of a whole — breathe something rank and lawless, that only disappears when they blend into the noble whole. Wagner's relation to his language is not that of our great poets and writers, it wants the austerity and fastidiousness displayed by those who find in words the best possession and the most trusted tool of art. That is proved by his occasional poems; the sugared and romantic adulations of Ludwig II of Bavaria, the banal and jolly jingles addressed to helpers and friends. One single careless little rhyme of Goethe is pure gold — and pure literature — compared with these versified platitudes and hearty masculine jests, at which our reverence for Wagner can only make us smile rather ruefully. Let us keep to Wagner's prose, to the manifestos and self-expositions on æsthetic and cultural matters. They are essays of astonishing mental virility and shrewdness, but they are not to be compared, as literary and intellectual achievements, with Schiller's works on the philosophy of art — for instance, that immortal essay on *Naïve and Sentimental Poetry*. They are

hard to read, their style is both stiff and confused, again there is something about them that is overgrown, extraneous, dilettante: they do not belong to the sphere of great German and European prose; they are not the work of a born writer, but the casual product of some necessity. With Wagner every separate achievement was like that, always the product of necessity. Happy, devoted, complete, legitimate, and great he is, only in the mass.

Then was his musicianship too only the product of the demands made upon him by the whole overpowering product, only the result of strength of will? Nietzsche says somewhere that the so-called "gift" cannot be the essential thing about genius. "For instance," he cries, "what very little gift Richard Wagner had! Was ever a musician so poor as he still was in his twenty-eighth year?" And it is true that Wagner's musical beginnings were all timid, poor, and derivative, and lie much later in his life than is usually the case with great musicians. He himself says: "I still remember, round my thirtieth year, asking myself whether I possessed the capacity to develop an artistic individuality of high rank; I could still trace in my work a tendency to imitation, and looked forward only with great anxiety to my development as an independent original creator." That is a retrospect, he wrote it as a master, in 1862. But only three years earlier, when he was forty-six, in Lucerne, he had days when he simply could not get forward with the *Tristan*; he writes to Liszt: "How pathetic I seem to myself as a musician I cannot find words strong enough to tell you. At the bottom of my heart, I feel an absolute tyro. You should see me sitting here, thinking 'It simply *must* go'; then I go to the piano and dig out some wretched trash, to give it up again, like a fool. Imagine my feelings, my inward conviction of my utter musical incapacity. And now you come, oozing it out of all your pores, streams and springs and waterfalls of it, and I have to listen to what you say of me! Not to believe that it is sheer irony is very hard. My dear chap, this is all very odd, and believe me, I am no great shakes." That is pure depression, inapplicable in every word, and doubly absurd in the address to which it went. Liszt answers it as it should be answered. He reproaches him with "frantic injustice toward himself." Every artist knows this sudden shame, felt on confronting some mas-

terly performance. For the practice of an art always, in every case, means a fresh and very careful adaptation of the personal and individual to the art in general; thus a man, even after he has received recognition for happy performances of his own, can suddenly compare them with the work of others and ask himself: "Is it possible to mention my own adaptation in the same breath with these things?" Even so, such a degree of depressive self-depreciation, such pangs of conscience in the presence of music, in a man who is in the middle of the third act of *Tristan* — there is something strange about it, something psychologically remarkable. Truly he had paid with a deal of poor-spirited self-abasement for the dictatorial self-sufficiency of his later days, when he published in the Bayreuth papers so much scorn and condemnation of the beautiful in Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, to the greater glory of his own art! What was the source of these attacks of faint-heartedness? They could only come from the error he made at such moments: of isolating his musicianship and thus bringing it into comparison with the best, whereas it should only be regarded *sub specie* of his whole creative production — and vice versa; to this error is due all the embittered opposition that his music had to overcome. We, who owe to this wonder-world of sound, to this intellectual wizardry, so much bliss and ravishment, so much amazement at sight of this giant capacity, self-created — we find it hard to understand the opposition and the repulsion. The expressions that were used, descriptions like "cold," "algebraic," "formless," seem to us shockingly uncomprehending and lacking in insight; with a want of receptivity, a thick-skinned poverty of understanding that inclines us to think they could only have come from philistine spheres, forsaken alike of God and music. But no. Many of those who so judged, who were impelled so to judge, were no philistines, they were artistic spirits, musicians and lovers of music, who had her interest at heart and could with justice claim that they were able to distinguish between the musical and the unmusical. And they found that this music was no music. Their opinion has been completely counted out, it has suffered a mass defeat. But even if it was false, was it also inexcusable? Wagner's music is not music to the same extent that the dramatic basis (which unites with it to form a creative art) is not literature. It is psychology,

symbolism, mythology, emphasis, everything — only not music in the pure and consummate sense intended by those bewildered critics. The texts round which it twines, filling out their dramatic content, are not literature — but the music is! Like a geyser it seems to shoot forth out of the myth's precultural depths — and not only seems, for it actually does it — and in very truth it is conceived, deliberately, calculatedly, with high intelligence, with an extreme of shrewdness, in a spirit as literary as the spirit of the texts is musical. Music, resolved into its primeval elements, must serve to force philosophic conclusions into high relief. The ever-craving chromatics of the *Liebestod* are a literary idea. The Rhine's immemorial flow, the seven primitive chords — like blocks to build up Valhalla — are no less so. I walked home one night with a famous conductor who had just finished conducting *Tristan*; he said to me: "That is not even music any more." He voiced the sense of our common emotion. But what we say today with acceptance, with admiration, could not but have sounded in the beginning like a furious denial. Such music as Siegfried's Rhine Journey, or the Funeral March, of unspeakable glory for our ears, for our spirits, they were never listened to, they were unheard-of in the worst sense of the phrase. This stringing together of symbolic musical quotations, till they lie like boulders in the stream of musical development — it was too much to ask that they be considered music as Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart are music. Too much to ask that the E-flat major triad at the beginning of the *Rheingold* be called music. It was not. It was an acoustic idea: the idea of the beginning of all things. It was the self-willed dilettante's exploitation of music to express a mythological idea. Psychoanalysis claims to know that love is composed and put together out of elements of sheer perversity; yet, and therefore, she remains love, the most divine phenomenon this world has to show. Well, now, the genius of Richard Wagner is put together out of streams of dilettantism.

But what streams! He is a musician who can persuade even the unmusical to be musical. That may be a drawback in the eyes of *illuminati* and aristocrats of the art. But when among the unmusical we find men and artists like Baudelaire — ? For him, contact with the world of music was simply contact with Wagner. He wrote to Wagner that he had no understanding of

music, and knew none except a few fine things by Weber and Beethoven. And now he felt an ecstasy that made him want to make music with words alone, to vie with Wagner in language — all of which had far-reaching consequences for French poetry. A pseudo-music, a music for laymen, can do with converts and proselytes such as this; even the austere music might be envious of them — and not of them alone. For there are things in this popular music so splendid, so full of genius, as to make such distinctions ridiculous. The swan motif in *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*, the summer full-moon music at the end of the second act of the *Meistersinger* and the quintet in the third act; the A-flat major harmony in the second act of *Tristan*, and Tristan's visions of the lovers striding across the sea; the Good Friday music in *Parsifal* and the mighty transformation music in the third act; the glorious duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde at the beginning of the *Götterdämmerung*, with the folk-song cadence; "*Willst Du mir Minne schenken*" and the ravishing "*Heil Dir Brünnhilde, prangender Stern*"; certain parts from the Venusberg revision of the *Tristan* time — these are inspirations that might make absolute music grow red with delight or pale with envy. I have selected them at random. There are many others that I might have cited to display Wagner's astonishing skill in modifying, modulating, and reinterpreting a motif already introduced: for instance, in the prelude to the third act of the *Meistersinger*, where Hans Sachs's Shoemaker's Song, already known to us from the humorous second act as a lusty workman's song, is lifted to unexpected heights of poetry. Or take the recasting — of rhythm and timbre — and the restatement that the so-called faith motif undergoes; we hear it first in the overture and many times throughout the *Parsifal*, beginning with Gurnemanz's great recitative. It is hard to refer to these things with only words at one's disposition to wake them. Why, as I think of Wagner's music, does some small detail, a mere flourish, wake in my ear, like the horn-figure, technically quite easy to describe, and yet quite indescribable, which in the lament for Siegfried's death harmonically foreshadows the love motif of his parents? At such moments one scarcely knows whether it is Wagner's own peculiar and personal art, or music itself, that one so loves, that so charms one. In a word, it is heavenly — though only music

could make one take the gushing adjective in one's mouth without shame.

The general tone, psychologically speaking, of Wagner's music is heavy, pessimistic, laden with sluggish yearning, broken in rhythm; it seems to be wrestling up out of darkness and confusion to redemption in the beautiful; it is the music of a burdened soul, it has no dancing appeal to the muscles, it struggles, urges, and drives most labouredly, most unsouthernly — Lenbach's quick wit characterized it aptly when he said to Wagner one day: "Your music — dear me, it is a sort of luggage van to the kingdom of heaven." But it is not that alone. Its soul-heaviness must not make one forget that it can also produce the sprightly, the blithe, and the stately — as in the themes of the knights, the motifs of Lohengrin, Stolzing, and Parsifal, the natural mischievousness and loveliness of the *terzetto* of the Rhine maidens, the burlesque humour and learned arrogance of the overture to the *Meistersinger*, the jolly folk-music of the dance in the second act. Wagner can do anything. In the art of characterization he is incomparable; to understand his music as a method of characterization is to admire it without stint. It is picturesque, it is even grotesque; it is all based upon the perspective required by the theatre. But it has a richness of inventiveness even in small matters, a flexible capacity of entering into character, speech, and gesture such as was never seen in so marked a degree. In the single roles it is triumphant: take the figure of the Flying Dutchman, musically and poetically encompassed by doom and destruction, wrapped round by the wild raging of the lonely seas. Or Loki with his elemental incalculableness and malicious charm, or Siegfried's dwarf foster-father, knock-kneed and blinking; or Beckmesser's silly spite. It is the Dionysiac play-actor and his art — his arts, if you like — revealing themselves in this omnipotent, ubiquitous power of depiction and transformation. He changes not only his human mask; he enters into nature and speaks in the tempest and the thunderbolt, in the rustling leaf and the sparkling wave, in the rainbow and the dancing flame. Alberic's tarn-cap is the comprehensive symbol of this genius for disguise, this imitative all-pervasiveness: that can enter as well into the spongy hopping and crawling of the lowly toad as into the care-free, cloud-swinging existence of the old Norse gods. It is this

characteristic versatility that could encompass works of such absolute heterogeneity as the *Meistersinger*, sturdy and German as Luther himself, and *Tristan's* death-drunken, death-yearning world. It marks off each of the operas from the others, develops each out of one fundamental note that distinguishes it from all the rest; so that — within the entire product, which after all is a personal cosmos — each single work forms a closed and starry cosmos of its own. Among them are musical contacts and relations that indicate the organic nature of the whole. Accents of the *Meistersinger* are heard in *Parsifal*; in the *Flying Dutchman* we get anticipations of *Lohengrin*, and in its text hints of the religious raptures of *Parsifal*, as in the words: "*Ein heil'ger Balsam meinen Wunden,*" "*Der Schwur, dem hohen Wort entfließt.*" And in the Christian *Lohengrin* there is a pagan residuum, personified by Ortrud, that suggests the *Ring*. But on the whole each work is stylistically set off against the rest, in a way that makes one see and almost feel the secret of styles as the very kernel of art, well-nigh as art itself: the secret of the union of the personal with the objective. In every one of his works Wagner is quite himself, not a beat therein could be by anybody else, each bears his unmistakable formula and signature. And yet each is at the same time stylistically a world of its own, the product of an objective intuition that holds the balance with the personal will-power and entirely resolves it in itself. Perhaps the greatest marvel in this respect is the work of the seventy-year-old man, the *Parsifal*: here the uttermost is achieved in exploring and expressing remote and awful and holy worlds — yes, *Tristan* notwithstanding, this is the uttermost point reached by Wagner, it witnesses to a power of blending style and emotion even beyond his usual capacity; to these sounds one surrenders with ever new interest, unrest, and bewitchment.

"A bad business, this," writes Wagner from Lucerne in 1859, in the midst of his absorbing labours on the third act of *Tristan*, which have renewed his interest in the long-since envisaged and already sketched figure of Amfortas. "A bad business! Think of it, for God's sake: it has suddenly become frightfully plain to me that Amfortas is my *Tristan* of the third act, at his unthinkable culmination." This process of "culmination" is the involuntary law of the life and growth of Wagner's produc-

tions, and it is the result of self-indulgence. All his life long he was labouring to utter Amfortas, in accents broken by torment and sin. He was already there in Tannhäuser's "Ah, how the weight of sin oppresses me!" In *Tristan* they seemed to have reached their uttermost and shattering expression; but in *Parsifal*, as he recognizes himself, with horror, they must undergo another "unthinkable culmination." It is a matter of screwing up his language to the highest pitch and then unconsciously seeking ever stronger and intenser situations to go with them. The material, the single works, are stages and successive transformations of a unity possessed by the self-contained and consummate life-work — which "develops" but to a certain extent was present from the beginning. This is the explanation of the telescoping, the dovetailing of conceptions; from which it results, in an artist of this kind and calibre, that what he is working on is never merely the task in hand; for everything else is weighing upon him and burdening the productive moment. Something apparently (and only half apparently) planned, planned for a lifetime, comes out when we know that Wagner in 1862 wrote quite definitely to von Bülow from Bieberich that *Parsifal* would be his last work. This was a round twenty years before it was actually performed. The *Siegfried* will have been sandwiched in between *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*, and the whole *Ring* worked up, in order to fill in the holes in the scheme. During the whole of *Tristan* he had to carry on at the *Ring*, and in *Tristan*, from the beginning, there are hints of *Parsifal*. The latter was present even during the sound and healthy, Luther-spirited *Meistersinger*; it had been waiting since 1845, the year of the first performance of *Tannhäuser*, in Dresden. In 1848 comes the prose draft which condenses the Nibelung myth into a drama: the putting on paper of *Siegfried's Death*, which was to end in the *Götterdämmerung*. But meantime, between 1846 and 1847, the *Lohengrin* is composed, and the action of the *Meistersinger* drafted, as a satyr-play and humorous pendant to *Tannhäuser*. This fourth decade of the century, in the middle of which he will be thirty-two years old, rounds out the working plan of the whole of his life, which will be carried out in the following four decades up to 1881, all the plays being dovetailed in together by simultaneous working on them all. His work, strictly speaking, has no chronology. It

originates, of course, in time; but it is there all at once, and has been there from the beginning. The last achievement, foreseen as such from the beginning, and completed with his sixty-ninth year, is then in so far release that it means the fulfilment, the end and the exitus, and nothing more comes after it; the old man's work on it, the work of an artist who has entirely lived out his powers, is nothing more than just work on it. The giant task is finished, is complete; the heart, which has held out the storms of seventy years, may, in a last spasm, cease to beat.

1933

Dostoyevsky — Within Limits

. . . my reverence for the
familiar of hell, the religious
and morbid great . . .

["There are two experiences," Thomas Mann remarked a few years after the first World War had ended, "which link the son of the nineteenth century with the new time and build bridges into the future: the experience of Nietzsche and that of the Russian soul." The great Russian delineator of souls, it goes without saying, is Dostoyevsky, and in the essay that follows (it was written at the close of the second World War) Mann draws a series of parallels, and some contrasts, between Dostoyevsky and Nietzsche. In an earlier essay, *Goethe and Tolstoy*, Dostoyevsky and Schiller are described as "children of spirit" and "saintlike" in contrast to Goethe and Tolstoy, the "children of nature" and the "godlike." In the present essay, however, Mann pairs Nietzsche with Dostoyevsky, and Schiller is not mentioned. The opening sections of *Dostoyevsky — Within Limits* are devoted to an analysis of themes that have long fascinated Thomas Mann: "the religious greatness of the damned; genius as disease, disease as genius, the type of the afflicted and possessed, where saint and criminal become one." Not until he is more than halfway through the essay does Mann turn to a brief commentary on the six short novels by Dostoyevsky contained in the volume for which this essay was prepared as a preface, and even then, because of his continual allusions to Dostoyevsky's masterpieces, the larger novels, Mann gives us to understand that this essay is something of a teaser. We are grateful, of course, that the "avoidance . . . evasiveness and silence" on Dostoyevsky have been momentarily broken, but it is impossible, I feel, not to wish that Mann will sometime write the book that is jestingly hinted of here.]

THE INVITATION from the Dial Press to write an introduction to a forthcoming edition of Dostoyevsky's shorter novels, the six tales comprising this volume, attracted me at once. There was something reassuring about the moderation of the publisher, something soothing to the commentator, who would

shrink, not to say recoil, from making the whole vast cosmos of Dostoyevsky's work the subject of his examination and criticism, and who would never in his life have got round to paying his meed of praise and blame to the great Russian but for this opportunity of doing it so to speak with a light touch, in a space already limited, for a definite purpose and with that self-restraint which the scope of the present volume prescribes.

My writing life has produced extended studies on Tolstoy as well as on Goethe. But to two other educative experiences I owe no less; from them I derived in my youth impressions quite as profound and moving, which in my riper years I have never wearied of renewing and deepening. Yet remarkably enough upon them I have never extendedly written; not on Nietzsche and not on Dostoyevsky. I am still in debt for the Nietzsche essay which my friends have often claimed from me, indeed which seemed to lie directly across my path.¹ And only intermittently, quickly to fade again, have there appeared in my writings those "deep, criminal- and saint-like lineaments" (that was at one time the way I described them) of Dostoyevsky. Whence this avoidance, this evasiveness and silence, by contrast with the surely inadequate but as surely joyful eloquence that the greatness of those two other masters inspired me to pour forth? Well I know. Confident, enthusiastic homage, mingled with affectionate irony, came easy to me in face of those blest and godlike forms, those children of nature in their lofty simplicity and their bursting health: Goethe, autobiographical aristocrat, sculptor of a majestic personal culture; Tolstoy the bear, the great epic writer of Russia, with his freshness as of a vast natural force — Tolstoy, with his inept and futile struggles to spiritualize and moralize his pagan physicality. My own shrinking, a profound and mystical reluctance, enjoining silence, begins when I contemplate the religious greatness of the damned; genius as disease, disease as genius, the type of the afflicted and possessed, where saint and criminal become one.

Of the dæmonic, I feel, one should write in verse, not prose. It might, at best disguised as humour, speak out of the very deeps of a work — but to devote critical essays to it appears to

¹ Since writing this essay Mann has paid his "debt" with the essay *Nietzsche's Philosophy in the Light of Contemporary Events*.

me to say the least an indiscretion. Perhaps, yes, probably, that is only a palliation of my indolence and cowardice. It is incomparably easier and more agreeable to write about pagan-godlike health than about hallowed disease. About the blest children of nature, and their naïveté, one may enjoy oneself and be playful; but not about the children of spirit, the great sinners, the accursed. It would be quite impossible for me to jest about Nietzsche or Dostoyevsky as I have on occasion done about the self-centred Sunday's-child Goethe, in a novel, and, in an essay, about the colossal uncouthness of Tolstoy's moralism. From which it follows that my reverence for the familiars of hell, the religious and morbid great, is at bottom a deeper thing — and only for that reason wordless — than that for the sons of light. It is good that for once there should be an outside force constraining me to articulateness, even of a well-defined and limited kind.

"The Pale Criminal" (*"vom bleichen Verbrecher"*): I can never read this chapter-heading in *Zarathustra* (a work of genius notoriously presided over by disease) without seeing before me the anguished, uncanny face of Fyodor Dostoyevsky as we know it from a number of good likenesses. More, I cherish the thought that it had hovered before the frenzied vision of that sufferer of Sils-Maria with his habitual headaches. For Dostoyevsky's work played an extraordinary role in Nietzsche's life; he often speaks of him, in the letters as well as in his books, whereas I would not know that he ever even mentions Tolstoy. He calls Dostoyevsky the profoundest psychologist in world-literature — also, out of a sort of modest enthusiasm, his "great teacher," although in actual fact there could scarcely be any thought of pupil-relation to his eastern brother in the spirit. That is more what they were: spiritual brothers, comrades in a destiny that rose far above the common average into the bizarre and tragic. This despite the basic differences in their origin and traditions: one of them a German professor, whose luciferian genius sprang from the roots of a classical education, philological scholarship, idealistic philosophy, and musical romanticism; the other a Byzantine Christian, who from the beginning had dispensed with whatever of humanistic hampering he had, which had conditioned the other. He might conceivably sometimes have figured as "the great teacher" simply because he was

not German (for above all else Nietzsche strove to rid himself of his Germanness); because his influence was in the direction of a release from bourgeois morality, and so strengthened Nietzsche's tendency to psychological shockingness and the sin of too much comprehension.

It seems impossible to speak of Dostoyevsky's genius without thinking of the word "criminal." The important Russian critic Merezhkovsky uses it more than once in his several studies on the author of *The Brothers Karamazov*: uses it indeed in a double sense, applying it once to Dostoyevsky himself and the "criminal avidity of his understanding" and once to the object of this understanding, the human heart, whose most hidden and *criminal* impulses he lays bare. "When one reads him," he says, "one is sometimes appalled by his omniscience, his penetration into another's conscience. We meet in him our own secret thoughts, which we would not only never confess to a friend but not even to ourselves." But here the matter is only apparently one of objective diagnosis and analysis; actually it is much more a psychological subjectivism, lyric in the broadest sense of the word: it is thrilling confession and avowal, it is the most ruthless revelation of the most criminal depths of a man's own conscience — and hence the frightful moral power, the religious awfulness of Dostoyevsky's soul-knowledge. One need only compare Proust and the psychological nouveautés, the decorations and unexpectednesses, of which his work is so full, to be struck by the difference in emphasis, in ethical coloration. The Frenchman's psychological inventions, his novelties and audacities are the sheerest diversion compared with the cheek-paling revelations of Dostoyevsky — a man of hell. Could Proust have written *Crime and Punishment*, that greatest thriller of all time? He lacked not the knowledge but the conscience. As for Goethe, also a psychologist of the first water, from *Werther* to the *Elective Affinities*, Goethe frankly and freely declared that he had never heard of a crime that he himself had not felt capable of committing. The words display him as the child of an age of pietistic soul-searching; but even so the Greek unconsciousness of sin outweighs the other element. The words are temperate: true, they challenge bourgeois morality, but they are cool and proud, not Christianly contrite; bold, rather than deep in any religious sense of the word. And Tol-

stoy was essentially the same sort, all his Christianly velleities notwithstanding. "I have nothing to conceal from any human being," he used to say, "let them all know what I do." Compare the confessions of the hero of *Notes from Underground* where he speaks of his secret sins. "Even at that time," he says, "I did in my inmost soul set store by secrecy. I was horribly afraid of being met, seen, recognized." The secret of hell reigned in his life; it could not bear any uttermost frankness, any final exposure to the eyes of the world.

There is no doubt that the subconscious and even the consciousness of this gigantic creative mind was always burdened by a heavy sense of guilt, the true criminal feeling. It was not, this feeling, all hypochondriac. It belonged with his disease, it was the religious sickness, the mystical *kat exochen*, epilepsy. He had it from youth up; but it became much worse after the trial he underwent when he was twenty-eight for conspiracy, and from the shock of the death sentence (for he stood at the place of execution, looking death in the face, when at the last moment came the reprieve and the sentence to hard labor in Siberia). He believed that the disease must finally end in the exhaustion of his physical and mental powers, in death or madness. Usually the attacks came once a month, but also more frequently, sometimes twice a week. He has described them often: both directly, and also by inflicting the disease on the psychologically especially singled-out characters in his novels, for instance the frightful Smerdyakov; the hero of *The Idiot*, Prince Mishkin; the nihilist and ecstatic Kirilov in *The Possessed*. There are, according to Dostoyevsky, two features proper to the falling sickness: the ineffable rapture of the inner illumination, the harmony, the utmost bliss — this precedes the actual attack and lasts for a few seconds, followed by the inarticulate, no-longer-human shriek and the ensuing state of frightful depression, mental bewilderment, and profound misery and desolation. This second reaction seems to me even more indicative of the nature of the disease than the transport that heralds the attack. Dostoyevsky has described this transport as so strong and sweet that "for just those seconds of bliss a man would give ten years or even the whole of his life." The "hang-over" which follows was described in the evidence of the suffering genius as consisting in that he "felt like a criminal"; that it

seemed to him a sin he knew not of, some heavy misdeed weighed him down. I do not know what neurologists have to say about the "holy" sickness; but in my view it is unmistakably rooted in the sexual; it is a furious explosion of its dynamic, a transferred and transformed manifestation of the sexual act, a mystical debauch. I repeat that the following remorse and dejection, the secret sense of guilt, seem to me even better evidence of its character than the preceding seconds of a bliss so sweet that one "could give his life for it." However much Dostoyevsky's ailment threatened his mental powers, it is no less certain that his genius was closely bound up with and coloured by it; his initiate psychology, his knowledge of crime and what the Apocalypse calls "Satanic depths"; above all, his power of suggesting secret guilt and making it form the background of existence to his often horrifying creations, are inextricably connected with the same. Thus in the past of Svidrigailov, in *Crime and Punishment*, there is "a criminal affair, with a flavor of brutal animality, for which he might easily have been sent to Siberia." It is left to the reader's more or less acquiescent fancy to guess what it was: apparently a sexual offence, very likely the rape of a child — that being the secret or part of the secret in the life of that icy and scornful superman, adored in the dust by weaker natures, Stavrogin in *The Possessed*, perhaps the most uncannily attractive character in all literature. An unpublished chapter of the novel is extant, Stavrogin's Confession, wherein among other matters he tells of the rape of a little girl. According to Merezhkovsky it is a powerful document, full of such frightful realism as passes the bounds of art. Obviously this shameful crime long brooded over Dostoyevsky's moralizing fantasy. One day he is said to have confessed to his famous fellow writer Turgenev, whom he hated and despised on account of his western sympathies, a similar sin of his own: without doubt a lying confession, made with intent to shock and bewilder the enlightened, humane, and wholly unsatanic Turgenev. In St. Petersburg, as a man in the forties, celebrated as the author of a book that had made even the Czar shed tears, he was visiting in a family circle with quite young girls present; and entertained them by relating a plot he had conceived in his youth, a novel wherein the well-to-do owner of an estate, a settled and respected man, suddenly

recalls that some twenty years before, after a night of drunkenness and egged on by dissolute companions, he had violated a ten-year-old girl. "Fyodor Mikhailovich!" cried the mother of the family, flinging up her hands: "have some pity, the children are listening!" He must have been a queer sort of company, this Fyodor Mikhailovich.

Nietzsche's ailment was not the falling sickness, though it is not hard to imagine the author of *Zarathustra* and *Antichrist* as an epileptic. He shared the fate of many artists and in particular strikingly many musicians (we may count him in a way among them): he died of a progressive paralysis, a malady that is unmistakably of sexual origin, having long been recognized as the result of syphilitic contagion. From the medical point of view, a very limited perspective, Nietzsche's intellectual development is nothing but the history of a paralytic degeneration and dissolution; in other words the pushing to extremes of a gifted normal intellect upward to icy, abnormal spheres of comprehension and moral isolation; to a frightful, criminal degree of knowingness, to which the good and not over-strong man, in every way requiring gentle treatment, was not born but only like Hamlet called.

"Criminal": I repeat the word, in order to indicate the psychological similarity between the cases of Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky. Not for nothing did the one feel so powerfully drawn to the other that he called him his "great teacher." The excess, the intoxicated unchaining of the understanding, in addition a religious, that is to say satanic moralism, which in Nietzsche called itself anti-moralism, that is common to them both. The epileptic's mystical sense of guilt we are told of—that was probably unknown to Nietzsche. But one of his aphorisms (at the moment I cannot find it, but I definitely recall it) makes it clear that his personal feelings initiate him into those of the criminal. He says in it that every intellectual segregation and estrangement from bourgeois standards, every independence and nonconformity of thought, is akin to the criminal form of existence and affords an insight into it closely approaching experience itself. I find one may go further and say that in general all creative originality, all artist nature in the broadest sense of the word, does the same. It was the French painter and

sculptor Degas who said that an artist must approach his work in the spirit of the criminal about to commit his crime.

"It is the exceptional circumstances," Nietzsche said, "that condition the artist: all those who are deeply ingrown and involved with morbid phenomena; so that it seems impossible to be an artist and not to be morbid." The German philosopher probably did not know the nature of his illness, but he did precisely know what he owed to it; and his writings, the letters as well as his books, pay homage in the heroic key to the value of disease as understanding. It is the nature of paralysis that, presumably through hyperæmia of the affected parts of the brain, it is accompanied by waves of feeling, an intoxicating sense of happiness and power, a subjective heightening of the life-force and an actual, if also, medically speaking, a pathological increase of productive capacity. Before plunging its victim into mental darkness and death, it vouchsafes him treacherous glimpses (treacherous from the normal, healthy point of view) of power and sovereign facility, inspiration, blissful illumination. These fill him with shudders of self-reverence; the conviction that there has been nothing like this for thousands of years; they make him seem to himself a mouthpiece of God, a vessel of divine grace, yes, very god himself. We have descriptions of such a euphoric sense of visitation and overwhelming inspiration in the letters of Hugo Wolf. Periods of mental vacuity and artistic impotence usually follow. But the most magnificent depiction of the paralytic illumination, stylistically a glorious tour de force, occurs in Nietzsche's *Ecce Homo* in the third section of the chapter on *Zarathustra*. "Has anybody," he asks, "at the end of the nineteenth century, any notion of what the poets of *stronger* times called inspiration? If not, I will describe it." We see that he considers his experience atavistic, a dæmonic "throwback" from other "stronger," god-nearer human states of humanity, beyond the psychic possibilities of our weakly reasonable epoch. So he describes, "truly" (but which is the truth, the actual experience or the medical description of it?), a fatal state of illumination that insultingly precedes the paralytic collapse.

Very likely his conception of the "Eternal Return" on which he lays such stress is a product of euphoria, very little controlled

and not even his own — probably a reminiscence. Merezhkovsky has called attention to the fact that the idea of the superman had already occurred in Dostoyevsky in the language of the before-mentioned epileptic Kirilov, in *The Possessed*. "Then there will be a new man," says the novelist's inspired prophet: "everything will be new. History will fall into two periods: from the gorilla to the destruction of God, and from the destruction of God to the physical transformation of the earth and man" — in other words, to the appearance of the god-man, the superman. But I think it has not been remarked that the idea of the "Eternal Return" also occurs in Dostoyevsky, in *The Brothers Karamazov*, in Ivan's dialogue with the Devil. "Yes, you always think of our present earth," says the Devil. "But our present earth has repeated itself perhaps *billions of times*: it has got feeble with age, it has frozen over, burst apart and fallen in pieces, dissipated into its elements; again there was the water 'above the firmament,' again the comet, again the sun, again out of the sun the earth — the process has already repeated itself times without end, *everything in just the same way down to the last jot and tittle* — that is the uttermost, obscenest boredom!"

Dostoyevsky, through the mouth of the Devil, calls obscene boredom that on which Nietzsche confers the Dionysiac blessing, saying: "for I love thee, O Eternity!" But the idea is the same; and while I agree, in the case of the superman, in the explanation that here were two kindred souls with one idea, I incline to find the "Eternal Return" the result of reading, an unconscious, euphorically coloured memory of Dostoyevsky.

However, that may be a chronological error on my part; I leave it to literary historians to correct. What I am concerned with is first a certain parallelism in the thinking of these two great and ailing geniuses; and further the phenomenon of disease as greatness or greatness as disease; also the perspectives from which disease can be looked at: as a diminution of life, but also as a heightening of it: On the subject of greatness as disease, disease as greatness, the purely medical point of view proves to be inadequate and philistine, at the very least as one-sidedly naturalistic. The matter has its intellectual and cultural side as well, having to do with life itself, its enhancement and growth; a side which the merely medical and biological im-

perfectly understands. Let us put it into words: a humanity is ripening, or recurring out of forgottenness, which takes the idea of life and health out of the hands of biology, which latter thinks it has a prescriptive and exclusive right to it, and undertakes to deal with it more freely as well as in more pious wise — above all more consistently with truth. For man is no merely biological being.

Disease: but after all and above all it depends on *who* is diseased, *who* mad, *who* epileptic or paralytic: an average dull-witted man, in whose illness any intellectual or cultural aspect is non-existent; or a Nietzsche, a Dostoyevsky. In their case something comes out in illness that is more important and conducive to life and growth than any medically guaranteed health or sanity. The truth is that life could never in all its life get on without the morbid; and anything more stupid would be hard to find than the saying that from disease only disease can come. Life is not fastidious: one may truthfully say that creative genius, genius-purveying disease, taking its obstacles on high horse, leaping exultant from crag to crag, is a thousand times dearer to it than healthiness trudging afoot. Life is not nice: remote from its thought is any distinction between sickness and health. It clutches the daring products of disease, consumes and digests them, and what it does with them makes them health. A whole host, a generation of sound, healthy, receptive youth flings itself on the work of morbid genius, genius sprung from disease; wonders, admires, extols; carries it away and changes it within itself, finally bequeathing it to culture, which does not thrive on home-made bread alone. And all of them will swear by the name of the great morbid genius, thanks to whose madness they need not be mad. Upon his madness will they feed in health, and in them he will become sane.

In other words: certain conquests made by the soul and the mind are impossible without disease, madness, crime of the spirit; the great morbid ones are the crucified, sacrifices on the altar of humanity, to the end that it shall be uplifted, its understanding and feeling enlarged, its health lifted to a higher plane. Hence the religious aura so visible about the lives of such men, hence the profound influence upon their consciousness. But hence too the sense, as it were the foreknowledge of power and triumph, of life being in all its anguish vastly heightened.

Such sensations can only in a bald medical sense be called deceptive; rather it is a combination of strength and sickness in their make-up, which pours scorn on the ordinary association between sickness and weakness and by its paradoxical nature contributes to the religious coloration of their lives. They force us to reconsider our views about sickness and health, and the connection between sickness and life; they make us cautious altogether about the concept sickness, which we have been all too ready to mark with a biologically minus sign. All this is what Nietzsche is talking about when he says, in an extant note to *The Will to Power*: "Health and sickness—but take care! For the point is the efflorescence of the body, the resilience, stoutheartedness, and zest of the mind; also, of course, *how much of the morbid one can take in and make conquest of, make healthy.*" The emphasis is Nietzsche's. "What a weaker man would die of is a means of stimulation to great health."

As a healthy man in the grand style, to whom disease is a stimulant—thus Nietzsche thought of himself. But if in his case the relation between sickness and strength is such that the highest sense of power and its productive effectiveness seem to be a product of illness (as lies in the nature of the paralytic affliction); looking at Dostoyevsky the epileptic, one is almost forced to see in illness a product of surplus strength, surcharge and explosion of enormous health. One is convinced that the utmost vitality can put on the face of pallid debility.

Nothing is more calculated to bring confusion to biological conceptions than the life of this man. A twitching bundle of nerves, threatened at any minute with a spasm, "so sensitive that he was like a man without an outside skin and even the air hurt him" (*Notes from Underground*), he completed full sixty years (1821-81) and during his four productive decades piled up a colossal life-work of incredible novelty and boldness, a surging fullness of visions and passions, a life-work that, quite aside from the "criminal" furor of penetrating and confessing with which he broadened the scope of men's knowledge, includes an astonishing quantity of playfulness, fantastic comicality, and "jollity of spirit." For among other things this crucified one was a really great humorist.

If Dostoyevsky had written nothing but the six tales here offered to the public, his name would certainly merit a place in

the permanent history of literary fiction. But actually they form not even a tenth part of what he wrote; friends familiar with the intimate history of his production tell us that not a tenth part was ever committed to paper of all the novels that Fyodor Mikhailovich carried about with him "finished" in his head and could talk about with enthusiasm and in detail. He simply had not time to work out all these countless sketches. And still we are to believe that disease is a manifestation of debility! The epic monuments he raised, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, *The Brothers Karamazov* (but they are not epics, they are colossal dramas, almost scenically composed, with a plot burrowing in the very depths of the human soul, action often compressed into a few days, dialogue fevered and over-realistic), he created not only under the lash of illness but under the weight of debt and humiliating financial necessity, which forced him to work with unnatural speed. Once to a definite time-limit he wrote fifty-six pages in two days and nights. He tried to help out his poverty at the roulette-table, fleeing from his creditors to Baden or Wiesbaden and often enough only completing his ruin. Then he would write begging letters, in the same cringing language he puts in the mouth of a Marmeladov, his most utterly sunken and debased creation. The passion for gambling was his second ailment, possibly related to the first, a true passion. To it we owe that wonderful tale "The Gambler," about a man who goes to a resort with the improbable and unconvincing name of Roulettenburg; in this story he lays bare with incredible verisimilitude the psychology of passion and the demon chance. This masterpiece came out in 1867, between *Crime and Punishment* (1866) and *The Idiot* (1869), and with all its consummateness is a mere diversion. It is the latest of the pieces in the present volume, the others having been written between 1846 and 1864. The earliest is *The Double* (*Doppelgänger*), that pathological grotesque which appeared in the same year as Dostoyevsky's first great novel, and after the deep impression that work made in Russia it was something of a disappointment—not altogether unjustly, for despite certain brilliant narrative detail it was probably an error on the part of the young author to think that he had gone Gogol one better. In any case it was strongly influenced by the older writer. Certainly he by no means improved

on Edgar Allan Poe's "William Wilson," a tale that deals with the same old romantic motive in a way far more profound on the moral side and more successfully resolving the clinical in the poetic.

Even so, what "diversions," what pen-trials promising future greatness these stories are! In the period before the trial and exile to Omsk falls *The Eternal Husband* (1848), with the figure of the born cuckold, grotesque to the point of oppressiveness; the most uncanny effects are wrung from the tortured spite of this man. Then follows a gap during the years of hard labour, the frightful experience of the Katorga, which was later, in St. Petersburg, to be described in *The House of Death*, a book that wrung the heart of all Russia and made the Czar weep. But the resumption of creative activity came in 1869 with *The Friend of the Family*, also called *The Manor of Stepantchikovo*, famous for the incomparable figure of the hypocrite and tyrant Foma Opiskin, a comic creation of the first water, irresistible, approaching Shakespeare and Molière. I think we must admit that after this brilliant performance the following one, *Uncle's Dream*, is a falling off. If I may express my judgment, it is a farce too long spun out; and the tragic finale, the story of a consumptive young schoolmaster, is almost unbearably sentimental, the sentimental trait having got into Dostoyevsky's work through the influence of Dickens. The score is evened by the figure of the lovely Zinaida Afanasizheva, the typical proud Russian maiden, obviously and very significantly beloved by the author, whose Christian sympathy otherwise quite pre-eminently belongs to types of human wretchedness, to sin, vice, abandoned lust, and crime rather than to physical or spiritual nobility.

The most important piece in the present collection, written in 1864, the *Notes from Underground*, is evidence of this frightful sympathy and initiateness: it fills us with horror and awe. In its content it is closest to Dostoyevsky's great and fully characteristic creations and is generally considered to mark a turning-point in his creative activity, a break-through to himself. Today, when these conquests wrung from suffering and scorn, this radical truth-telling which so ruthlessly strides away over the literary and novelistic, have long ago become part of our ethical culture, we can scarcely imagine what a sinister sensation

it was, what protests it must have aroused from the idealists of beauty, and on the other hand what passionate agreement with its fanatical love of truth, when it first appeared. I used the word "ruthless." Dostoyevsky or the first-person hero or un- and anti-hero of these sketches guards himself by the fiction that he is writing not for a public at all, or for any reader, but for himself alone and entirely privately. His train of thought is this: "There are, in every man's memory, things he does not reveal to everybody, but at most to his friends. Then there are things he does not reveal to his friends, but only to himself and that only under the seal of silence. And finally there are things that a man is shy about revealing even to himself — and in any ordinary man such things amount to quite a large number. At least, it is only quite lately that I have resolved to recall some of my earlier experiences; hitherto I have always gone round them, even with a certain uneasiness."

Now, the content of the "novel" consists of the unspeakably compromising record of these "earlier experiences," wherein the offensive and the attractive mingle in a way hitherto unheard of. The author, or he whom he represents to be the author, is making an experiment. "Does one," he wants to know, "ever succeed in being perfectly sincere, even to oneself; in telling oneself, without any shame, the whole truth?" He is thinking of Heine, who said that autobiographies actually corresponding to the truth were as good as non-existent. People told untruths about themselves; like Rousseau, who out of sheer vanity maligned himself. The author agrees; but he says the difference between himself and Rousseau was this: that the latter made his confession in public, whereas he himself wrote for himself alone, and declared once and for all that when he wrote as though addressing a reader, he was only ostensibly doing so, because it was easier for him to write that way. It was sheer empty form.

Now, that is not true at all; Dostoyevsky undoubtedly wrote for the public, for publication and for as many readers as possible, simply because he so bitterly needed money. The almost jesting artist fiction of perfect isolation and remoteness from any literary aim is useful as an excuse for the radical cynicism of the soul-exposure. But again the fiction within the fiction, the "ostensible" address to the reader, the constant haranguing

of certain "gentlemen" with whom the speaker is arguing, is useful too, for it introduces an element of discursiveness, dialectic, and drama, wherein Dostoyevsky is uncommonly at home, and makes the most serious, the most malicious, the most abysmal, also amusing in the highest degree.

I confess that I like the first part of *Notes from Underground* better than the second with its painful and upsetting story about the prostitute, Lisa. Admitted that this first part has no action but only talk, and talk indeed that is reminiscent in many places of the abandoned prattle of certain religious personages in Dostoyevsky's greatest novels. Admitted also that this talk is questionable in the strongest sense of the word and calculated to confuse naïve natures to a dangerous extent because it dwells on religious doubt and furnishes a polemic for a wild apostasy from democracy and civilization, against the friends of humanity and the meliorists who believe that man strives towards his own happiness and advantage, whereas the truth is that he thirsts quite as much after pain, the sole source of knowledge; that he does not want the crystal palace at all, nor the ant-heap community of social consummation; he will never give up destruction and chaos. All this sounds very much like reactionary mischief and may well distress the well-meaning man who today finds that everything depends on bridging the gulf that has opened between what is realized mentally and a scandalously backward social and economic actuality. Everything *does* depend on it — and yet these heresies are the truth: the dark side, turned away from the sun, the truth, which nobody may disregard to whom truth, the whole truth, is important, the truth about men. The tortured paradoxes that Dostoyevsky flings in the teeth of his positivist opponents, they are — however antihuman they sound — uttered in the name of humanity and out of love for it; uttered for the sake of a new, deeper, unrheterical humanity that has passed through all the hells of suffering and understanding.

As the present edition of Dostoyevsky stands in relation to his whole work; as the whole body of his published work stands in relation to that which the man might have written if the limits of human life had not stopped him: just so does what I have here written about this prodigious Russian stand in relation to what might have been written about him. Dostoyevsky

within limits, with deliberate reserve—that was the idea. When I mentioned to a friend my intention of providing this volume with a preface he laughed and said: “Take care or you will write a book.” I have taken care.

1945¹

¹ This essay appears for the first time in a translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought

The revolutionary principle is
simply the will towards the
future. . . .

[A passage in one of Goethe's letters to Charlotte von Stein suggests an important characteristic of Thomas Mann's most significant criticism. "It remains eternally true," Goethe wrote, "to limit oneself . . . to . . . a few subjects . . . to hang on them, to turn them over and over, to become one with them. . . ." Thomas Mann has done just that with the group of artists, writers, and thinkers who have most profoundly influenced him. He has, for example, written seven essays and a novel on Goethe, three essays on Wagner, three on Tolstoy (I am noting only a few examples of this tendency), and he has written twice on the work of Sigmund Freud. In his second essay on Freud (*Freud and the Future*, published in 1936) Mann traces the history of his relationship to the psychoanalytic movement and in moving homage acknowledges his obligations to Freud for ideas and themes employed on a large scale in the *Joseph* novels. Important as that essay is, I have chosen the earlier essay, *Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought*, for presentation here.¹ The longer of the two essays, it employs a larger framework of ideas and raises issues ("revolution and reaction," "romanticism and enlightenment," "feeling versus reason," and others) barely touched upon in the later essay. A striking example of the sweep and density of Thomas Mann's critical method, *Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought* is in fact a survey of the most central issue in nineteenth- and twentieth-century thought, the conflict between reason and unreason.]

IN A SIGNIFICANT aphorism headed "The German Hostility to Enlightenment," Nietzsche discusses the cultural contribution made by German philosophers, historians, and scientists in the

¹ I have omitted a rather long passage in the essay which deals with the impact of unreason and barbarism on German youth, a passage particularly directed, at the time, to the growing Nazi Youth Movement.

first half of the nineteenth century, and points out that the general tendency of these thinkers and investigators was directed against enlightenment and against the social revolution — “which then, in gross miscomprehension, passed as their work.” Reverence toward the existing order, he says, sought to translate itself into reverence for all that existed in the past, “only that heart and mind might be once more full, with no room left for the aims and reforms of the future.” He tells how the cult of feeling was erected in place of the cult of reason; speaks of the glorious part — more effective than that of any artists of the word or thought — played by German musicians in the building of the temple; but, while fully acknowledging the many benefits to historical justice which flowed therefrom, he is largely unwilling to let the fact be lost sight of, that it was “in general no small danger,” in the guise of full and final acknowledgment of the past, to press down knowledge below feeling and, in the words of Kant, to make a new path for faith by showing knowledge its limits. “The hour of this danger,” wrote Nietzsche in 1880, “is past.” One might breathe freely once more. Those very spirits which the Germans had once so eloquently invoked were in the long run most injurious to the aims of their invokers. “History, the understanding of origins and developments, sympathy with the past, the newly roused passion of emotion and perception, all these played for a while the role of useful partner to the obscurantist, fanatic, retrograde spirit. Then one day they put on another nature, and spreading their broad pinions soared above and beyond their one-time summoners, as new and more powerful genii of that very enlightenment against which they had been invoked.” “This enlightenment,” Nietzsche concludes, “it is now ours to carry on, undisturbed by the fact that there has been ‘a great revolution’ and then ‘a great reaction’ against it; yes, that both still exist, being as they are but little waves compared with the real and great flood on which we float and wish to float.”

The burning life conveyed by these words, their immediate and most refreshing relevancy to the present, will not be lost on anyone who reads them today, almost half a century after they were written.² And such a one, if he be at pains to keep his gaze clear into the open future of humanity, undeceived by the

² *Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought* was written in 1928.

daily ebb and flow of the little waves, undistracted by the self-assured clamour of the prophets and toadies of the hour, will hearken to them in grateful reverence for the masterly genius of Nietzsche. For whether we know it or not, it is at the feet of his overshadowing greatness that all our present literally lies, with its thinking, willing, believing, and striving; with its struggles and convulsions like a satyr play, an ignoble repetition in little of his intellectual life; its wrangling over problems which, in him and by him, were long since dealt with in the grand style. For what else today are all our controversies in the sphere of the intellect but as it were a journalistic recoinage of that epoch-making war of his upon Wagner, itself so symbolic throughout of the conquest of romanticism in him and by him?

We have all good reason today to ponder well upon reaction and progress, romanticism and enlightenment; also we should have by now learned caution in the use of those terms — provided that what we are bent on is to understand, not merely to prevail in an argument. The sort of caution I mean is recommended in an early study by Nietzsche, in *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches*, called "Progress and Reaction." He refers to the appearance of certain powerful and irresistible spirits, who yet are reactionary and invoke a past epoch, as indicating that the new orientation is not yet strong enough to oppose them successfully. And he hails in particular Schopenhauer as one of these triumphant reversions of genius, in whose teaching the whole pre-scientific, mediæval Christian conception of the universe — notwithstanding the long-since achieved destruction of all Christian dogma — once more celebrates a rebirth. And with exemplary objectivity Nietzsche weighs the advantages to be drawn from such spirits. They force back our feeling for the time, he says, into the great old ways of viewing man and the world, to which no other path could so well conduct us; and thereby are of inestimable benefit to history and historical fair-mindedness. This historical point of view of the enlightenment, Nietzsche says, was scarcely in a position to do justice to Christianity and its Asiatic kindred; the metaphysics of Schopenhauer, drawn from the life-experience of reactionary genius, supplied the corrective; and only after this just triumph might we once more raise the banner of enlightenment, inscribed

with the names of Erasmus, Petrarch, and Voltaire. "We have," says he, "turned reaction into progress."

What we have here is of course an earlier version of the aphorism in *Morgenröte*, which I quoted above. It is equally instructive upon the involved, double-faced, and questionable nature of intellectual processes. Reaction as progress, progress as reaction, the interweaving of the two, is a continually recurring historical phenomenon. Luther's Reformation regarded as the triumph of an idea — who is to pronounce whether it was reaction or progress? It was progress and liberation, the German form of revolution, heralding the French, and also it was a relapse into the Middle Ages, an almost killing frost upon the tender intellectual spring of the Renaissance; it was an interplay of both, a mixture of life, deed, and personality, that cannot be come at at all by means of purely intellectual criteria. And Christianity itself — with its awful revival and reanimation of the primitive in religion, its atavistic mentality, its blood- and bond-meal of the flesh of the divine sacrifice — Christianity itself, however inestimably significant for the humanizing of man, the refining of his soul and spirit; however great the capacity for growth which it displayed from its inception, one can easily understand that to civilized antiquity it must have seemed like a hideous relapse and reversion, in which, in the most literal sense, the bottom of the world had come uppermost!

That the very Christianity which Luther "reformed" was itself a reformation, a return to and reassertion of primitive religion; that indeed reformations by their very nature have little to do with progress, since they tend to re-establish the old and the oldest in an extremely conservative sense, and that at a time when the new is already present, though also to a certain extent in alliance with that new: these things became clear to me as I re-read of late some pages of Freud's *Totem and Taboo*, in which he treats of the totem feast and the very realistic conception of blood communion as identity of substance on which it rests — that earliest feast of mankind, that commemoration of the primeval crime of parricide "in which so many things — social organizations, ethical prohibitions, religion — had their beginning." And he traces back through the ages the identity of the totem feast with animal sacrifice, the anthropic human

sacrifice and the Christian Eucharist, probing with careful, inexorable surgeon's probe this whole horrifying and culturally highly fecund morbid world of incest dread (*Inzestangst*) and murder remorse (*Mordreue*), and yearning for salvation (*Erlösungsdrang*); analysing and illuminating, until the mind passes at length from consideration of these primitive abominations from which religious feeling takes its rise, from reflections upon the deeply conservative nature of all reforms, to dwell upon the author himself, his position and affiliations in the history of thought.

As a delver into the depths, a researcher in the psychology of instinct, Freud unquestionably belongs with those writers of the nineteenth century who, be it as historians, critics, philosophers, or archæologians, stand opposed to rationalism, intellectualism, classicism — in a word, to the belief in mind held by the eighteenth and somewhat also by the nineteenth century; emphasizing instead the night side of nature and the soul as the actually life-conditioning and life-giving element; cherishing it, scientifically advancing it, representing in the most revolutionary sense the divinity of earth, the primacy of the unconscious, the pre-mental, the will, the passions, or, as Nietzsche says, the "feeling" above the "reason." I have used the word "revolutionary" in what seems a paradoxical and logically perverse sense; for we are used to associate the idea with the powers of light, with the emancipation of the understanding and with conceptions looking futurewards, whereas here the leading is in just the opposite direction. Backwards, is the cry: back into the night, the sacred primitive, the fore-known, the life-bearing; backwards into the romantical, pre-historical mother-womb. That is the language of reaction. But the emphasis is revolutionary. No matter what the field of intellectual activity — whether history, where Arndt, Görres and Grimm set up the idea of the primitive folk against that of humanity; or cultural critique, where Carus exalts the unconsciously shaping life-principle at the expense of the spirit, and Schopenhauer humbles the intellect far below the will, before prescribing to it a means of moral conversion and self-regeneration; or archæology, where from Zoega, Creuzer, and Müller to Bachofen, the legalist of matriarchy, all sympathy goes out to the chthonic and the dæmonic, to night and death — in

short, to a pre-Olympic, primeval, and earth-born religion, in significant antagonism to the classical cult of reason — in whatever field, in every field, the will is present to “force back our feeling into the great old ways of looking at man and the world”; always the idea of the sacred past and the fruitfulness of death is set over against the shallow and outworn idealistic optimism of the daylight cult of Apollo. Always that is the new, the revolutionary word; and with militant ardour is asserted and emphasized the powerlessness of mind and reason by contrast with the forces marshalled in the depth of the soul, with the dynamic of passion, the irrational, the unconscious. The line continues to Klages, the rediscoverer and reviver of Bachofen, and to Spengler, the pessimist historian — in other words, down to our day and our most modern lines of thought. And thus we have present opportunity to study this psychologically so strange concurrence of disbelief in mind and hostility to mind. For this insight into the feebleness of the reason and the intellect, their oft-proved incapacity to condition life, has not given rise to a wish to pity and protect their weakness. On the contrary, they are treated by this school of thought as though there were a danger that they might ever become too strong, that there could ever be too much of them on this earth; the weakness of mind is one reason more to hate it, to make a religion of decrying it as the grave-digger of life.

It will escape nobody that we have here the same “hostility against enlightenment” which Nietzsche describes in his aphorism. The danger that is bound up with such activities, however fruitful in discoveries, with however much of genius in the performance, is, he thought, “thank God,” over and gone. In the long run they too, and precisely they, had advantaged the very enlightenment against which their masters invoked them, as waves in the great flood that bears humanity onwards. And we — have we the same feeling, the same experience? Can we regard as happily past that danger to humanity to which Nietzsche referred? Yes, if we rise to the height of his vision and take into consideration our better knowledge of the main currents of life and of universal world-tendencies. But emphatically no if we surrender to the impressions daily and hourly forced upon us.

The great nineteenth century — to revile and condemn which

is one of the most tasteless of our literary fashions — was certainly not “romantic” in its first half alone. The decades of its second half, the truly bourgeois-liberal, Philistine, materialistic decades, with their monism and their natural science, are strewn with romantic elements and products of decadence; it is in them that the romantic is persistently regarded as an element of civic virtue, in them — and never to be lost sight of — that the art of Richard Wagner had its triumph; that art, great as the century itself, scored through with all its characteristic traits, weighed down with its instincts and worthy to serve as a symbol of the heroic war waged by Nietzsche, the dragon-slayer of his day, the herald of all the new and better things that struggle up to the light out of the anarchy and confusion of our time. A popular fiction abroad today would have it that the present moment in our intellectual history repeats the situation at the beginning of the nineteenth century; that in today’s animosity towards mind, today’s cult of the instinctive and the dynamic, which links up with Bachofen and romanticism, we are to envisage a genuinely revolutionary movement directed against the intellectualism and the rationalistic belief in progress of bygone decades — as though, for instance, the folk-idea, that romantic apaanage of nationalism, were standing in battle array, as the new, the youthful imperative of the hour, against “backward humanity,” against an encroaching cosmopolitanism! No, no, all that is quite indefensible, it must be characterized for what it is: a fiction born of the time in which we stand, at a point where mind leaves off and politics begins — a pernicious fiction, of which there will be more to say later on. And what about those decades of tepid humanitarianism, of deluded confidence in the power of reason, the revolutionary overthrow of which we have witnessed today? The World War, that gigantic explosion of unreason, in which the positive cosmopolitan powers of the time, the Church as well as Socialism, went down to defeat before the negative cosmopolitan power of imperialistic capital, the international nationalism — the World War, I repeat, would have been a strange termination to such an epoch. Once more, the nineteenth century was “romantic” not only in its first half but throughout, through all its decades; its pride of science was balanced, yes, outweighed by its pessimism, its musical bond with night and death, for the sake

of which we love it and defend it against the contempt of a present not half its size. Nietzsche's quarrel with the Socratic hostility to instinct gratified our prophets of the unconscious, even while they feel that his psychological method debars him from true understanding of the myth and from finding his way about in the "holy twilight of primeval time"; but through Nietzsche down to our own time there flows the nineteenth-century stream of anti-rationalistic tendency — in some cases, indeed, not so much through him as over and beyond him. . . .

I have laid it upon myself, not uninstructed in the intellectual complicatedness of all life, to use with great caution the terms "reaction" and "progress." The historical phenomenon that Nietzsche named "Reaction as Progress" puts the problem of revolution, a problem the conflicting and double nature of which is so confusing to all heads today — and particularly to youthful ones — that the most dead-and-buried ideas can successfully masquerade as the greatest novelty, and it becomes highly imperative to clear up the point of view and reduce it to a simplicity that may save us from its dangerous misuse. The whole thing depends on the attitude we take up, by temperament and intention, toward the past and the future. The revolutionary principle is simply the will towards the future, which Novalis called "the really better world." It is the principle of consciousness and recognition, leading to higher levels; the will and the urge to destroy — by means of lifting them into consciousness — all the premature apparent harmonies and pseudo-perfections of life, which rest upon uncertain and morally inadequate awareness; and by analysis, by psychology, through phases of solution which, from the point of view of cultural unity, must be designated as anarchy, but in which there is no pause and no retreat, no restoration, no tenable standing-ground, to break a path to a free and genuine unity of existence, secured by conscious possession, to the culture of men developed to complete self-consciousness. The name of revolution belongs only to the will that leads futurewards by the path of consciousness and resolution. This is what youth must be told today. No teaching or incitement to the great "Back, back!" no zeal for the past for its own sake, can write the word upon its banner save for the open end of confusion. By which I do not mean that the revolutionary will knows nothing of the

past or of the deeps. The contrary should be asserted. It must and will know much of them, be very thoroughly at home therein; if only these dark precincts do not allure it for their own sake, if only it does not make common cause with them to preserve the pseudo-religious and the sham-traditional — in short, out of reactionary instinct — but instead presses on as a liberator and enlightener into those *oubliettes* so full of horrors and of priceless treasures. *

Assuming then as fundamental — I know of no other way — this conditioning of the will as reactionary or revolutionary, according as it faces to the past or to the future, it will be decidedly a wrong reading of the history of thought to consider German romanticism a reactionary, anti-intellectual movement. There is, indeed, within romanticism, a historic school that one might characterize as reactionary in the sense in which we are using the word. You find in it that fanatic worship of the night side, that Josef Görres complex of earth, folk, nature, death, and past time, a world of thought and feeling possessing almost irresistible charm — but of which, Nietzsche to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not quite easy to think as peculiarly German, since a Frenchman, the nationalist Maurice Barrès, has most brilliantly, most recently, and in the grand style, presented to European attention the whole phenomenon of the chthonic world. Furthermore, history, by its very nature, is cast in a conservative mould of thought, it faces towards the past — it would be hard, surely, to find a historian possessed of revolutionary sympathies. But German romanticism is not — however disconcerting the statement may be to preconceived ideas — historically minded; it faces the future, so much so that one may call it the most revolutionary and radical of German intellectual movements. Novalis's characterization of the future as "the really better world" supports my statement in the most general and decisive way; but there are also a hundred traits, doctrines, and enthusiastic paradoxes of this school of thought to which applies word for word what I have tried above to say about the nature of revolutions — and no wonder, since, freely confessed, it was derived from them. The thought and the poetry of the romantic movement are addressed to the task of widening the field of consciousness; and so keen was its leaders' sense of the irreligion and inhumanity of sheer dull con-

servatism that even Wackenroder, the music-mad monk, could confess his horror of the "mischievous guilelessness, the frightful, equivocal, oracular obscurantism of music." This horror, this conscientious scruple, are romantic. It is romantic when one sees in art not nature, let us say, but the reverse. In the duality of spirit and nature, whose fusion in the third kingdom hovers before the eyes of all romanticism as the goal of human nature, art is entirely relegated to the sphere of mind, being essentially and indubitably sense, consciousness, unity, purpose. Such was Novalis's meaning when he called *Wilhelm Meister* "entirely a product of art, a work of the understanding," and romanticists have never otherwise conceived art than as the opposite pole of the instinctive, natural, and unconscious. Romanticism, indeed, in its radical way, might easily have gone to the other extreme and failed to recognize that art must be both body and mind, that she is like Proserpina in belonging to both the powers of the underworld and the powers of light. But this intellectual perception of the new *étape*, of the modern, the up-to-date, and the future, is of the essence of romanticism.

One thing only could mislead us as to the revolutionary character of German romanticism — namely, that it lacks, or displays only intermittently, the social-revolutionary phase; that mind and spirit in their development have been content to manifest no zeal for political aims. But the political is latent in every intellectual position. That there is much of the French Revolution in Novalis's intellectual radicalism; that the genius of two differing peoples can show corresponding traits — all that has been most happily recognized and discussed in Georg Brandes's essay on the romantic school in Germany. It is clear that revolution does not necessarily manifest itself as a cult of reason and intellectual enlightenment; that enlightenment in the narrower, historical sense of the word may be only one intellectual technique among others, to apply in renewing and advancing life; and that even with diametrically opposed methods, in all the wave-play of changing views and opinions, the great and general enlightenment can and will be served. This view, this large and trusting and enduring conviction, is the one we must try to cling to and make our own, when we observe the hostility to the intellect that is characteristic of our time: the widespread, reigning, anti-idealistic, and anti-intel-

lectual determination to dispute the primacy of mind and reason, to pour scorn upon it as the most unfruitful of illusions, and to set the irrational and instinctive, the powers of darkness and the depths, triumphantly in possession of their rights once more. It would be a rash critic who would give the name of romanticism to this temper of the time, which prevails today nearly everywhere, but most of all in Germany. No, for love of the intellect, passionate utopianism, orientation toward the future, conscious revolutionary spirit, are all far too distinctive characteristics of the German romantic movement to let its name be applicable here. And just as little as romanticism — to whose intellectual affinity with the French Revolution we have already referred — can be thought of as a pure revulsion against the eighteenth century and its classicism, just so little, or even less, is the present glorification of the irrational a pure reaction against the imputed shallowness of the nineteenth. An epoch whose second half was presided over by geniuses like Schopenhauer, Wagner, Bismarck, and Nietzsche may scarcely be thought of as a rationalistic and asthenic attenuation of living forces, so strong that it could evoke as its only possible reaction a re-formation of the myth and a renewed cult of the underworld. The relation of our own epoch to the one just past, with its melancholy, its problems, and its tendencies, all on the grand scale, is even more involved than is that of the romantic movement to the eighteenth century. The anti-intellectual movement we are now witnessing, the contempt of reason, the hatred of enlightenment, is permeated and ameliorated by tendencies to a young belief in mind and a human and whole-hearted will to reason — in short, by a neo-idealism which sets up a relationship between the twentieth century and the eighteenth, and which has more right than any idolatry of the instinct to feel itself in revolutionary opposition to the nineteenth century's misanthropy, pessimism, and rationalism. I have no mind to consider certain humiliating fallacies of the nineteenth century as typical traits of that epoch; I deny that the Philistinism of the monistic enlightenment ever really held sway over its profounder elements. I am acquainted with those of its concomitants to which our modern irrationalism forms a genuine and needed corrective, and against which thought is happily in the field today. The confusion and narrowness of its specializa-

tion, everywhere uninformed by ideas and remote from all deeper and higher human questionings, called into being a fruitful craving for conspectus and a broader sweep of inquiry. Its conceptual preoccupations, its critique, the hopeless austerity of its methods of research, are redeemed, or neutralized, by a new interest in the concrete, an attitude of research in which feeling, intuition, spiritual implications reassert their right, and art secures its position as a genuine instrument of knowledge — so that one may speak of science as restored to the sphere where genius operates, and of a new possibility of reuniting the conceptions of science and wisdom. All which is much too humanly gratifying to permit that any tincture of anti-rationalism or contempt for mind should apply to it the antagonistic conception of reaction. . . .

We no longer, of course, refer to the theory of psychoanalysis as a recognized — or a disputed — therapeutic method. Long ago — and certainly to the surprise of its physician founder — it outgrew the domain of medicine and became a world-movement that has penetrated into all possible fields of intellect and science: history of religion, prehistory, research in literature and art, mythology and folklore, pedagogy, and so on, thanks to the zeal in elaboration and application of experts who have developed round the medical and psychiatric kernel this atmosphere of influences — which might almost be compared to that which surrounds the personal work of Stefan George. But being by origin a technique of healing, it has preserved in the broader intellectual fields its physicianly character, its human and ethical urge to restore and to re-establish the human element in every distraction and distortion to which it is subject in life. Its profoundest expertise in morbid states is unmistakably at work not ultimately for the sake of disease and the depths, not, that is, with an interest hostile to reason; but first and last, armed with all the advantages that have accrued from exploring the dark abysses, in the interest of healing and redemption, of “enlightenment” in the most humane sense of the word. It is, I think, the physicianly scope and intent of analysis that gives it a peculiar status within the scientific movement of our time.

It belongs to that movement — so much is clear. It lends, in-

deed, strength and spirit to a tendency that is loath to concede to mind much power to condition life. Its emphasis on the dæmonic in nature, its passion for investigating the night side of the soul, makes it as anti-rationalistic as any product of the new spirit that lies locked in victorious struggle with the mechanistic and materialistic elements of the nineteenth century. Revolutionary it is entirely in that sense. "As a psychoanalyst," Freud takes occasion to say in a little autobiographical sketch, "I must of course be more interested in affective than in intellectual phenomena; more in the unconscious than in the conscious mental life." An extremely simple sentence, but full of meaning. The most striking thing about it is the calm allusion to "unconscious mental life." It is difficult today to conceive what a revolutionary affront to academic psychology and to all philosophic habits of thought the new science of psychoanalysis offered in that single phrase "unconscious mental processes." It sounded seditious in the fullest sense of the word, it was a frantic contradiction in terms—or, if it was not a contradiction, then it flung down the gauntlet to all existing psychology. The psychical and the conscious were ideas that belonged together: the phenomena of consciousness were the content of the psyche, and the unconscious psyche—that, it was to be hoped, was an absurdity in the way of nomenclature. The hope was not realized. Freud showed that the psyche is unconscious of itself, and that consciousness is only a property that may be present at the psychic process, but whose absence makes no difference to it. Upon this statement rests his theory of the neuroses; for it asserted and proved the phenomenon of suppression, the preventing an impulse from reaching the consciousness and its transformation into the neurotic symptom—a piece of evidence the extra-therapeutic character of which and its universal significance were certainly not known to its discoverer—though they are known throughout the world today. It was revolutionary, this proof, entirely in the sense of the anti-rationalistic, anti-intellectualistic movement of our time, and would be closely related to it in any history of modern thought.

What makes psychoanalysis stand out from this movement is the quality of its revolutionary character, which is decidedly something more than reaction. The unassuming sentence I have quoted above, with its "taking more interest in affective than

in intellectual processes," gives rise to thoughts upon the psychology of interest, itself a subject not without its complications and dangers. It is easy for an interest to reach the point of solidarity and sympathy with its object; from which it readily goes on to agree with something of which it only, in the first instance, set out to demonstrate the bare existence. An interest is interesting in itself; one asks wherein it consists, on what grounds and to what end. One asks, for instance, about a predominating interest in the emotional, whether it is itself of an affective or of an intellectual nature. For in the former case it entails glorification of its object at the expense of the intellectual sphere. His anti-rationalism consists in seeing the actual superiority of the impulse over the mind, power for power; not at all in lying down and grovelling before that superiority, or in contempt for mind. It gives no occasion for confusion, nor is itself prey to any. Its interest in impulse is unmistakably and unchangeably not a subserviency which denies mind and clings to "nature"; on the contrary, it works in the interest of the triumph it envisages in the future for mind and reason; it serves — I use the poor proscribed word in its largest sense, independent of the wave-play of the time — it serves "enlightenment." "We may," says Freud, "emphasize as often as we like the fact that intellect is powerless compared with impulse in human life — we shall be right. But after all there is something peculiar about this weakness, the voice of the intellect is low, but it rests not till it gets a hearing. In the end, after countless repulses, it gets one after all." Those are his words. And it would be hard to draw any comfort for reaction from a doctrine in which the primacy of reason is concisely stated to be "the psychological ideal."

The doctrine is revolutionary not alone from the scientific point of view and with reference to earlier methods of research. It is so in the most actual, unmistakable sense, the one least susceptible of misapplication. It is revolutionary by definition, in the sense of the word brought out by the German romantic movement. The touching thing is that Freud went his hard way quite alone, quite independent, in his character as physician and natural scientist, unsupported by the encouragement that our literature might have given him, without the benefit of personal contact therewith. Perhaps it must always be so;

the driving-power of his work has undoubtedly been the greater for the lack. He did not know Nietzsche, in whose writing lightning flashes of Freudian conceptions are everywhere to be found. It is almost more to be regretted that he did not know Novalis, if we grant that it would have been good had his path been smoother. But perhaps our very subject, the psychology of the unconscious, will excuse us for suggesting unconscious influences, the working of a suprapersonal transmission of ideas.

There is a kind of relationship that does not imply dependency; and such is the nature of the remarkable relation between Freud and the German romanticists. The signs of it are almost more striking than those of his unconscious derivation from Nietzsche, though they have as yet scarcely been noticed. When, for instance, Freud says that the primary human impulse is to return to the lifeless; when he seeks to solve the problem of impulse entirely by comprehending within the conception "Eros" "the preservation of self and the preservation of the species," opposing to it "the silently working urge to death or destruction" and "conceives impulse, generally speaking, as a sort of elastic property of life, an urge to reconstitute a situation that has once existed and been destroyed by outward influences"; when he speaks of the *essentially conservative nature of impulse* and defines life as the play and interplay of Eros and the death urge, all that sounds like a paraphrase of Novalis's aphorism: "The tendency of the elements that compose us is towards deoxidization. Life is forced oxidization." Novalis too sees in all-embracing Eros the principle that urges the organic to ever increasing unity, and the erotic radicalism of his social psychology is a mystic prefiguration of Freud's discoveries and speculations on the natural-science side. "Amor it is that presses us together"; thus Novalis. And when Freud speaks of a narcissistic libido of the ego and derives it from the products of the libido which holds the body cells together, the idea is such a romantic-biologic speculation that its absence from the writings of Novalis would seem to be due to mere chance.

What has been falsely called Freud's pan-sexualism, his theory of the libido, is, to put it briefly, nothing but natural science divested of mysticism and become romanticism. This it is has made of him a psychologist of the depths, an investigator of the

unconscious, that makes him understand life through disease; that gives him his place in the anti-rationalist scientific movement of today — and also distinguishes him from it. For there is an intellectual ingredient in the theory that makes it impossible to use it in any practically reactionary sense; that confines its anti-intellectualism to the realm of knowledge and gives it no power to encroach upon the will. And this intellectuality is bound up with the very theory the predominance of which has roused the greatest hostility to his whole teaching — because the prepossessions of Christianity have accustomed us to regard it as something sinful and impure — I mean, of course, the idea of sex. When he describes the impulse to death and destruction as the effort of the living to relax the strain by returning to lifelessness, and then crosses this backward urge with the “actual life-impulse,” namely sex, with which all striving toward evolution, fulfilment, and unification is bound up, he gives to sexuality a revolutionary and intellectual significance that Christianity has been very far from ascribing to it.

We are familiar with the extent to which Freud's whole cultural psychology is based upon the fatality of impulse, and with the role that the conceptions of sublimation and suppression play in it. And here we have the root of the socialism that comes out clearly in more than one place in his writings — here, in his theory of the neuroses. We know that for him the neurotic symptom is the consequence — not the inevitable, but precisely the pathological consequence of suppression. Looked at from this point of view, it is plain that he regards our whole culture as standing in the sign and image of the substitution-neurosis — understood as much more than an illustration and a simile, and in good part as quite literally and actually, though reaching out beyond the literal application. Freud sees in our civilization an apparent harmony, an apparent completeness, which is really very unstable, very insecure; similar — and not only similar — to the state in which a neurotic patient, without a will to recovery, comes to term; with his symptoms; “a state of existence,” he says, “which neither can nor deserves to continue.” And here begins the extraordinary relationship, so important for the history of thought, between his teaching and the philosophy of the becoming-conscious, represented by Novalis. It displays the same romantic sensitiveness for all the in-

humanity of sheer dull conservatism, for the bigotry that would, at whatever cost, preserve premature, morally inadequate forms of life, based upon the lack of self-consciousness. It indicates the dissolution of such immature forms, to be brought about by critical vision; it believes, like romanticism, in the transcendence of disorder, in ever higher stages, and in the future. The way which it prescribes is that of increasing consciousness, of analysis; upon it there is no retreat, no reversion to the good old times; its goal is a new life-order, earned by effort, resting on freedom and security, secured by self-knowledge. Measured by its method and its aims it may be said to tend to enlightenment, but of a kind too disciplined to be open to any charges of blithe superficiality. It might be called anti-rational, since it deals, in the interests of research, with the night, the dream, impulse, the pre-rational; and the concept of the unconscious presides at its beginnings. But it is far from letting those interests make it a tool of the obscurantist, fanatic, backward-shaping spirit. It is that manifestation of modern irrationalism which stands unequivocally firm against all reactionary misuse. It is, in my sincere conviction, one of the great foundation-stones to a structure of the future that shall be the dwelling-place of a free and conscious humanity.

Goethe

[FROM *The Beloved Returns*]

But only the light touch, the
light touch! . . . the depths must
laugh!

[Thomas Mann's Goethe novel was published in German in 1939 as *Lotte in Weimar*. In this fiction Mann brought himself at last to Goethe the man, the person. No longer does he dwell, as he had for nearly twenty years before he finished *The Beloved Returns*, on "Goethe as a Representative of the Bourgeois Age," on "Goethe's Career as a Man of Letters" (titles of essays), or on other aspects of Goethe's work and literary relationships. He simply gives us Goethe plain.

The narrative structure used to accomplish this feat is unpretentious, even fragile. Charlotte Buff Kestner, Goethe's early love immortalized as the Lotte of *The Sorrows of Werther*, visits Weimar in 1816 and meets Goethe once more, after an interval of nearly fifty years. The germ of Mann's blithe and loving "history" of this reunion is apparent in a passage from his essay, *Goethe and Tolstoy*, written in 1922:

We possess descriptions of the state Goethe kept in Weimar; when he, now no longer merely the creator of certain works, but a prince of life, the highest representative of European culture, civilization, and humanity, with his staff of secretaries, his higher aides and eager friends at his back, bore up with that bestarred official dignity which the world enjoined upon him and behind which he hid the mysteries and abysses of his genius, against the onrushing tide of civilized humanity — princes, artists, youths, and rustics, to whom the consciousness of having been vouchsafed one glimpse of him might gild the rest of their lives; even though the great moment itself might and often did turn out to be a chilling disappointment.

The Beloved Returns dramatizes (it is largely a series of conversations) the most dramatic of all such great moments, the meeting of Werther's Lotte, now a grandmother and earlier the mother of eleven children, with the sixty-seven-year-old Goethe. The funda-

mental theme of *The Beloved Returns* is much more, however, than the imaginative refurbishing of a famous and compelling episode. It is above all else a serene, profound, and playful revelation of the "mysteries and abysses" of a particular kind of genius and greatness: "the most winning form that greatness can take on this earth, the genius as poet; greatness at the loftiest height to which charm can raise it."

The novel opens with the arrival of Lotte at the inn Zum Elefant in Weimar, where she remains in seclusion for some time before her meeting with Goethe. She is visited by various persons from Goethe's entourage, principally Goethe's secretary, Dr. Riemar (who speaks in the novel the words about greatness that I have used above), Adele Schopenhauer, and August von Goethe, the son of Goethe. Stirred by Lotte's presence, the visitors (they come one at a time) pour out to her their conceptions of Goethe's character and greatness in order to "prepare" her for the reunion with Goethe, which is to take place at a formal dinner in his home. The reader, therefore, shares Lotte's initiation into the mysteries and rites of the genius she is about to encounter once more. But it is to the reader alone that the inner, the ultimate Goethe is finally revealed.

In the seventh chapter of *The Beloved Returns* the reader is at once, and unexpectedly, enveloped by the totality of Goethe's consciousness. The tour de force of the novel, this chapter is technically an interior monologue. Actually it is more than that. It is the spun web or, better yet, the spinning web of Goethe's entire intelligence — the complete activity of his mind, his perceptions, his emotions, his memories, his anticipations — from the moment of his awaking on the day the reunion with Lotte is to take place, until he is dressed and, breakfast over, is discussing with his son August plans for the completion of *Faust*, halfway through the morning.

As for the rest of the novel, Lotte, like the other visitors to greatness, experiences the usual "chilling disappointment" at the evening dinner and suffers unique embarrassment for her folly in wearing a replica of the famous white Werther dress with the pink ribbons. She meets Goethe once more, this time alone, but the entire novel must be read to appreciate the significance of that final encounter.

The Beloved Returns is fiction, history, and criticism, all in one. As fiction it is the reverse of Hans Castorp's story, which was "told for its own sake," not for Hans's sake, for he was simple. As history it relates one episode in a great man's life and reveals a considerable portion of the meaning of that life in reconstructing the single episode. The criticism in *The Beloved Returns* is the embodiment of principles and discoveries in the texture of pure art.

I have chosen the portion of Goethe's monologue that begins with his thoughts as he douses cold water on himself just after rising from his bed. The interruption in the flow of the monologue is occasioned by the reappearance of his servant Carl.

A word of caution: both Goethe and Mann "speak" in this monologue. The perceptive reader will observe that while Mann relates himself to Goethe he does not identify himself with Goethe. This is a vital distinction.]

HOLY WATER, pure and cold — holy not less in thy soberness than is the boon-and-blessing, sun-and-fire-combining gift of the vine! Hail, water! Hail, fire! Hail to the strong and simple hearts, the simple-heartedness which each day enjoys, like an adventure brave and new, that pure, first-given element, original refinement custom-staled! And hail to that refinement simple-heartedness can so mightily, so joyously embrace! For only here is culture, greatness. Fish in it fly, birds in it sky — pretty. Birds in it sky — quite a spacious, elemental little jest! Put it down. Might serve some time to show how one gets a happy thought. — Flow, water, flow, while earth stands fast! Stream free, O light, O love! O fire, leap up! Celebration of the elements already in the Pandora, that's why I called it a festival play. They will enrich and enhance the festival in the second Walpurgis Night. Life is growth, what has been lived is weak, strengthened of the spirit it must be lived anew. Be the Elemental Four honoured now and ever more! I will keep that, it shall be the closing chorus of the mythological-biological ballet, the satiric nature-mystery. But only the light touch, the light touch! Last and highest effect of art is charm. No scowling sublimity — even at its best and most brilliant, even in Schiller, it falls tragically exhausted, betrays itself the product of moral feeling. No, no, the depths must laugh! Profundity must smile, glide gently in, and smiling yield itself to the initiate alone — that is the esoteric of our art. For the people, gay pictures; for the *cognoscenti* the mystery behind. You, my good man, were a democrat, you thought to offer the highest and best direct to the many, noble — and bald. But culture and the crowd, they do not square. Culture is the pick of society, understanding, agreeing, discreetly smiling. And its augur-smile is for the mischievous parody-nature of art, that utters shame-

less things with utter dignity, resolves the hardest riddles with an easy jest.

This sponge — I have had it a long time: handy specimen of deep-seated animal life, from the primeval Thaletic slime. Long before the coming of man, that was. In what bottom didst thou shape thyself and nourish thee to thy increase, strange skeleton for life, without life's tender little soul? In the Ægean, perchance? Hadst thou thy place on the Cyprian's throne of iridescent shell? I blind my eyes with the stream gushing from thy pores, and they see the Neptunian triumph, the dripping rout: hippocamps, sea-dragons, ocean graces, Nereids, Tritons blowing short notes on wreathèd horns — surrounding Galatea's rainbow car they stream through the watery realm. . . . Good habit, that, to squeeze out the sponge on the back of your neck — hardens your whole body, if you can bear the shock without losing your breath. But for the neuralgia in my arm I would bathe in the river — as once, young mannerless fool, I would rush up by night with dripping hair and like an apparition startle the late-going goodman! All do the gods give, the Eternal, to their favourites, all! Long gone is the moonlit night when, stirred to thy depths, thy flesh and being all intoxicate, thou mountedst from the flood and gavest out the lines into the silver air. — In that self way the water streaming over your neck conjured up the vision of Galatea. Inspiration, fancy, idea as gift of physical stimulation; healthy excitation, free and happy flow of blood, Antæan contact with nature and the elements. Mind, product of life, life that again in mind first truly lives. Each includes the other. Each has life from the other. What matter if the thought springing from joy of life thinks better of itself than it is? It is the joy that counts, self-satisfaction makes a poem of it. Certainly there must be care in the joy, one must take care too, and thought for the right. Thought, indeed, is not thought the care and pain of life? Then would the right be son of care and joy. From mother the blithe joy of life. . . . All seriousness springs from death and is reverence for it. But dread of death is despair of the idea — it is the stream of life run dry. We all go down in despair — honour, then, to despair! It will be your last thought. To eternity your last? Piety would have faith, that into the black renunciation of the

life-forsaken soul might some time break the joyful ray of a higher life. . . .

With the dust the spirit not dispersèd. . . . I could like piety, if it were not for the pious. Piety would be good, and the secret hoping and trusting and honouring of the mystery — if only the fools, in their arrogant conceit, had not made a fetish of it, and a “movement,” a bare-faced youth-triumph, neo-piety, neo-faith, neo-Christianity — and tied it up with all sorts of hypocrisy and fatherland rubbish and bigoted, malcontent croaking, into a kind of green-sick philosophy, sinister indeed. Well, well, we too were arrogant in our day, Herder and the rest of us in Strassburg, and inveighed against everything old; you celebrated Erwin and his Minster and stoutly refused to let the flabby doctrine of new schools of beauty weaken your sense of the strong and crude and characteristic. That would be just after the hearts of the moderns, and flatter all the Gothic pietists; that is just why I suppressed it and kept it out of the collected works. But then Sulpice, my good, trusty, intelligent Boisserée, appealed to my conscience on the score of the omission and rejection, and put me in wholesome touch with the revived tradition and my own early attitude. Praise be to the higher favour and my own inborn good fortune, that what might have been offensive and annoying came to me in such fine, upright guise, the good, reverent, cultured youth from Cologne, with his loyalty to old-German architecture and painting and the value of folk- and ecclesiastical art. Opened my eyes, he did, to a lot I had not wanted to see, Van Eyck and the artists between him and Dürer, and Byzantine lower-Rhenish art. Youth comes to topple us old ones from our seats; I had tried to protect myself and shut out impressions of a new, upsetting kind. Then, all at once, in the gallery at Heidelberg, with Boisserée, there opened a whole new world of form and colour, and pushed you out of the old rut of sensations and opinions — the old as youth, youth in the old — you learned what a good thing it is to give way when it means conquest, and to submit when submission spells freedom, because freedom has brought it about. Said as much to Sulpice. Thanked him for coming in all modesty and honest friendliness to win me over, to hitch me to his car — of course, they all come for

that — to his plans for the completion of the Cologne Cathedral. He took all possible pains to make clear the national character and originality of old-German architecture, and how the Gothic had been more than just the result of Greek and Roman decline.

Here the grotesque they find,
Creation of a clouded mind,
To be the highest in its sphere.

Went about his affair so cleverly and neatly, did the lad, was so clear and courteous, so sincere in all his diplomacy, I took a liking to him — and to his subject too. What a fine thing it is, to see a man love his subject like that! Makes him and his subject both worth while, even if it is nothing in itself. I smile when I recall his first visit, in 1811, we worked together over his copperplates from the lower Rhine, the Strassburg and Cologne designs and the Cornelius illustrations to Faust, and Meyer comes in and catches us at it. Casts an eye over the table, and I shout out: "Look, Meyer, how the old times actually live again in these!" Couldn't trust his eyes when he saw what I was so taken up with. Grumbles and growls at the faults young Cornelius had faithfully taken over from the old-German style; opens his eyes wide at me several times when I calmly pass over his disapproval and praise the Blocksberg and Auerbach's cellar and say that the movement of Faust's arm as he offers it to Gretchen is a good invention. Looks quite dashed, gasps for breath, when he sees I don't sweep all that barbarous Christian architecture off the table, but find the designs for the spires quite amazing and consent to admire the size of the pillared nave. Growls, looks at the designs, then at me, comes round, gives in, does the Polonius act — "It is back'd like a camel" — just a hanger-on, a snubbed and betrayed retainer, left in the lurch. Is there anything more diverting than to snub your satellites? Any better stolen pleasure than to run away from them, make fools of them? Any better joke than the sight of their dropped jaws when one finally has the courage to give them the slip? Of course, it's easy to misunderstand, may look as though one had got on the wrong side; the pious may well think you are as pious as they. Actually, we can take pleasure in the absurd too, but only when we learn something from it.

Folly is of interest too, we must keep our minds open to everything. Asked Sulpice to tell me something about the Protestant converts to Catholicism. Should like to understand the workings of their minds, how they came to do it. He thinks Herder had a good deal to do with it, and his philosophy of the history of humanity; but the times had contributed too, the tendency of the age. That I ought to know, we have something in common there, in fact there is always something in common even with fools, only it looks very different and has different results. The tendency of the age — thrones are shattering, empires quaking — well, I ought to know something about that, unless I mistake I have been through it too. Only the experience enables one man to span the centuries, gives him a millennial point of view, as it were, and another it makes a Catholic. Certainly that millennial point of view has something to do with tradition, if we only understood it. But the fools try to bolster up tradition with history and scholarship — as though that weren't the death of all tradition! Either one accepts it and concedes something to it from the beginning, or one does not accept it at all and is a regular carping philistine. But the Protestants — so said I to Sulpice — feel there is something missing, so they set up a sort of mysticism; because when something has to be born and can't be, that is mysticism. How absurd they are! Don't even understand how the Mass came into existence, and behave as though one could manufacture a Mass. If that makes you laugh, you are more pious than they. But then they think you are playing the pious with them. They will claim for themselves your little old-German pamphlet on the Main and the Rhine and the history of art there in the Dark Ages; they will lose no time in threshing out your little harvest and making a patriotic harvest-festival parading about with the empty straw. But no matter for them; they know nothing about freedom. To give up existence in order to exist — certainly the trick will have been done. But it takes more than character, it takes mind, and the gift of renewal through mind. The beast's life is short. But man can experience recurrence, he knows youth in age and the old as youth; it is given him to relive what he has lived, his is the heightened rejuvenescence that comes after the triumph over youthful fears, impotence, and lovelessness, the circle closes and shuts out death.

Brought it all to me, the good Sulpice, so mannerly, so charmingly full of his theme, and only minded to hitch me to his car. Did not guess how much he brought, nor could have brought it had not the lamp been waiting for the light it kindled, had I not been ready for this chance that brought so much in its train and led to so much more than just the little old-German book. It was *anno* '11 he was with me; year by year after that came the Hammer translation with the introduction on the poet of Shiraz. Came the gift of inspiration, the recognition as in a glass, the blithe and mystical dream-play of metempsychosis, the all-embracing millennial spirit he invoked, the Corsican Timur, my mighty and sinister friend. Came my absorption in the history of mankind — when faith was great and reason small — my fruitful journey downwards to the patriarchs, then that other journey into my motherland, taken in foreknowing readiness: yet shalt thou love. Came Marianne.

Needs not to know how all that hangs together, I have not told him, how it began with his coming, five years ago, it would not be right, might put ideas in his head, who himself was but an instrument and my tool, though minded with all due respect to make me his. One day he even had the idea of learning of me how to write, that he might better advance the idea he had at heart; even wanted to stop the winter in Weimar, to look over my shoulder and get some hints. Better not, my friend, said I. My pagans here are often too much even for me, who am myself a pagan. Would be no good for you, you'd have no one but me to fall back on, and that would not be much, for I cannot always be with you. Spoken in all affection, like other such things I said. Praised his little writings and pronounced them good and well done, for they had the right note, that is always the chief thing. I could probably not do half so well, I have not a godly mind. Read aloud from the Italian Journey, where I praise Palladio to my heart's content and curse everything German including the climate and the architecture. Had tears in his eyes, the good lad. I hastily promised to strike out the offending passage, so he might see what a good soul I am. And just to please him I took out of the Divan the diatribe against the crucifix, the amber cross, that folly of the west and north. He found it too harsh and bitter, begged me to reject it. Good, said I, seeing it's you, I will cut it out. I will give it to

my son, like other such things that might offend the public. He will enjoy it, and preserve it faithfully. So I will compromise between burning and offending. . . . But he loves me none the less, and was so pleased with my sympathy for his balderdash, not only for the sake of his own affair but for mine as well. A listener *comme il faut* — how charmed he was with the Shortest Night and the windy sighs of love-smitten Aurora for her Hesperus, when I read it to him in the cold room, on our Neckarelz trip! What a good soul! Said the prettiest, most intuitive things about the relation of the Divan to Faust; was at all times an excellent travelling-companion and confidant, I relished opening my bosom to him as we drove or when we put up, told him things about my own life. Remember the journey from Frankfurt to Heidelberg, while the stars came out and I talked about Ottilie and how I loved and suffered for her — rattled on out of excitement, cold, and want of sleep — I think I frightened him. . . . Fine road from Neckarelz up into the chalk hills, where we found petrifications and fossil shells. Oberschaflenz, Buchen — we ate at midday in the inn garden at Hardtheim, and there was that young waitress who looked at me with her heart in her eyes, and I demonstrated to him how youth and Eros can make up for beauty. For she was not pretty, yet uncommonly attractive, and got more so as she grew excited and blushed, and pretended disdain, when she saw, as she was meant to do, that the strange gentleman was talking about her. He saw too, of course, that I was only talking so she could see I was talking about her, yet his bearing was perfect, neither embarrassed nor coarse — that was his Catholic culture — his presence was altogether acceptable and happy when I gave her the kiss, the kiss on the lips.

Raspberries, with the sun on them, unmistakable smell of warm fruit. Are they making preserves in the house? No, not this time of year, must be in my own nose. Lovely fragrance, beautiful berries, swollen with juice under their dry velvety skin, warm with living fire, like women's lips. Love is the best of life, and of love the best the kiss: poetry of love, seal of ardent desire, sensual and platonic, sacrament midway between spiritual beginning and fleshly end, sweet commerce, held in a higher sphere than the other and with the purer organs of breath and speech — spiritual because still discriminating, still

individual. . . . Bent back between thy hands that one and only head, beneath the lashes that serious, smiling gaze dissolving in thine; thy kiss says to it: I love thee, and I mean thee, precious particular of the divine All, expressly thee in all creation. For the other, procreation, is something else, anonymous, animal, at bottom without choice, shrouded in darkness. The kiss is joy, procreation is lust — God gave it to the worm. Well, in my time I have wormed it enough too; but after all the kiss is more my line, and the joy of the kiss, that fleeting visitation of conscious desire to fugitive beauty. There is the very same distinction between art and life. For the consummation of life for the human being, the making of children, is no affair of poetry's or of the spirit-kiss on the world's raspberry lips. . . . Lotte's lip-play with the canary-bird — the sweet way the little creature pressed its bill to her sweet lips and then made contact from one mouth to the other with its pretty picking — how daintily depraved, how shatteringly innocent! Well set-up, gifted young fool, already knew as much about art as about love and privately meant one when he made the other! A mere young cockerel and already quite prepared to betray love and life and human beings to his art! My loves, my outraged friends, it is a *fait accompli*, it has to come out for the Leipsic fair, forgive me if you can! I must be your debtor, yours and your children's, good souls, for the evil hours my — call it what you will — brought down upon you. Bear with me, I beseech you! — It was about this time of year I wrote it, in those misty, far-off times. Came back to me, the very letter, when I had the first edition again in my hands this spring and went over the whole crazy invention for the first time in so many years. No chance that, it had to happen, reading it supplied the last link of all that began with Sulpice's visit. Belongs to the recurring phase, the blithe celebration of the recurrent feast. . . . Capital, too, brilliantly done, congratulations, young popinjay! The interwoven psychological motive, the solid richness of intuitive material. Picture of autumnal strayings and flower-pickings — good too. Very neat the letter where the young lady cons the list of her friends and can yield him to no one, in each finds some flaw. Might be out of Elective Affinities. So much skill and pains, along with so much vagrant uncontrolled feeling, such tempests of yearning and revolt against the limitations of the

individual, the prison walls of the human soul — no wonder it was a success; the man who began with it was certainly no small beer. How easy something is to do, he knows who thinks of it and puts it through. Easy and happy as art, by virtue of the epistolary form, makes it immediate, beginning over again from the beginning each time — a whole reference system of lyrical units. Takes talent, to make a thing hard for yourself and then see how to make it easy. Same thing with the *Divan* — marvellous, how it always is the same. *Divan* and *Faust*, yes, but *Divan* and *Werther* are even more closely related — same thing on different levels, ascent to a climax, repetition and refinement of life. So may it ever be, so go on *ad infinitum* — gain through penitential striving, at eternities arriving . . . much talk of kissing in both poems, early and late. Lotte at the piano, never so charming her lips as then, they seemed to open thirstily and drink in the sweet tones. Was she not already Marianne to the life, or, rather, was Marianne not Lotte, when she sang *Mignon*, and Albert sat there too, sleepy, complaisant? Really like a recurrent feast, this time; celebration and imitation of the original, solemn performance, timeless memorial rite; less life too than before, yet more, more intellectualized life. . . . Well now, the high and holy season is past, that re-incarnation I shall see no more. Would, but have been shown I may not; that spells renunciation, ever abiding in hope of renewal. Only abide, the beloved will return to be kissed, ever young — rather haunts me, though, to think somewhere she still lives, old, her shape subdued to time; scarce as comforting and acceptable as the thought that the *Werther* lives on beside the *Divan*.

But the *Divan* is better, it has got beyond the pathological and ripened into greatness, the lovers are a consummate pair, soaring together towards higher spheres. Blood goes to my head when I think of all the young popinjay dragged in, in his frenzied search for motivation: social rebellion, offended bourgeois pride — why did you have to bring that in, young simpleton, a bit of political tinder that takes away from the whole thing? The Emperor was quite right to condemn it: Why did you do that? he asked me. A good thing nobody paid it much heed, just swallowed it along with the other fiery excesses and felt sure it was not meant for direct effect. Silly, immature stuff,

moreover subjectively false. My attitude towards the upper classes was always very well-affected — must certainly dictate a passage in the fourth part of the *Life*, that, thanks to the Götz, I stood well with the aristocracy, however much the work offended established literary conventions. . . . Where is my dressing-gown? Ring for Carl to dress my hair. The readiness is all — somebody might come. Nice soft flannel, pleasant to my hands when I fold them across my back. Wore it mornings when I walked up and down in the arcade by the Rhine, at Winkel with the Brentanos and on the terrace at Willemer's Tannery. No one dared speak to me, not to disturb my thoughts — though sometimes I hadn't a thought in my head. Fine to be old and great; reverence there must be. Yes, where all has not the good coat been with me, familiar domestic habit on my travels, to assert my own permanent self and stand out against stranger ways! Like the silver cup I pack and carry with me everywhere and the wine I have tried and found good, so that I shall not lack them where I go. Enjoy the others and their ways, profit by them, yet prove that I and mine are no less good. Cling to your own, stand on your own legs — they may accuse me of being set in my ways — it is a silly reproach. Clinging stoutly to your ego, preserving your personal unity — that is one thing, renewal and rejuvenescence are another, but there is no inconsistency — *all' incontro*: one finds these only in unity, in the closed circle of personality, that bids defiance to death. . . . "Make me fine, Figaro, Battista, whatever your name is; dress my hair, I have scraped away the stubble-field. You take me by the nose when you go at my lips, I cannot bear it, it is an uncouth practice. Do you know the old story about the student who was a practical joker and laid a wager with his mates that he would pull an exalted old gentleman's nose? He introduced himself to the worthy as a barber and calmly proceeded, before everybody, to take him by the beak and turn the exalted head to and fro — the old gentleman took a fit out of sheer chagrin, and his son challenged the joker to a duel and gave him something to remember the joke by all his days."

"I never heard the story, Your Excellence; but it depends on the spirit in which a man takes another by the nose — I assure Your Excellence —"

"Never mind, I like better to do it myself all the same. There

isn't much to shave, from one day to the next. But dress my hair and powder it, and put the tongs to it here and there. You feel like a different man when your hair is put in its place, away from forehead and temples; then the frigate is stripped for action, and the head is clear. For the hair and the head inside it hang together, and what good is an uncombed brain? the neatest dressing, you know, was the old bag-wig and cado-gan; you never saw it, you came in the middle of the Swedish period. But I begin farther back — I've gone through so many stages, short hair, long hair, formal hair, floating sidelocks — I seem to myself like the Wandering Jew, passing through the ages, himself always the same, customs and costumes changing on his very body, while he takes no heed."

"That must have become Your Excellence very well, the queue and the hair rolled over the ears, and the embroidered coat."

"Let me tell you, it was a good age, with decent and proper conventions; a little craziness had its value in the background, more than it has today. Tell me what freedom is, I always say, if it isn't becoming free. You mustn't think there were no human rights then. Masters and servants, yes, but those were ranks divinely appointed, each one worthy in its way. The master himself had respect not only for his own rank but for the servant's too, as being fixed by the hand of God. The more withal because in those times the view was more general that whether high or low, everybody had to put up with being human."

"Well, Your Excellence, I'm sure I can't say. It seems to me the little fellows always have more to submit to, in practice it is safer not to have to depend too much on this respect of the high rank for the low."

"Maybe you are right. Would you have me quarrel with you — and me with my head in your hands so you can pull my hair or burn me with the tongs if you don't like what I say? I would do well to hold my tongue."

"You have very fine hair, Your Excellence."

"Thin, I suppose you mean."

"It is only beginning to be a little thin on the forehead. No, I mean each single hair is fine; soft as silk, one seldom sees it like that in a man."

"Very good. I am of the stuff God made me of."

Was that indifferent or dissatisfied enough? Objective about my own parts? *Parucchieri* must always flatter—the man takes on the manners of his trade, tries to feed my vanity. Doesn't realize that even vanity has manifold sources and forms. How should he know it can be a profound preoccupation, serious and contemplative absorption in the self, passion for autobiography, compelling curiosity about the why and wherefore of one's physical and moral being, nature's devious ways, the hidden secrets of her dark laboratory, that produced this being which is you, to the wonder and admiration of the world? A light word of flattery for my physical parts—he would think it just pleasantly tickled my ego. Actually, it refers to a mystery so joyful and profound, only to think of it brings my heart into my mouth! I am of the stuff nature made me out of. That is all there is to it. I am as I am and as I live. Well I know we get farther by acting unconsciously, like a bolt into the blue. And the autobiographical urge? Maybe not very consistent with the bold principle I just set out. But suppose it only applies to the process, to the edifying demonstration of how a genius develops (and that may be just scientific vanity). At bottom the curiosity is always there, the itch to understand the essence of the process, of the being not only as it is but as it has been, the far-flung sources of its life and experience. If thinkers think about the thought-process, why shall not also the worker think of him who works, if a work does come out of it—considering that all work may be nothing but a very vain preoccupation with the worker as a phenomenon—a highly egocentric performance, in short? Very fine, superfine hair. Here is my hand, resting on the powdering-cape. Doesn't go with the fine hair, not a slender, spiritual, aristocratic paw at all. Broad and firm, a workman's hand, shaped by generations of blacksmiths and butchers. What mixture of power and delicacy, strength and weakness, coarseness and frailty, madness and common sense, the impossible and triumph over it—what all must not have mingled by happy chance, as the centuries ran, to produce the phenomenon, the genius, in the end? In the end. Out of a series of bad things or good things there is finally born the phenomenal thing to amaze the world and bring it joy. Half-god and prodigy, marvel and monstrum—when I wrote that, I thought of them as one, I took one for the

other, knew that there is always some amazement in joy, always in the half-divine a touch of the monstrous. Good or evil — what does nature reckon, who reckons so little of disease and health, and can make the morbid give birth to joy and healing? Through myself, nature, do I first of all know thee, through myself feel thee most profoundly. — You taught me that an ancient stock, before it dies out, can produce an individual holding in itself all its ancestral qualities, uniting all talents previously isolated or undeveloped, giving them for the first time full expression. Neatly formulated, carefully set down for the better instruction of mankind: natural science, deliberately decanted from your own not too canny essence. Egocentric, you may say. But shall he not be egocentric who knows himself to be the goal, the fulfilment, the consummation, the apotheosis, last and highest result of nature's uttermost extreme of care and pains? Take this whole process of pairing and breeding of stocks, crossing and mating of clans throughout the centuries: the journeyman who comes from the next county to woo the master's daughter; the wench of the count's tailor or lackey, who marries the sworn surveyor or educated bailiff. Was all this hodgepodge, this *quodlibet* of mixed bloods, so especially privileged and favoured of the gods? But so the world was to find it, in me, its issue; for in me the most dangerous native tendencies have been subdued, civilized, purified, applied and compelled to good and great ends, by dint of a character sprung from somewhere else altogether. My ego — a balancing trick, only just achieved; a lucky stroke, just lucky enough; a sword-dance poised between difficulty and love of facility; a just barely possible that achieves genius — who knows, perhaps genius is always just barely possible! They value the work, when it costs enough, the life nobody values. Try doing it yourselves, see if you don't break your necks!

What about my fear of marriage, my half-conscious sense that it was wrong and foolish to continue in the bourgeois ancestral pattern, and struggle on after the goal was already reached? There is my son, issue of an easy compromise, fruit of a light and lickerish union frowned on by society — who knows better than I that he is a by-blow and an after-clap? Nature pays him no heed — yet I have taken the notion to act as though I could and might begin again in him. As though

marrying him to the little person, she being of the stock that made me turn tail, could inoculate us with Prussian blood and make an after-play at which Nature herself would yawn and shrug and go home to bed! I know it all. But knowing is one thing, feeling another; and feeling will have its rights, *quand même*, whatever cold knowledge knows. It will look all pleasant and presentable at first; there will be a Lilli to preside over the house and smile at the old man's gallantries, if God please there will be grandchildren, curly-haired ones — shadow grandchildren, seed of the void in the heart. They will be loved despite faith or hope, simply out of feeling.

She was without faith or hope or love, Cornelia, sister of my heart, my female alter ego. She was not born for wifehood. Her revulsion against her husband probably corresponded to my fear of wedlock. A nondescript human being, a riddle to others and herself, wandering aloof and bitter on this earth, a crabbed votary. Strange it was, how in that first unnatural, detested childbed she passed away and died! Such was my sister in the flesh, the only other one of four children to survive — alas for her — those early days. Where are they now, that lovely little maid, and the strange, willful, silent lad who was my brother? Gone long ago, vanished and scarce bewept, so far as I recall. Dreams, and three parts forgot, I should not know them again. Fate willed that I should stay and you should pass; you went before, and little was your loss. I live on in your stead, at your expense, and roll the stone for five. Am I so egotistic, so avid of life, that I murdered you by sucking up what you might have lived on? Profounder and more secret sins there are than those we actually and consciously weigh ourselves down with. This strange childbed bore fruit of one really unusual life and four deaths — perhaps that was due to the father's being twice as old as the mother when he wooed her. Blest pair, vouchsafed to give a genius birth! And yet unblest! My blithe, happy-natured little mother — she spent her best years as nursing sister to a decrepit tyrant. Cornelia hated him — perhaps only because he gave her life. But was he not otherwise hateful? A querulous hypochondriac, who felt every draught of air a disturbance of the order of things; a cross-grained half-wit, too eccentric for any profession, a tedious pedant in any sphere. You took after him in many things: his

size, his bearing and ways; his love of collecting, his formality, his many-sidedness, his pedantry — but you transmuted it. The older you grow, the stronger that shadowy form will come out in you. You will recognize and confess him, more and more proudly, consciously and defiantly assume and honour the father-image. Feeling, feeling—I believe in, honour it. Life could not be borne unless we glozed it over with warm, deceptive feeling. Yet beneath it always lies the icy coldness. You make yourself great, make yourself hated, telling the ice-cold truth. And anon do penance and appease the world by merciful, heartening lies. My father was a shady character, late-born child of elderly parents, his brother definitely out of his mind and died an imbecile — as did my father too, in the end. My grandsire Textor was a ladies' man; yes, that came of his light-hearted, aspiring temperament; a jolly rake, a callous, deliberate petticoat-chaser, always getting into trouble with outraged husbands. But a clairvoyant too, had the gift of prophecy. Extraordinary mixture! Perhaps I had to kill off all my brothers and sisters to get the blend transmitted to me in some more tolerable, milder, more pleasing shape. Enough craziness left in me too, underneath all the brilliance! If I had not inherited the knack of order, the trick of saving myself, a whole system of protective devices — where should I be? Madness I loathe — abhor from my soul, beyond all power to utter, hate in my bones all crack-brained geniuses and near-geniuses, all emotionalism, eccentric gesturing and posturing, extravagance! Boldness, yes, audacity, boldness is all, the one indispensable thing — but quiet, decorous, wedded to the proprieties, velvet-shod with irony. That is how I am, that is what I will. There was that chap — what was his name? Sonnenberg, they called him the Cimbrian. Came from Klopstock, rolling his eyes and tearing his hair — at bottom quite a decent fellow. His great affair was a poem on the Last Judgment, daft undertaking, without polish in its daftness. Formless, apocalyptic — he used to recite it like one possessed of the devil. Intolerable. Made me sick. The end was, the genius threw himself out of the window. Farewell, farewell! And *absit omen!*

Good, now; he has put me to rights, made me dignified and elegant, a little like older, statelier times. When company comes, I will talk of trifles in a measured voice, soothing to

both sides. Not a trace of the dark, inscrutable genius these poor dear mediocrities love to gaze at and draw edification from their delicious shudders. My phiz must give them enough to talk about: my brow, and my belauded eyes — those, to judge from the pictures, come quite direct from my mother's mother, born Lindheymer, Textor's wife, as well as the shape of my skull and mouth, and my Mediterranean skin. The husk, the outward features, they were there a hundred years ago, with no more significance than just a female, a buxom, clever armful of a brunette. In my mother it slumbered, she being of quite another cast. Then it came out in me, became the shape and person of that which I am. Took on an intellectual significance it never had before and never needed to get. How inevitably does my physical self express my mental? Couldn't I have these same eyes without their being just Goethe's eyes and nobody else's? I mean to stick by the Lindheymers — probably the best thing in me. Pleasant to think their early seat, whence they took their name, lay close to the Roman wall, in the slope of the watershed, where the blood of ancients and barbarians has always mingled. Thence it comes, from there you get the eyes, the skin — your aloofness from the Germans, your perception of their vulgar strain; that scurvy misbegotten race, out of it, in spite of it, you take your life, your antipathy for it gnaws at a thousand roots that feed your very being. So you lead this unspeakably precarious, painful life, called to their instruction, isolated not only by your station but from the very outset by your instinct; grudgingly respected and honoured, picked flaws in wherever they can! Don't I know they find me a burden, one and all? How could I appease them? I have moments when I would so gladly do so. It should be possible — sometimes it has been. For in your bones there is so much Sachs and Luther marrow; you even take a defiant pleasure in the fact, yet the very stamp and seal of your mind drives you to lift and lighten it with all your gift of irony and charm of words. So they mistrust your German soul and you, they feel it an abuse, your fame is a source among them of hate and anguish. Sorry existence, spent wrestling and wrangling with my own blood — yet after all it is my blood, it bears me up. It must be so, I will not whine. That they hate clarity is not right. That they do not know the charm of truth, lamentable indeed. That they

so love cloudy vapouring and berserker excesses, repulsive; wretched that they abandon themselves credulously to every fanatic scoundrel who speaks to their baser qualities, confirms them in their vices, teaches them nationality means barbarism and isolation. To themselves they seem great and glorious only when they have gambled away all that they had worth having. Then they look with jaundiced eyes on those whom foreigners love and respect, seeing in them the true Germany. No, I will not appease them. They do not like me — so be it, I like them neither, we are quits. What I have of Germany I will keep — and may the devil fly away with them and the philistine spite they think is German! They think they are Germany — but I am. Let the rest perish root and branch, it will survive in me. Do your best to fend me off, still I stand for you. But the thing is, I was born far more apt for appeasement than for tragedy. Appeasement, compromise — are they not all my striving? To assent, to allow, to give both sides play, balance, harmony. The combination of all forces makes up the world; each is weighty, each worth developing, each gift reaches perfection only through itself. Individuality and society, consciousness and naïveté, romanticism and practical sense, each equal, each alike complete. To accept, to refer, relate, to be the whole, to shame the partisans of every principle by rounding it out — and the other side too. . . . Humanity universal, ubiquitous; parody secretly directed against itself, the highest, the irresistible pattern, world-dominion as irony and blithe both-sided betrayal! So then the tragedy falls away, falls down below where no mastery yet is, where my Germany yet is not, for my Germany consists in this very dominion and mastery, she represents it — for that sort of Germany is freedom, is culture, universality, love. All this no less true because as yet they do not know it. Tragedy between me and this people? Ah, yes, we may bicker and brawl. But above it all I celebrate an exemplary reconciliation; harping deftly yet profoundly, I will marry the rhyming magic of the cloudy north with the trimetric spirit of the eternal azure sky — and from the embrace genius shall come. But say then why my words so sweetly flow. What comes with ease must issue from the heart —

VI

POLITICAL ESSAYS AND CREDO

POLITICAL ESSAYS AND CREDO

THE POLITICAL opinions Thomas Mann has held during his lifetime have been varied and conflicting, and, in whatever stage of their history, complex and intense. Until he was nearly forty, Mann ignored politics. "I shared," he has since said, "that dangerous German habit of thought which regards life and intellect, art and politics as totally separate worlds." One should put beside this statement another, written in 1936, the third year of his exile from Nazi Germany: ". . . a man's — and how much more an artist's — [political] opinions are today bound up with the salvation of his soul." The distance between these two positions — art and politics as totally separate worlds, and political opinion as a matter of personal salvation — has been measured by Mann in one very large book, *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man* (*Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*), in several scores of essays and public addresses, in nearly all of his imaginative writings of the past twenty-five years, and by exile from his homeland since 1933.

Thomas Mann was thirty-nine in 1914. Until then the difference between the political and the unpolitical meant to him what it had, earlier, to Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, among others. The "German" cleavage between culture and politics rested on a peculiarity of German history. In Germany the political state had, literally, come last. German music, German literature, German philosophy — in short, all that *was* German culture — existed before there was a unified, political Germany. Goethe not only refused to read newspapers; he had been indifferent to the Wars of Liberation. "Let us leave politics to the diplomats and soldiers," he had said. It was Schopenhauer who thanked God daily that he need not worry about the Holy Roman Empire, and lent his opera glasses to an officer firing on the Revolutionists of 1848. Nietzsche regarded the establishment of the Empire of 1871 as an unmitigated disaster to German culture; "politics have swallowed up all really intellectual things," he said in later years. And there was his aphorism: "That which is great from the standpoint of culture was always unpolitical — even anti-political."

This, superficially illustrated, was "that dangerous German habit of thought" to which Thomas Mann adhered for the first forty years of his life. To what point of view did he turn when, impelled by "the fearful fractures of the year Fourteen" (a phrase from Rilke's *War-time Letters*), he was forced to examine the political positions available to him?

As we find in the history of Mann's three years of civil war with himself, *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*, he thought himself to be a political and cultural conservative, a belligerent antagonist of all that the Allies believed, or pretended to believe, they were fighting for. And no sooner had Mann gone through the rigorous process of self-analysis than he discovered that he was wrong about himself and about the position that he had at first rejected. He belonged, after all, with the forces of political democracy, although he could not entirely abandon his position as a cultural conservative.

In the years that followed this first discovery of his true political allegiance, Thomas Mann has moved, sometimes rapidly (he first spoke out against the German fascists in 1922), sometimes slowly ("from this Germany I had salvaged my soul in the eleventh hour"), into the position he has held without equivocation since 1936. In that third year of his self-imposed exile Mann stated his opposition to the leaders of Nazi Germany in terms so plain that he was deprived of his German citizenship. Since then Mann's position as an outspoken liberal, a vigorous opponent of all forms of political and cultural tyranny, wherever they may appear, has been unwavering.

Regardless of the positions he has held, Mann's thought on political topics, and this is characteristic of all his thought, has never been entirely simple. He thinks dialectically, with the consequence that his opinions are always in the process of synthesis. It is the endeavor toward synthesis, the continual effort toward resolution, that is to him more important than the arrival at some coalescence that may be dissolved by the presence of new elements or the rearrangement of old ones. To those who require the fixed and the absolute, to those whose political opinions are not the result of struggle, pain, and change, Thomas Mann's political opinions, even in their later phase, are apt to appear unattractive or alarming. To them Mann has this to say: "If I was in error at the age of forty, I

do not imagine that I possess the Truth today. It can never be a possession, but only an eternal aspiration. May it be said of each one of us that he spent his life honestly and restlessly striving for the true and the good."

I have selected four examples of Mann's political writings for inclusion in this section of the *Reader*. The first of these is part of the last chapter of *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*. The others are writings of his later period, which, in terms of his personal life, culminated in his exile from Germany.

Irony and Radicalism

. . . the field of morals is always
a personal one.

[The outbreak of war in 1914 dissolved Thomas Mann's unpolitical attitude almost at once. Called up for service and exempted from military duty by an army doctor who admired his writings, Mann felt obliged to render his "war service with the weapon of thought." His first effort, the essay *Frederick the Great and the Grand Coalition*, subtitled "An Abstract for the Day and the Hour," was completed late in 1914. In the mood described by Nietzsche as "hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge into old loves and narrow views" Mann then began the intense examination of his principles, set forth in the essays that comprise *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*.

In this book Mann identified politics and democracy, and endeavored to show that the combination was un-German. He contrasted the inward, musical "culture" of the Germans with the outward, rhetorical "civilization" of the French. He attacked the western, democratic liberal, committed to reason, optimism, and progress. He compared this type, the "literary prophet of civilization," of which his brother, Heinrich, was the shining example, with the intuitive, pessimistic, and conservative German romantic, exemplified by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Wagner. Notwithstanding Russia's membership in the Triple Entente, Mann urged the Germans to look eastward, to the elements of soul revealed in the works of Tolstoy and Turgenev, above all in Dostoyevsky. The only true bond of humanity, Mann argued, is within the individual soul. Art, not rhetoric, penetrates into life; the humanist's "reason" can never impose or legislate peace and fraternity upon some impossible, generalized man. So ran the gist of Mann's thought.

Whatever charges may be brought against the *Reflections*, and it is a painful and distressing book, it was meant to be a work of *cultural* patriotism. For all its bitter and passionate words, for all its irony and invective, its harrowing misconceptions of political man, the book was the utterly sincere history of a colossal and grief-stricken effort at self-understanding. "Compare yourself! Recognize what you are!" a phrase from Goethe's *Tasso*, was one of the two epigraphs Mann chose for its title-page.

Where did Mann find himself when the book, and the war inside and outside the book, were over? Defeated, as was the Germany he had sought to defend with his "weapon of thought." At this moment of personal and national defeat the resemblance between the man and his country ended. "When I wrote the last word of the *Betrachtungen*," Mann has said, "I no longer stood where I had when I wrote the first word." But the Germans, he added, "still stood there."

Though Mann has abandoned the opinions he held in the *Reflections*, he has never repudiated the book itself. In answer to demands by countrymen, and others, that the views he has since adopted require him to recant what he had once said, Mann has replied: "One does not repudiate one's life, one's experiences. . . . But nobody remains quite what he once was when he knows himself." He is aware, too, that as a literary performance the *Reflections* is superior to his later polemical writings. The book's importance is that, having "gone through" it, he was able to move on from a moral horizon "bounded solely by late German romanticism, by Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche," to wholehearted acceptance of the "European-democratic religion of humanity."

It has been difficult to choose a selection from this book for inclusion in the *Reader*. The best things in the *Reflections*—for instance, the analysis of a poem by Eichendorff or the discussion of Hans Pfitzner's *Palestrina*—presuppose a familiarity with German literature and culture that many are not likely to have. The "musical" overture to the work and the essays on "Faith" or "Virtue," to name a few, are much too long to be included here and are not easily divided into fragments. I have selected, therefore, passages from the final essay, "Irony and Radicalism," which bear on Mann's later conception of art as a mediator between "life" and "mind."

THAT is an antithesis, an either-or. The intelligent man may choose (in so far as he has a choice) to take up a position that is either ironic or radical. A third course is not decently possible. Which of the two it turns out to be is decided only in the last stage of the argument. For his decision depends on what the man considers the ultimate, the absolute and decisive thing: life, or mind (mind in the sense of truth or justice or integrity). *Fiat justitia* or *veritas* or *libertas*, *fiat spiritus*—*percat mundus et vita!* Thus speaks all radicalism. But then, is truth an argument—when life is in question? Here we have the ironic formula.

Radicalism is nihilism. The man of irony is a conservative. Conservatism, however, is ironic only when it is not concerned with the voice of life, which wills itself, but with the voice of mind and spirit, which does not will itself, but life.

Here Eros comes in. Eros has been defined as "the assertion of the humanity of the human being, irrespective of his worth." Well, such an assertion is neither very moral nor very intellectual, but neither is it the assertion of life through mind. Eros was always ironic. And irony is the erotic attitude.

The relation of life to mind is an extremely delicate, awkward, painful relation, weighted with irony and the erotic; it cannot be dismissed with the phrase I have read in the words of an activist: the thing was so to shape the world through mind "that it no longer needed mind." I knew the phrase. In contemporary literature there was already talk of those who "do not need mind" — betraying indeed that hidden yearning which may be the real philosophical and poetic relation between it and life, which may indeed be life itself. Life, so shaped as "no longer to need" mind (and probably not art either)! Is that too a utopia? If so, it is a nihilistic utopia, born of hatred and tyrannical negation, out of a fanatical kind of integrity; the sterile utopia of mind for mind's sake, which is colder and more rigid than any *l'art pour l'art* and which need not be surprised if life has no confidence in it. Yearning, that is to say, goes to and fro between mind and life. Life too yearns for mind. Two worlds, whose relation is an erotic one, though the sexual polarity is not clear, though they do not represent the one the masculine, the other the feminine: such are mind and life. Therefore between them there is no composition, only the brief, intoxicating perpetual tension without resolution. . . . It is the problem of beauty, that mind feels life, and life feels mind, as "beauty." The mind that loves is not fanatical, it is spiritual, it is politic, it woos — and its wooing is erotic irony. There is a political term for it: conservatism. What is conservatism? The erotic irony of mind.

It is time to speak about art. We find that today it must have a purpose and moral issues; must aim at world perfection. Now, the artist way to the perfecting of life and the world was, at least originally, quite other than by the route of political betterment; it was that of transfiguration and glorification.

The original, natural, "naïve" art was a celebration and exaltation of life, of beauty, of the hero, of the great deed; it afforded life a mirror in which to behold its image in gratifying beautified and purified truth, and the sight increased its love of itself. Art was a stimulant, an allurements, to life — and in a great measure it will always be that. What made art problematic, what so much complicated her character, was her connection with mind, with pure intellect, the critical, negating, destructive principle: a fascinatingly paradoxical combination, uniting the most ardent affirmation of sensuous, plastic life with the utmost nihilistic pathos of radical critique. Art, poesy, ceased to be naïve, it became, to use the elder designation, "sentimental," or as we say today "intellectual." Art, poesy, was and is no longer merely life, but also criticism of life; a critique the more frightful and disturbing, indeed, than that of pure mind, the more psychological, the richer, the more varied — and more seductive — her technique.

Art, then, became moral; and there was no lack of jeering from a sceptical psychology, which assumed that she had got that way out of ambition, in order to heighten and deepen her effects — since she was set above all on effect; you could not take her moralism too morally, she gained in dignity by it — or at least she thought she did: talent was by its nature something base, yes, imitative, but it aspired to impressiveness, and to achieve that, intellect was as good as anything else. But what psychology could cope with art, that riddling essence with the cast-down eyes, serious in play and playing in all seriousness with forms; which by deceit and juggling and brilliant imitation makes the human breast to shake with nameless sobs and equally nameless laughter? But in this relation with morality, that is to say with the radical and critical intellect, art has by no means relinquished her quality as stimulus to life. She could not even if she would — though she thinks or sometimes seems to think she would — deny her quality of inspiring fresh desire in and to life itself, by making it look at itself with sensuous-suprasensual regard, by heightening to a new intensity its consciousness of self. She cannot help doing this, even while her critical spirit seems radically nihilistic, inimical to life.

We know such instances: Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata* is one of

them. There art betrays itself in a double sense, betrays its own essence: for in order to turn against life she must turn against herself. A gifted prophet preaches against art, preaches chastity. You object that in this way life gets drained away. The artist-prophet replies: "Let it." There speaks mind. "Is life, then, an argument?" There we have his question, and silence certainly ensues. But how utterly strange, what a childish contradiction, to offer such a doctrine, and put such a question to readers, in the form of a tale, in other words as something to serve for entertainment!

And yet it is just this that makes art so intriguing, so worth achieving: just this marvellous contradiction, that she is, at one and the same time, both quickening and chastening; love of and homage to life by her eager imitation of it, and on the other hand destructive moral critique — is, or at least can be; that she can rouse in equal measure desire and remorse. Her mission consists in that she preserves, speaking diplomatically, good relations both with life and with mind; that she is both conservative and radical; it consists in her middle and mediating position between mind and life. Here is the source of irony . . . but here too if anywhere the connection, the analogy between art and politics; for the latter too, in its way, mediates between pure mind and life, and it does not deserve its name if it is nothing but conserving or radically destructive! But to want, on account of this resemblance, to make a politician of the artist would be a misapprehension; for his task, that of awaking and keeping awake the conscience of life, is not a political task at all, but a religious one. A great neurologist one day defined the conscience as "social anxiety." That, with all due respect, is an unpleasantly modern definition—a typical example of how today one merges into the social all moral and religious feeling. I should like to know, for instance, what Luther's lonely struggles and battles with his conscience in the cloister, before he quite unanticipatedly became a reformer and thus social, may have had to do with the social idea. But if anyone declared it to be a task of art to awaken the fear of God, by setting life before the stern countenance of the pure spirit, I would not say him nay.

One would not say that it would be very advantageous to art

to experience life in the sense of mind. The individual result would be a constant rage against all the phenomena that human life, the state and society, present to the eye — let us say on a journey. With our minds we see churches, factories, the poor, the army; police, prostitutes, the might of technique and industry; bank buildings, poverty, riches — all the forms of life sprouted by thousands out of the human. All that is stupid, rude, common, contrary to mind — in other words, to pure abstraction. The “intellectual” never gets rid of vexation, dumb fury and inward opposition, hatred and protest. What such a mood, such a way of looking at things, this continued rebellion in the name of decent abstraction, has to do with art — that you must ask of those who confuse the artist with the intellectual. I do not know. An artist existence which permanently let itself in for this critical and political view; which had lost the childlike, unconscious, and credulous gaze upon the phenomena of the world and was no longer capable of seeing anything as fitting and comfortable in its God-given setting, looking blithely forth from it and claiming the right to be looked at in the same way: I do not believe that such a kind of artist existence would be particularly adept in the fulfilment of its own special task.

But if art cannot be radical, does it follow that she must be ironic? Certainly her middle and mediating position between mind and life makes irony a very familiar element to her; and if I do not say that art must always be ironic, still, I would call irony, by contrast with radicalism, an artistic quality; for, in her, mind becomes conservative and erotic, whereas in the other it remains nihilistic and self-centered.

But irony is always irony in both directions; it directs itself against life as much as against mind, and so it must forgo the grand gesture and acquire melancholy and modesty instead. Art too is melancholy and modest, in so far as she is ironic — or rather, more correctly speaking, the artist is so. For the field of morals is a personal one. The artist, then, in so far as he is an ironist, is melancholy and modest; passion, the magniloquent gesture, the big words, are denied him; yes, in the affairs of the intellect he cannot even arrive at dignity. What prevents him is his equivocal middle position, his hybrid nature

between spirit and sense, the "two souls within his breast." The life of an artist is no dignified life, the way to beauty no road on which to acquire honours. Beauty, that is, is assuredly of the mind, but also of the senses ("divine and visible both," Plato says), and thus it is the way of the artist to the spirit. But I have raised the question whether anybody can attain wisdom and real human dignity for whom the route to the spirit lies through the senses. It was in a story where I made an artist "turned respectable" get to understand that the likes of him must remain disorderly, an adventurer in the emotions, that the excellence of his style has been lying and folly, his honourable station in life a farce, men's belief in him highly absurd; and that popular education, bringing up the young, through the medium of art would be a risky business, distinctly to be frowned on.

In making him in sadness and irony grasp these facts I was true to myself, and that is the point I am interested in. Young and green as I was, I sent to the magazine that had asked for it an autobiographical sketch wherein I said: "Those who have glanced through my writings will recall that I always felt the extreme of distrust for the phenomenon of the artist and poet. In fact, I shall never cease to marvel at the respect society shows to his kind. I know what a writer is, for on the evidence I am one of them myself. A writer, in short, is a fellow utterly and entirely useless in any field of serious endeavour; forever bent on folly; not only useless to the state, but even most disloyally minded; who does not even need to possess any unusual gift of intelligence, who may even be dull and slow-witted, as I have ever been. He is inwardly childish, inclined to excess, in every respect a notorious charlatan, who need not, and at bottom does not, expect anything from society except silent contempt. But the fact is that it is possible for this kind of creature to achieve high honours in society." What I have quoted was irony, from the pen of a young artist; and of course I know that irony, though after all it is something tolerably "intellectual," if not exactly in the best sense, has since then become very much "*vieux jeu*," a mark of middle-class petty quietism. The activist has arrived, *pulcher et fortissimus*. And still, I ask myself, in all deference and reserve, whether ironic modesty will not always remain the artist's only really decent

attitude—no, not towards art but towards the nature of the artist.

It is a remarkable fact that the artist intention to regard life and human nature from the point of view of pure mind means a lesser lack of irony, melancholy, and modesty than an intention to improve it after his own heart. But it will, as a rule, prove to be an error of observation to suppose that such a will or intention exists at all. Why not once again cite an instance of what I myself do, since after all it lies closest to hand? The criticism of the modern German intermediate school towards the end of *Buddenbrooks*, is it, though implicitly and indirectly, anything but an idea in the direction of school reform? It is certainly an indictment, however guarded, however conditioned by the character that experiences it, in whose life it is reflected, through whose eyes it is seen. *Something* there is a failure; but what fails is not so much the modern German intermediate school, though that comes off badly enough too. No, it is the decadent, music-mad princeling Hanno Buddenbrook. He fails altogether, he gives up, he relinquishes the life whose symbol and temporary expression is the school. Art—is it not always a critique of life, made by a little Hanno? The others obviously feel at home in life as it is, feel perfectly in their element, just as Hanno's schoolmates do. The school itself, as mirrored in his experience of it, is grotesque, tormenting, stupid, revolting. But at bottom he himself is far from considering his experiences and feelings as generally typical and valid. No; he knows he is a highly sensitized special case. Therein lies his pride and his modesty; and they are, it seems to me, the pride and modesty of the artist in face of life. To employ art to criticize life, in order to make propaganda for improvement—that is fundamentally disloyal. Neither life nor the school can be so organized that exalted ethical and æsthetic susceptibilities or a sensitive spirit can feel at home therein. Even so, such a criticism might produce actual effects in policy. I do not, of course, mean that the susceptible exceptional case can affect policy; but none the less it does represent the conscience of mankind, it is, in a higher, more subtly æsthetic and moral sense, and even against its own will, man's suffering leader, and thus has resulted in an artist critique of life, ameliorating, ennobling, civilizing, gratifying

— well, that is something else, a quite different thing. It must never tempt art, on political grounds, to be a political instrument, nor the artist to turn into a politician.

I have stated a certain similarity as between the positions of politics and art: I gave as my point of view that both took a middle and mediating position between life and mind, deriving therefrom a tendency to irony. At least in the case of art that will be granted me. But "ironic politics"? The combination puts one off. In particular, it sounds too shallow to let it pass, nor will anyone admit that politics, in general or at any time, are ironic in their nature. But let us convince ourselves, at least, that they can never be the opposite, never be radical, for that would contradict their very nature; it would be a contradiction in terms to talk about radical politics. The very word must mean a desire for adjustment and the positive result. "Politics" mean shrewdness, pliancy, courtesy, diplomacy; and with all that they never need to surrender their power of being the opposite of their opposite—that is to say, of the destructive absolute, of radicalism.

The activist mind reveals and preserves the whole radicalism of its nature; for the act of pure mind can in decency and integrity only and always be the most radical. The intellectual who has reached the conviction that he has to act is faced straightway with political murder — or if not quite that, at least the conclusion that if he is to act morally, then the political murder would follow as a consequence of his way of acting. The solution "Let the intellectual act," in so far as it is meant in the sense of pure mind, is a most questionable solution, since, after all, experience teaches that the intellectual whose passion carries him away into the world of actuality has got into the wrong element, where he cuts a poor figure, uneasy and amateur. He must hasten to wrap himself in the sombre mantle of moral self-sacrifice, in order to exist at all and meet the eyes of the world — and his own.

"The man of action," says Goethe, "is always conscienceless. No one has a conscience except the onlooker." But the converse is also true; the onlooker, in relation to the actual, has much less need of conscience, or at least needs a different kind

of conscience, than the man of action. He can indulge himself in the charming luxury of radicalism. The man summoned to action in the actual world cannot do so. He will quickly drop the idea of the absolute as an adolescent dream; for he knows that his business is political mediation between idea and reality, and that he must be capable of making concessions — a capacity in which the onlooker is entirely deficient, because of the unnatural strain it costs him to overcome his inborn timidity and shrinking from the actual, which does not leave him energy enough to adjust himself, to exercise moderation and “mother wit.” The activism of a man who is a born observer will always be unnatural, dreadful, distorted and self-destructive activity, “*action directe*.” What is done by pure mind must always be a monstrosity of a deed.

Irony . . . it is possible that I see it where others do not; but to me it seems one can never define the concept broadly enough, or take it too ethically or politically. When Kant, after a frightful and only too successful critique of knowledge, proceeds, under the heading of postulates of practical reason, to reintroduce and make tenable again all that he had just critically demolished, because, in short, as Heine said, “the old slyboots has to have a god” — in that I see political irony. When Nietzsche and Ibsen, the one philosophically, the other through his plays, question the value of truth for life, there again I see the whole ironic ethos. The Christian Middle Ages enunciated the dogma of original sin, in other words the doctrine of the essential and insuperable sinfulness of mankind, which the masses can in no wise escape. Thereby it consistently shut its eyes to the ideal; preached a permanent concession to the all too human; made distinctions between the cultivation of the higher spiritual and the natural and fundamental, handing over the latter in large part to sin, in order on the question of principle to put it in the wrong but in practice to make allowance for it. And all that, to me, is nothing but ironic politics. Adam Müller, a thinker in bad repute among progressives, has nevertheless said the wisest and wittiest things in the world on political subjects. He does not, for instance, confound politics with justice; but defines justice positively and unequivocally, as the naturally and historically given thing, the legiti-

mate; in short, as power made visible. Politics, or statesmanship, on the other hand, as opposed to justice, he calls the principle that teaches us to use the positive, the historical and unequivocal, "with certain reservations"; to reconcile it with wisdom, shrewdness, the present and the future, with usefulness; as the principle of compromise, agreement, persuasion, contracts. As a matter of scientific exactitude, it is clearly distinguished from jurisprudence, but in practice must go hand in hand with it. Here again we have just politics, and politics, indeed, in that ironic and conservative sense which is its real meaning and spirit. But the finest, most magnificent expression of conservative irony I find in a political letter of the old Friedrich Gentz to a young friend.

"World history," it says, "is a perpetual transition from the old to the new. In a constant succession of things, everything destroys itself, and the mature fruit falls away from the parent stem. But if this succession is not to mean the swift decline of all life and living things, including of course all right and good things, then there must necessarily be, alongside the large and always finally preponderant number working for the new, a smaller group that seek, with measure and within limits, to assert the old and see to it that the stream of time, though they cannot and would not choke it, shall flow in a regulated bed. . . . I always knew that despite all the weight and power of my supporters, despite all the single triumphs they won, the spirit of the times would in the end prove stronger than we; that the press, however much I condemned its excesses, would not lose its frightful preponderance over all our wisdom, and that art as little as violence can stop the wheels of the world from going round. But that was no reason why I should not steadfastly pursue the task that had fallen to me. Only a bad soldier forsakes his standard when fortune seems not to follow it, and pride enough I have, too, to tell myself, even at the darkest hour: *'Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni.'*"

Irony and conservatism are moods closely akin. One might say that irony is the intelligence of conservatism, in so far, that is, as the latter has intelligence, which is as little the rule as in the case of progress and radicalism. It may be a strong and simple emotional tendency, without humour or melan-

choly, robust as the blithest and most ingenuous progressivism. Then it feels in its element, striking right and left to ward off destruction.

Undoubtedly there is a certain antithesis between conservatism on one hand and authorship, literature, on the other. Much like the combination "radical politics," conservative authorship is, in a way, a contradiction in terms. For literature is analysis, intellect, scepticism, psychology, democracy, "the West," and where it links itself with conservative nationalist views, there comes in the split between being and doing, of which I spoke. Conservative? Of course I am not; if, as a matter of opinion, I were, I would still never be by nature, and that is what counts. In cases like mine destructive and conservative tendencies meet, and, so far as we can speak of results, it is just this two-sided one that prevails.

1918

Europe Beware

The modesty of age shall not prevent us from calling things by their right names.

[In the turmoil of postwar Germany, Mann was quickly "ensnared head and heart in politics." At a time (1922) when Hitler's party was little more than a fingerprint on the horizon, Mann warned the Germans of the dangers of National Socialism. "A pagan folk-religion, a Wotan cult . . . romantic barbarism," he called it in his essay *Goethe and Tolstoy*. In 1923, the year of the abortive Munich *Putsch* by a coalition of Hitler's group and the German Nationalists, Mann read to a large audience in Berlin his address *The German Republic*, in which he stood firmly on the side of the Weimar Republic and declared his adherence to the principles of political democracy. After the critical elections of September 1930 Hitler's party became the second strongest in Germany. On the 17th of October Mann spoke again before a large Berlin audience. His address, *An Appeal to Reason*, urged "the German citizen" to rally to support of the Social-Democrats, and contained an outspoken attack on the National Socialist Party and its principles. In 1933 Hitler came to power. Mann was in Switzerland at the time, where he remained for three years in self-imposed exile. (He was not deprived of his German citizenship until 1936 though his property was confiscated in 1933.)

Europe Beware was originally prepared as an address to the League of Nations Permanent Committee for the Arts and Letters, in the spring of 1935. Because it speaks with such profound, even prophetic insight into the fundamental issues of our time—the individual against the group, the enslavement of the masses in cultural barbarism, the anti-intellectualism of the intellectuals—issues that are still before us, notwithstanding the events of the past fifteen years, *Europe Beware* is, I believe, the most central of Mann's political essays written during the period of his exile.]

IT is only fair to say that the author of this article is at the beginning of his seventh decade. The old are so inevitably prejudiced against the age they live in that if one is over sixty

one's opinions on the "modern" world into which one has willy-nilly survived must be at a discount. Yet few will contradict me when I say that one need not be sixty to shudder at the spectacle of Europe today.

I have younger folk on my side too — perhaps everyone who is capable of standing off and looking critically at the world and the times, instead of being just blithe and simple, like the others. But whoever possesses this gift — a doubtful one from a eudæmonistic point of view — is not only justified in using it, but even obligated to do so as long as he lives: life itself, which is not chance, makes us responsible for it, and death alone can take it away. It is strange how little we can imagine the opinions of a deceased person on events that took place after his death. We may try, but we soon give up the experiment as idle and impractical; it is impossible to think oneself into the attitude of a person removed from time — psychically and intellectually impossible. The distinction conferred by this removal from time was expressed by a poet in the words: "A dead beggar is more aristocratic than a living king." But life too has its aristocratic side; it is a selective force, and the very fact that it holds us to time and to the world where things happen and develop implies a biological authorization, a natural vocation to speak in earthly affairs. Within this timeliness our judgment is competent; and to say we no longer understand the world is as meaningless in the sense of suppression of free speech as in that of voluntary abdication.

So that concerned and observant men do not, simply because they are old, refrain from sharp judgment upon the younger world about them. And even so, the judgment may be right. Goethe's confession in his old age that he loved youth dearly, and when he was young loved himself more than he did now, stands between two other comments betraying his irritation with the young, his lack of faith in them. "When one sees," he writes in 1812, "not only how the whole world, and in particular, the young, are given over to their desires and passions, but also how the higher and better things in them are pushed aside or pulled out of shape for the really serious stupidities of the time, so that everything which could bring them real blessedness becomes a road to perdition, not counting unspeakable pressure from without, then one is no

longer surprised at misdeeds through which a man rages at himself and others." We are familiar with all that: the scorn of the higher and better shown by the young, the unspeakable outward pressure and also the misdeeds. The modesty of age shall not prevent us from calling things by their right names.

The same Goethe, at sixty, also said: "The young no longer listen. But of course even listening needs to be cultivated." Cultivated. A whole generation greets the word with mocking laughter, directed of course at this favourite phrase of middle-class liberalism. As if to be cultivated meant only to be middle-class and liberal! As if it did not mean opposition to crudeness and human misery, to laziness also, that sickly torpidity which remains sickly torpidity no matter what gestures it makes! As if, in a word, to be cultivated were not — as a way of life, as the will to freedom and truth, as life lived conscientiously, as endless striving — as if to be cultivated were not moral discipline itself!

I love a poem of Goethe's old age which begins:

*Wo ist einer der sich quälet
Mit der Last die wir getragen?*

Yes, where is one who troubles about the burdens we bore? The children of the new world assert that they are worse off than we ever were, because for them life means poverty, risk, complete insecurity, while we grew up in the economic safety of the bourgeois age. But they exaggerate the significance of external environment. We, sons of an earlier age, have seen it change from smug comfort to shabby heroism. What is decisive is that the young no longer know anything of "culture" in its highest and deepest sense, of personal exertion, of individual responsibility and effort. Instead they take their comfort in the "collective," the group.

The group is comfortable, compared with individualism, so comfortable as to be loose. What the collectivist age wants, allows, and approves is the perpetual holiday from the self. What it loves and insists on having is intoxication. The content of this word is indispensable to the intensification and religious exaltation of life; but its applicability here proves how the collectivist habit of life is only another instance of the vulgarization of great and venerated European ideas by the commercialism of

the masses. "To be one with everything that lives!" cries Hölderlin in his *Hyperion*. "With this phrase virtue discards its harness of wrath and the spirit of man its sceptre, and from the unity of being death disappears, and immanent life, eternal youth, beautify and bless the world." We find the dionysiac experience expressed in these words degraded in the group-ecstasy, in the self-indulgent, escapist pleasure of the young, marching in step to the singing of tunes which are an alloy of corrupted folk-song with cheap journalism.

The young today love the group, stripped of all personal effort, for its own sake, and care little where it leads them. Asked to define more precisely the happiness they find in it, they do not show much regard for concrete values and achievements. The ecstasy of escape from the I and its burdens is an end in itself; and ideas related to it, such as the state, socialism, the grandeur of the fatherland, are more or less subsidiary, secondary, and indeed accidental. The real objective is the ecstasy of freedom from the self, from thought, and especially from morality and reason; and of course from fear also, the fear of life which drives them to huddle together, warm, loudly singing. This aspect of the matter has a strong claim upon our sympathy and pitying comprehension.

The joy of escape from the I, of detachment from all personal responsibility, is a war phenomenon. When I speak of the modern man of today I shall be understood to mean the post-war European, the type of those who went through the war or were born into the world it left behind. We are inclined to attribute the condition of the world today, economic, intellectual, and moral, to the war — and therein perhaps we go too far. The terrible desolation, internal and external, which it wrought is indubitable; yet the war did not make our world, but merely clarified, strengthened, and brought to a head tendencies which already existed before it. The incredible decline of culture which we observe, the moral relapse, in comparison with the nineteenth century, are not the results of the war, though it certainly advanced them, but were already in full swing before it. They have a long history, determined, above all, by the rise and coming to power of the masses, brilliantly described by José Ortega y Gasset in his book *The Revolt of the Masses*.

The enormous productivity of the nineteenth century, its economic and social progress, allowed the population of Europe to treble itself; it is tragic to realize that the monstrous philanthropy of that century is to blame for the confusion of our time, that the crisis which threatens to hurl us back into barbarism has its roots in that short-sighted magnanimity. Ortega capitably describes the invasion by the new masses of a civilization which they exploit as though it were a state of nature, ignorant of its highly elaborate preconditions and therefore without the slightest respect for them. An example of their attitude to the foundations to which they owe their lives — they trample on liberal democracy, or, more precisely, they exploit it to destroy it. It is easily possible that for all their childish and primitive love of the machine, they may destroy it; they have no idea that the machine is merely a useful product of free and autonomous research, conducted only for the sake of knowledge; they despise idealism and all its works, and therefore freedom and truth.

The use of the word "primitive" is here very relevant. Set a modern audience (unless this word, which smacks of an élite, is out of place with reference to the modern masses) before such a play as Ibsen's *Wild Duck*. You will find that in thirty-five years the play has become unintelligible. People regard it as a farce and laugh in all the wrong places. In the nineteenth century there was a society capable of appreciating the European irony and ambiguity, the idealist bitterness and ethical subtlety of such a work. That has been lost; and the very possibility of such a loss — the steep decline of standards, the relapse not merely into a primitive insensibility to subtlety but into a wild hatred of it — which the nineteenth century thought impossible, because of its belief in continuity, is the more terrifying because it reveals other possibilities, because it shows that achievements can be side-tracked and fall into oblivion and that civilization itself is not safe against such a fate.

I repeat that the decline of culture in Europe was not caused but merely accelerated and steepened by the war. The war did not start that giant wave of eccentric barbarism, the vulgar crudity of primitive mass-democracy that is sweeping the world, but merely added to it and increased its brutal impetus. Modern man is the victim of the wild, bewildering, yet nervously

stimulating impressions that beat upon him and make up the picture of our time; these, together with the collapse and extinction of conceptions such as culture, spirit, art, philosophy, the civilizing and disciplining forces.

But those are ideas out of a bourgeois age, idealist rubbish of the nineteenth century. And, in fact, the nineteenth century was, above all, an idealistic age; with a sense of sadness we realize that today. It believed not only in the blessings of liberal democracy but also in socialism—a socialism which wished to elevate the masses, to educate them, to give them science, cultivation, art, the benefits of learning. Today men are convinced that it is more important, and easier, to rule the masses by developing the vulgar art of exploiting their psychology; that is, we introduce propaganda instead of education, with, as it seems, the assent of the masses themselves. They feel themselves more at home, more up to date, and more familiar with the smart technique of propaganda than with any of the ideas of education. The masses can be organized, and they show themselves grateful for any form of organization, whatever its principles, even to the principle of violence. Violence is an extraordinarily simplifying principle; no wonder the masses understand it.

If they were merely primitive, the modern masses, if they were merely happy barbarians, we could come to terms with them and even have hopes of them. But they have two qualities that inspire fear: they are sentimental, and they are disastrously addicted to philosophy. The mass mind, though exuberantly up to date, yet speaks the jargon of romanticism, talks of "the people," or "blood and soil," pious idols of the past, and abuses the industrial spirit with which in fact it is identical.

The philosophy of the masses is yet worse. It is, naturally, not their own, but the dregs of a higher intellectual life than theirs. For centuries now the intellect has played a strange part: it has turned on itself, has first mocked at and then denied itself in favour of life and the life-giving forces, of the unconscious, the dynamic, the darkly creative, the earth-mother, the holy and creative underworld. We have all seen this revolt of the intellect against itself, against reason damned and pilloried as the murderer of life. It is an audacious and fantastic spectacle, yet inevitably somewhat bewildering, so that perhaps it would have

been better to keep it concealed from the general public. Of course, the fight against idealism was itself the result of idealism. The nineteenth century loved truth so bitterly that, with Ibsen, it even wished to recognize the necessity of vital illusions; but we realize that there is a great difference between asserting the vital lie out of painful pessimism and bitter irony, and doing the same thing simply out of lack of love for the truth.

The distinction is not clear to everyone today. Nietzsche's excitable polemic against Platonism, Socratism, Christianity, was the work of a man who more resembled Pascal than he did Cæsar Borgia or Machiavelli; it was the ascetic self-conquest of a born Christian. Very similar was the war carried on by Marx against the German idealistic conception of truth and morality; he fought it out of idealism, for the sake of a new truth and justice, and not because he despised mind or spirit. This was reserved for decades which romanticized the idealistic rising against idealism and thus bestowed on it dangerous possibilities of popularity. They did not see, or did not trouble their heads about, the dangers to humanity and culture which lie in all intellectual anti-intellectualism, the seed of reaction in such a revolution, the sinister possibilities of misuse in a realization which in the twinkling of an eye becomes a licence for the purest un- and anti-intellectuality, for every human indecency, every base contempt for truth, freedom, justice, self-respect. It must be said that the intellect showed itself lacking in responsibility, and in the perception that the moral and the intellectual stand or fall together, and that contempt for reason ends in demoralization. Ten thousand professors of the irrational never troubled to ask themselves whether they were not in fact leading the people to moral sansculottism and insensitiveness to shocking events.

The new masses heard pæans of praise for the epoch-making dethronement of reason and intellect by the educated classes; they heard of it as the latest, most modern achievement, and cannot have been very much surprised, because among them, in a practical sense, a parallel process had been at work. Many things were now possible which the severe humanism of the nineteenth century had forbidden; things which among the roar and clamour of traffic had insinuated themselves among

the masses: mysteries, bogus sciences and charlatanisms, strange sects and foolish backstairs religions, gross humbug and every kind of superstition flourished and drew the masses, set the tone for the age. Yet by many educated men they were not seen as vulgar modern follies or mental delusions, but mysticized as the rebirth of life's profound forces and the noble intuitions of the folk-soul. The ground was prepared for the most absurd and shameful mass-superstition — not the heavy, irrational superstition of the past, but that of modern democracy, presupposing the right of every man to think, a superstition with a "philosophy."

No doubt necessity makes us think — but what kind of thoughts? We know what happens when an impoverished and dispossessed lower and middle class, confused and charged with resentment, begins to think and to indulge in mysticism. The *petit bourgeois* learned from experience that reason had been liquidated, that intellect is to be reviled, that these scarecrows, in some way connected with socialism, internationalism, and even the Jewish spirit, were to blame for his poverty; supported by high authorities, he argued against reason, and learned to pronounce the tongue-twisting but heart-warming word "irrationalism." The popularization of the irrational, in the second and third decades of this century, is certainly the most pitiful and ludicrous spectacle in history. Entirely on his own the *petit bourgeois*, mentally intoxicated, invented the phrase "intellectual swine" — idiotic words, yet approved to some extent by the anti-rational intellectuals above the masses and effective in their brutal directness; they were a sentence of death on the rational will in politics and society, on the will to peace, on the European conscience, but above all and especially on all intellectual discipline and restraint.

But just as the anti-intellectual intellect cannot help being intellectual, so his inferior offspring, the reasoning mass man, cannot really get along without thinking either. He talks, yes, he philosophizes and writes, and what he gives forth is cheap intellectualism and three-legged logic. The air is full of clumsy, excitable mass thought. Noxious vapours arise from the putrid literature that is everywhere, they choke the breathing. Mass man, philosophizing against reason, has usurped the right to think, to talk, and to write; he has adopted it as his sole pre-

rogative, forbidden everybody else to compete, and, safe from contradiction, makes such use of his privilege that one loses sight and hearing and is tempted to curse liberal democracy, which has taught everyone to read and write.

One has the feeling that thought, that the Word, are for ever dishonoured by such frightful misuse. An undigested half-education, pathetically overwrought and subject to no kind of restraint, flings about its pseudo-knowledge and malignant theories, its mystagogic balderdash and millennial conclusions, to which an abashed or even culpably sympathetic academic world demurs only meekly, with misgivings, weakly trying to remind its opponents of a few facts in rebuttal. It will not be long before this school of thought will have the power everywhere to realize its "ideas"; to make them history, with harsh and violent hand. And the history will be in accordance.

But is there not something Christian in this triumphant revolt of the poor in spirit, this violence done to science, learning, culture, and esprit by the tastes and opinions of the under-dogs, the fisherman, the tax-collector, the publican? We should be cautious in using such a comparison. Between the Christian revolution and the revolt of the masses there is a difference in character, a difference in goodwill and brotherly love that warns us against confusing and identifying them. Our time has brought about this paradox: that a mass meeting of the poor in spirit applauds with pathological enthusiasm the destruction of the rights of man proclaimed by somebody through a loud-speaker. Truth may come of simplicity but of degradation never.

Perhaps I shall be told that where the Christian conversion of the world and the French Revolution were altruistic and humanitarian, the modern movement is heroic. I admire heroism in its great spiritual manifestations; but I cannot bring myself to believe in the heroism of the under-dogs. Their world is not heroic; it is the world of the novelette and the detective-story; it has much of the penny-dreadful and sensational films, but nothing of the heroic. One shrinks from calling heroic the new political fashion in crime and murder, the creation of a corrupt fanaticism. Merely to understand what heroism is demands a higher moral standard than that of a philosophy for which violence and deceit are the fundamental principles of

life — the philosophy of the *petit bourgeois* sick with furious thinking, who, apart from violence, believes only — and perhaps with even more fervour — in the lie. Of all the European ideas which he thinks have been liquidated by his revolt — truth, freedom, justice — truth is to him the most hateful and inconceivable. For truth he substitutes the myth, a word which plays as large a part as “heroic” in his cultural vocabulary. What he means by it is the abolition of the difference between truth and humbug.

The problem of truth — truth as absolute, and truth as conditioned by life, truth in its everlastingness and in its mutability — is a problem of the gravest moral importance. What is truth? Not only the sceptical Roman man of the world asks the question, philosophy asks it, the mind that critically examines itself. It is willing for life, it agrees that life needs truth, which helps it, which furthers it. “Only that which advantages life is the truth.” The sentence may pass. But in order not to fall away from all morality and sink in an abyss of cynicism, one must complement it with the other: “Only truth advantages life.” If the truth is not given once for all, if it can vary, then so much the deeper, more conscientious and sensitive must be the intellectual man’s concern for it; the sharper his perception of all movements of the world-spirit, of all changes in the garment of truth, of that which is right and necessary in time — not to speak of that which is the will of God, which the intellectual man must obey, careless of the hatred of the stupid, the fearful, and the callous, and of those who are interested in holding upright what has become evil and false.

Thus, then, briefly, does the problem of truth present itself to the tolerably right-minded, tolerably god-fearing man. To en-throne the lie as the only life-creating, only historically effective force; to make of it a philosophy, so that one no longer realizes any difference between lie and truth; to erect in Europe a shameful pragmatism which rejects mind itself in favour of utility; which without a thought commits or approves crimes if they happen to be the advantage of its pseudo-absolutes; which recoils not in the least before falsification but puts it on a level with truth if it serve its turn — all this has been reserved to the kind of man I speak of. I will not go so far as to equate him with “modern man.” But it is a widespread type, a mass

type; and when I say that he is definitive for the time, I am only voicing his own conviction—the conviction that gives him the smashing élan with which he sets out to overrun a world hampered in its resistance by moral scruples, to master it and make it his own.

What the issue would be is perfectly clear. It would be war, all-embracing catastrophe, the collapse of civilization. It is my firm conviction that this, and only this, can be the consequence of the activist philosophy of this kind of man, and therefore I felt obliged to speak of him and the terrible threat he represents. It is truly heart-rending to watch the weakness of the older and more cultured world in face of this barbarism, their badly led, bewildered retreat before him. Intimidated, stunned, ignorant of what is happening, with disconcerted smiles they abandon position after position and seem to want to agree that they “no longer understand the world.” They stoop to the moral and mental level of their deadly foe, adopt his idiotic phraseology, adjust themselves to his pitiable categories of thought, to the malignant stupidity of his whims and propagandist formulas—and never notice in the least what they are doing. Perhaps they are already defeated; defeat is certain unless they throw off their hypnosis and realize their position.

In all humanism there is an element of weakness, which in some circumstances may be its ruin, connected with its contempt of fanaticism, its patience, its love of scepticism; in short, its natural goodness. What is needed today is a militant humanism, conscious of its virility and inspired by the conviction that the principles of freedom, tolerance, and honest doubt shall not be exploited and destroyed by fanatics who have themselves no shadow of tolerance or doubt. If the idea of European humanism cannot be born anew through struggle, if the soul of humanism cannot recapture its militant youth, it will be destroyed; and a Europe will be born of which only the name will be preserved, and from which it would be better to seek a refuge outside of space and outside of time.

An Exchange of Letters

In the word is involved the
unity of humanity. . . .

[For three years Mann remained outside of Germany, in voluntary exile, publicly silent about events in his homeland. (*Europe Beware* refers only in general terms to Germany.) Despite the fact that Mann's works had been among those destroyed in the book-burnings of 1933, the German government had made continued efforts to induce Mann to return to Germany. Ignoring these efforts, Mann did not break his silence until the beginning of 1936 when, in a letter to a Swiss newspaper, he denounced the leaders of Germany in terms that could have only one meaning: he was now an open and active opponent of the heads of the German state and a belligerent enemy of whatever was done by anyone in the name of totalitarianism. The German authorities reacted at once to Mann's personal declaration of war against them by revoking his German citizenship, outlawing his books, and stripping him of the many honors bestowed by a grateful nation before 1933. Among the latter was an honorary degree from the University of Bonn, awarded to Mann in the twenties. To the letter from the dean of the university revoking his degree, Mann sent the reply that became the most famous and widely circulated of his political writings.]

PHILOSOPHICAL FACULTY
OF THE FRIEDRICH-WILHELM UNIVERSITY
BONN-AM-RHEIN

Bonn, December 19, 1936

to *Herr Thomas Mann, writer*: By the request of the Rector of the University of Bonn I must inform you that as a consequence of your loss of citizenship the Philosophical Faculty finds itself obliged to strike your name off its roll of honorary doctors. Your right to use this title is cancelled in accordance with Article VIII of the regulations concerning the conferring of degrees.

[*signature illegible*]

— DEAN

*To the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty
of the University of Bonn:*

I have received the melancholy communication which you addressed to me on the nineteenth of December. Permit me to reply to it as follows:

The German universities share a heavy responsibility for all the present distresses which they called down upon their heads when they tragically misunderstood their historic hour and allowed their soil to nourish the ruthless forces which have devastated Germany morally, politically, and economically. This responsibility of theirs long ago destroyed my pleasure in my academic honour and prevented me from making any use of it whatever. Moreover, I hold today an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters conferred upon me more recently by Harvard University. I cannot refrain from explaining to you the grounds upon which it was conferred. My diploma contains a sentence which, translated from the Latin, runs as follows: ". . . we the President and Fellows with the approval of the honorable Board of Overseers of the University in solemn session have designated and appointed as honorary Doctor of Letters Thomas Mann, famous author, who has interpreted life to many of our fellow-citizens and together with a very few contemporaries sustains the high dignity of German culture; and we have granted to him all the rights and privileges appertaining to this degree."

In such terms, so curiously contradictory to the current German view, do free and enlightened men across the ocean think of me — and, I may add, not only there. It would never have occurred to me to boast of the words I have quoted; but here and today I may, nay, I must repeat them. If you, Herr Dean (I am ignorant of the procedure involved), have posted a copy of your communication to me on the bulletin board of your university, it would gratify me to have this reply of mine receive the same honour. Perhaps some member of the university, some student or professor, may be visited by a sudden fear, a dismaying and swiftly suppressed presentiment, on reading a document which gives him in his disgracefully enforced isolation and ignorance a brief revealing glimpse of the free world of the intellect that still exists outside.

Here I might close. And yet at this moment certain further explanations seem to me desirable or at least permissible. I made no statement when my loss of civil rights was announced, though I was more than once asked to do so. But I regard the academic divestment as a suitable occasion for a brief personal declaration. I would beg you, Herr Dean (I have not even the honour of knowing your name), to regard yourself as merely the chance recipient of a communication not designed for you in a personal sense.

I have spent four years in an exile which it would be euphemistic to call voluntary since if I had remained in Germany or gone back there I should probably not be alive today. In these four years the odd blunder committed by fortune when she put me in this situation has never once ceased to trouble me. I could never have dreamed, it could never have been prophesied of me at my cradle, that I should spend my later years as an *émigré*, expropriated, outlawed, and committed to inevitable political protest. From the beginning of my intellectual life I had felt myself in happiest accord with the temper of my nation and at home in its intellectual traditions. I am better suited to represent those traditions than to become a martyr for them; far more fitted to add a little to the gaiety of the world than to foster conflict and hatred in it. Something very wrong must have happened to make my life take so false and unnatural a turn. I tried to check it, this very wrong thing, so far as my weak powers were able — and in so doing I called down on myself the fate which I must now learn to reconcile with a nature essentially foreign to it.

Certainly I challenged the wrath of these despots by remaining away and giving evidence of my irrepressible disgust. But it is not merely in the last four years that I have done so. I felt thus long before and was driven to it because I saw — earlier than my now desperate countrymen — who and what would emerge from all this. But when Germany had actually fallen into those hands I thought to keep silent. I believed that by the sacrifice I had made I had earned the right to silence; that it would enable me to preserve something dear to my heart, the contact with my public within Germany. My books, I said to myself, are written for Germans, for them above all; the outside world and its sympathy have always been for me only a

happy accident. They are, these books of mine, the product of a mutually nourishing bond between nation and author and depend on conditions which I myself have helped to create in Germany. Such bonds as these are delicate and of high importance; they ought not to be rudely sundered by politics. Though there might be impatient ones at home who, muzzled themselves, would take ill the silence of a free man, I was still able to hope that a great majority of Germans would understand my reserve, perhaps even thank me for it.

These were my assumptions. They were not justified. I could not have lived or worked, I should have suffocated, had I not been able now and again to cleanse my heart, so to speak, to give from time to time free vent to my abysmal disgust at what was happening at home—the contemptible words and still more contemptible deeds. Justly or not, my name had once and for all been connected for the world with the conception of a Germany which it loved and honoured. The disquieting challenge rang in my ears: that I and no other must in clear terms contradict the ugly falsification which this conception of Germany was now suffering. That challenge disturbed all the free-flowing creative fancies to which I would so gladly have yielded. It was a challenge hard to resist for one to whom it had always been given to express himself, to release himself through language, to whom experience had always been one with the purifying and preserving Word.

The mystery of the Word is great; the responsibility for it and its purity is of a symbolic and spiritual kind; it has not only an artistic but also a general ethical significance; it is responsibility itself, human responsibility quite simply, also the responsibility for one's own people, the duty of keeping pure its image in the sight of humanity. In the Word is involved the unity of humanity, the wholeness of the human problem, which permits nobody, and today less than ever, to separate the intellectual and artistic from the political and social and to isolate himself within the ivory tower of the "cultural" alone. This true totality is equated with humanity itself, and anyone—whenever he be—is making a criminal attack upon humanity when he undertakes to "totalize" a segment of human life: I mean politics, I mean the State.

A German author accustomed to this responsibility of the

Word, a German whose patriotism, perhaps naïvely, expresses itself in a belief in the infinite moral significance of whatever happens in Germany — should he be silent, wholly silent, in the face of the inexpiable evil that is done daily in my country to bodies, souls, and minds, to right and truth, to men and mankind? And should he be silent in the face of the frightful danger to the whole continent presented by this soul-destroying régime, which exists in abysmal ignorance of the hour that has struck today in the world? It was not possible for me to be silent. And so, contrary to my intention, came the utterances, the unavoidably compromising gestures which have now resulted in the absurd and deplorable business of my national excommunication. The mere knowledge of who these men are who happen to possess the pitiful outward power to deprive me of my German birthright is enough to make the act appear in all its absurdity. I, forsooth, am supposed to have dishonoured the Reich, Germany, in acknowledging that I am against *them*! They have the incredible effrontery to confuse themselves with Germany! When, after all, perhaps the moment is not far off when it will be of supreme importance to the German people not to be confused with them.

To what a pass, in less than four years, have they brought Germany! Ruined, sucked dry body and soul by armaments with which they threaten the whole world, holding up the whole world and hindering it in its real task of peace, loved by nobody, regarded with fear and cold aversion by all, it stands on the brink of economic disaster, while its "enemies" stretch out their hands to snatch back from the abyss so important a member of the future family of nations, to help it, if only it will come to its senses and try to understand the real needs of the world at this hour, instead of dreaming dreams about mythical "sacred necessities." Yes, after all, it must be helped by those whom it hinders and menaces, in order that it may not drag down the rest of the continent with it and unleash the war upon which as the *ultima ratio* it keeps its eyes ever fixed. The mature and cultural states — by which I mean those which understand the fundamental fact that war is no longer permissible — treat this endangered and endangering country, or rather the impossible leaders into whose hands it has fallen, as doctors treat a sick man: with the utmost tact and caution,

with inexhaustible if not very flattering patience. But it thinks it must play politics — the politics of power and hegemony — with the doctors. That is an unequal game. If one side plays politics when the other no longer thinks of politics but of peace, then for a time the first side reaps certain advantages. Anachronistic ignorance of the fact that war is no longer permissible results for a while of course in “successes” against those who are aware of the truth. But woe to the people which, not knowing what way to turn, at last actually seeks its way out through the abomination of war, hated of God and man! Such a people will be lost. It will be so vanquished that it can never rise again.

The meaning and purpose of the National-Socialist State is this alone and can be only this: to put the German people in readiness for the “coming war” by ruthless repression, elimination, extirpation of every stirring of opposition; to make of them an instrument of war, infinitely compliant, without a single critical thought, driven by a blind and fanatical ignorance. Any other meaning and purpose, any other excuse this system cannot have; all the sacrifices of freedom, justice, human happiness, including the secret and open crimes for which it has blithely been responsible, can be justified only by the end — absolute fitness for war. If the idea of war as an aim in itself disappeared, the system would mean nothing but the exploitation of the people; it would be utterly senseless and superfluous.

Truth to tell, it *is* both of these, senseless and superfluous, not only because war will not be permitted it, but also because its leading idea, the absolute readiness for war, will result in precisely the opposite of what it is striving for. No other people on earth is today so utterly incapable of war, so little in condition to endure one. That Germany would have no allies, not a single one in the world, is the first consideration but the smallest. Germany would be forsaken — terrible of course even in her isolation — but the really frightful thing would be the fact that she had forsaken herself. Intellectually reduced and humbled, morally gutted, inwardly torn apart by her deep mistrust of her leaders and the mischief they have done her in these years, profoundly uneasy herself, ignorant of the future, of course, but full of forebodings of evil, she would go into war not in the condition of 1914 but, even physically, of 1917 or 1918. The ten per cent of direct beneficiaries of the system —

half even of them fallen away — would not be enough to win a war in which the majority of the rest would only see the opportunity of shaking off the shameful oppression that has weighed upon them so long — a war, that is, which after the first inevitable defeat would turn into a civil war.

No, this war is impossible; Germany cannot wage it; and if its dictators are in their senses, then their assurances of readiness for peace are not tactical lies repeated with a wink at their partisans; they spring from a faint-hearted perception of just this impossibility. But if war cannot and shall not be — then why these robbers and murderers? Why isolation, world hostility, lawlessness, intellectual interdict, cultural darkness, and every other evil? Why not rather Germany's voluntary return to the European system, her reconciliation with Europe, with all the inward accompaniments of freedom, justice, well-being, and human decency and a jubilant welcome from the rest of the world? Why not? Only because a régime which in word and deed denies the rights of man, which wants above all else to remain in power, would stultify itself and be abolished, if, since it cannot make war, it actually made peace!

I had forgotten, Herr Dean, that I was actually addressing you. Certainly I may console myself with the reflection that you long since ceased to read this letter, aghast at language which in Germany has long been unspoken, terrified because somebody dares use the German tongue with the ancient freedom. I have not spoken out of arrogant presumption, but out of a concern and a distress from which your usurpers did not release me when they decreed that I was no longer a German — a mental and spiritual distress from which for four years not an hour of my life has been free, and struggling with which I have had to accomplish my creative work day by day. The pressure was great. And as a man who out of diffidence in religious matters will seldom or never either by tongue or pen let the name of the Deity escape him, yet in moments of deep emotion cannot refrain, let me — since after all one cannot say everything — close this letter with a brief and fervent prayer: *God help our darkened and desecrated country and teach it to make its peace with the world and with itself!*

What I Believe

. . . the humanized mystery we
call man . . .

[The writing that follows is, strictly speaking, neither political, nor an essay. It is, quite simply, what its title declares it to be: a credo. Prepared in 1938 for inclusion in a symposium edited by Clifton Fadiman under the title this piece bears, Mann's brief statement is a summation of his thought about man's nature and destiny in the realm of the political, moral, and religious. In addition to reviewing, in the briefest possible space, the history of his ideas now described as "humanism," Mann speaks here of his maturest conceptions of art. *What I Believe* also contains an explicit statement about the meaning of the *Joseph* novels, upon which Mann was working at the time, and at least a hint about the novel that was to follow nearly ten years later, *Doctor Faustus*.]

I FIND it singularly difficult to formulate, either briefly or in a more extended pronouncement, my philosophical ideas or convictions — shall I say my views, or even better, my feelings — about life and the world. The habit of expressing indirectly, through the media of picture and rhythm, my attitude towards the world and the problem of existence is not conducive to abstract exposition. Summoned to speak, as now, I seem to myself a little like Faust when Gretchen asks him how he stands on religion.

You certainly do not mean to put me through my catechism, but in practice your inquiry comes to much the same thing. For truly I find it almost easier — in my position — to say how I feel about religion than about philosophy. I do indeed disclaim any doctrinaire attitude in spiritual matters. The ease with which some people let the word God fall from their lips — or even more extraordinarily, from their pens — is always a great astonishment to me. A certain modesty, even embarrassment, in things of religion is clearly more fitting to me and my kind than any posture of bold self-confidence. It seems that only by indirection can we approach the subject — by the parable, the

ethical symbolism in which, if I may so express myself, the concept becomes secularized, is temporarily divested of its priestly garment and contents itself with the humanly spiritual.

I read lately in a treatise by a learned friend something about the origin and history of the Latin word *religio*. The verb *re-legere* or *religere* from which it is thought to be derived meant originally in its profane sense to take care, to pay heed, to be-think oneself. As the opposite of *neglegere* (neglect, *négliger*) it means an attentive, concerned and careful, conscientious, cautious attitude — the opposite, as I said, of all carelessness and negligence. And the word *religio* seems to have retained throughout the Latin age this sense of conscientiousness, of conscientious scruples. It is thus used, without necessary reference to religious, godly matters, in the very oldest Latin literature.

I was glad to hear all that. Well, I said to myself, if that is being religious, then every artist, simply in his character as artist, may venture to call himself a religious man. For what is more contrary to the artist's very nature than carelessness or neglect? What characterizes more strikingly his moral standards, what is more inherent in his very being, than carefulness, attentiveness, conscientiousness, caution, profound caution — than *care* altogether and in general? The artist, the workman, is of course the careful human being *par excellence*; the intellectual man is that anyhow, and the artist, using his plastic gift to build a bridge between life and mind, is but a variation of the type — shall we say a peculiarly gratifying and functional freak? Yes, carefulness is the predominant trait of such a man: profound and sensitive attention to the will and the activities of the universal spirit; to change in the garment of the truth; to the just and needful thing; in other words, to the will of God, whom the man of mind and spirit must serve heedless of the hatred he arouses among stupid or frightened people, obstinately attached by their interests to obsolete or evil phases of the age.

Well, then, the artist, the poet, by virtue of his care not only for his own product but for the Good, the True, and the will of God, is a religious man? So be it. After all, that was what Goethe meant when he extolled the human lot in those loving-kindly words:

*Denkt er ewig sich ins Rechte,
Ist er ewig schön und gross.*

That has a religious sound; it has even a Christian sound; and there is much evidence that we shall do well today to emphasize the Christian character of the culture of our Western world. I feel the strongest antipathy for the half-educated mob that today sets itself up to "conquer Christianity." But equally strong is my belief that the humanity of the future — that new human and universal feeling now in process of birth, drawing life from efforts and experiments of all sorts and kinds and striven after by the choice and master spirits of the age — will not exhaust itself in the spirituality of the Christian faith, in the Christian dualism of soul and body, spirit and life, truth and "the world."

I am convinced that of all our strivings only those are good and worth while which contribute to the birth of this new human feeling, under whose shelter and sway, after the passing of our present forlorn and leaderless stage, all humanity will live. I am convinced that my own strivings after analysis and synthesis have meaning and value only as they stand in groping, intuitive, tentative relation to this coming birth. In fact, I believe in the coming of a new, a third humanism, distinct in complexion and fundamental temper from its predecessors. It will not flatter mankind, looking at it through rose-coloured glasses, for it will have had experiences of which the others knew not. It will have stout-hearted knowledge of man's dark, dæmonic, radically "natural" side, united with reverence for his super-biological, spiritual worth. The new humanity will be universal, and it will have the artist's attitude; that is, it will recognize that the immense value and beauty of the human being lies precisely in the fact that he belongs to the two kingdoms of nature and spirit. It will realize that no romantic conflict or tragic dualism is inherent in the fact, but rather a fruitful and engaging combination of determinism and free choice. Upon that it will base a love for humanity in which its pessimism and its optimism will cancel each other.

When I was young I was infatuated with that pessimistic and romantic conception of the universe which set off against each other life and spirit, sensuality and redemption, and from

which are derived some most compelling effects — compelling and yet, humanly speaking, not quite legitimate, not quite genuine. In short, I was a Wagnerite. But it is very likely in consequence of riper years that my love and my attention have more and more fixed upon a far happier and saner model — the figure of Goethe, with that marvellous combination of the dæmonic and the urbane which made him the darling of mankind. It was not lightly that I chose for the hero of that epic which is becoming my life's work a man "blest with blessing from the heavens above and from the depths beneath."

Jacob, the father, pronounced this blessing upon Joseph's head. It was not a wish that he might be blessed, but a statement that he was so, and a wish for his happiness. And for me it is the most compendious possible formulation of my ideal humanity. Wherever in the realm of mind and personality I find that ideal manifested as the union of darkness and light, feeling and mind, the primitive and the civilized, wisdom and the happy heart — in short, as the humanized mystery we call man — there lies my profoundest allegiance, therein my heart finds its home. Let me be clear: what I mean is no subtilization of the romantic, no refinement of barbarism. It is nature clarified; it is culture; it is the human being as artist, and art as man's guide on the difficult path towards knowledge of himself.

All love of humanity is bound up with the future; and the same is true of the love of art. Art is hope. I do not assert that hope for the future of mankind rests upon her shoulders; rather that she is the expression of all human hope, the image and pattern of all happily balanced humanity.

VII

From JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

The Magic Mountain was published in 1924. The following year a Munich artist requested Thomas Mann, then in his fiftieth year, to contribute an introduction to a portfolio of illustrations depicting the story of Joseph. To refresh himself on details of the narrative Mann turned one night to his ancestral Bible. In *A Sketch of My Life* (published in 1930) Mann tells of that evening hour "full of meditation, of tentative, groping speculation and the forecast of a new thing"; of his fascination with the idea of creating a narrative that would pierce "deep, deep into the human," into the search for man's "origin, his essence, his goal." As he continued to meditate on the possibilities of the Joseph story, Mann recalled Goethe's observation in *Poetry and Truth*: "This natural story is highly amiable; only it seems too short, and one is tempted to carry it out in all its details." Goethe's words, Mann has said, "furnish the simplest and most plausible explanation for my venture."

Mann does not feel, however, that mere chance brought him to the story of Joseph, which became his principal creative task for the next seventeen years. "As a man and as an artist, I must somehow have been in *readiness* to be . . . attracted by such material," he said in 1942, the last year of his work on the *Joseph* novels. That readiness, he believes, lay in his having reached years when "the taste for all purely individual and particular phenomena, for the individual case, for the 'bourgeois' aspect in the widest sense of the word, fades out gradually." This period, marked in its German phase by *Buddenbrooks* and in its European phase by *The Magic Mountain*, was replaced, Mann suggests, by a period in which "the typical, the eternally human, eternally recurring, timeless — in short, the mythical — steps into the foreground of interest." The story of Joseph offered, therefore, a double fascination to Thomas Mann: the possibility of retelling the old story in fresh narrative and with "*all* modern means," and the possibility, thereby, of placing his version of the story with "its stamp of time and place" in the continuous line of the *human* tradition.

Mann visited the Near East briefly in 1925. (He returned in

1930 for a longer time.) He embarked, also, on an intensive research into psychology and religion, anthropology and ancient history. In 1926 he began writing. *The Tales of Jacob* did not appear until 1933, the first year of Mann's exile. (He was already an exile from the spirit and events of his country during those seven years.) The second volume, *Young Joseph*, and a part of the third, *Joseph in Egypt*, were also written in a Germany in which Mann was no longer at home. Most of *Joseph in Egypt* was done in Switzerland in the period Mann describes as "the parting from Germany." The fourth volume, *Joseph the Provider*, was the product of his "parting from Europe," the early years of his residence in America. In some measure Mann's work on the *Joseph* novels was a refuge against the times, a "symbol of steadfastness . . . in the tempestuous change of things." There are many signs in his earlier work, however, of interests and tendencies that were to culminate in the *Joseph* novels. *Buddenbrooks* is, among other things, a "search for origins," individual and local, family and national. *The Magic Mountain* is a continuation of the search on a basis broad enough to include most of post-Renaissance culture. Other works contain constant foreshadowings of Mann's readiness to take up the story of Joseph.

Joseph and His Brothers is described by Mann as a "humorous, ironically softened 'bashful' poem of mankind." Jacob and Joseph, the two principal figures in the work, speak of it (albeit with literary solipsism) as "a sacred play," as "God's play." More simply, *Joseph and His Brothers* is a monumental work (it runs to more than two thousand pages) into which Mann has with intense deliberation and unyielding thoroughness infused his conceptions of God, man, and the universe.

Like *The Magic Mountain*, Mann's largest-scaled work is a dialectical novel. Its basic structure is a complex of antithetical ideas which, dramatized by character and conversation, event and setting, creates an interplay of tensions within the work. The central antithesis of *Joseph and His Brothers* is the double antithesis *God and man: man and God*. From this primary one are derived all the scores of other antithetical relationships dramatized in the *Joseph* novels. (I shall note a few of the more important ones in my commentary on the selection that follows.) Intellectually, at least, it is not Mann's intention to re-

solve the conflict of ideas present in *Joseph and His Brothers*. We find, however, that Mann does have particular commitments or responses to the conflict of ideas dramatized in the *Joseph* novels.

We find, for instance (and I am not the first to notice this), that the *Joseph* novels are not about God, but about man's experience of God, which implies — with the necessary reservations — God's experience of man. The evidence of the novels is that God needs man, man needs God, and that each creates the other. The ultimate "adventure" of the *Joseph* novels is the tale of that double creation, told in the past tense, but with excursions into the entire paradigm of tenses, most arrestingly the future perfect: "the stone of the grave shall have been rolled away." Full with the violence and bitterness, the tragic and the terrible that are a part of man's life under God, the tale is told not only with the humor and irony one would expect from Mann (if for no other reason because the tale *is* so serious), but with a *happy* sense of man's relationship to God. The agony of "the terrible problem of God" is for Mann, at least, clearly over by the time he concludes "the beautiful story and God-invention of JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS" (the last words of *Joseph the Provider*).

"To attempt by means of a mythical psychology, a psychology of the myth," was one of Mann's intentions when he first considered the Joseph story. There can be little doubt that some of Mann's attitudes toward myth underwent change during his work on the *Joseph* novels. (Mann's works are always the means of his development, as well as the expression of it.) If the ultimate problem of myth is, as someone has said, "the problem of God," Mann's *Joseph* novels verify the relationship. What was once conceived as a myth-centered novel turned out, I believe, to be a God-centered novel, without diminishing the validity of myth to its author. Perhaps this was because Mann discovered ethics as the primary value of myth. He has rejected, in the *Joseph* novels, the Wagnerian employment of myth, the myth that darkens and condemns. In *Joseph and His Brothers* the great myths are the bright, redeeming myths.

Finally, some suggestions concerning the narrative side of Mann's largest dialectical novel. As narrator of the "God-invention," manipulator of "the sacred play," Mann occupies

a central and highly self-conscious position *in* the novel. He is witness-narrator-interpreter of the "God story." It is his self-appointed task to provide comments and interpolations on what is going on "inside" the framework he has created for the story he is retelling. To the double narrative, the original and his own, he therefore adds expository and interpretative passages perhaps best described as "essays in lyric thought." His admixture of realism and symbolism will be familiar to readers of *The Magic Mountain*.

In the first of my selections from *Joseph and His Brothers* I have chosen a striking example of the dialectical side of the novels, "Descent into Hell," which is the prelude to the entire work. My other selections emphasize, perhaps, the narrative side of the novels. It is of course impossible to separate either element, for together they are the story, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

Prelude: Descent into Hell

. . . its theme is the first and last of all our questioning and speaking and all our necessity; the nature of man.

[The Prelude to *Joseph and His Brothers* is a descent into "the dark backward and abysm of time" in search for a point of rest, a place at which Mann can *begin* his narrative of beings who do not really know who they are, whose identity is "open in the back." It is also, to employ the musical figure, a preliminary announcement of many of the opposing and multi-voiced fugal themes (more strictly, antitheses) which are derived from the fundamental double theme of the work, *God and man: man and God*. A number of these are arranged in double pairs or triads; for instance, *past: present: future; soul: matter: spirit*; or *birth: life: death: resurrection*. Others introduced in the Prelude are: *time: eternity; light: darkness; above: below* (there are many derivatives from this, *ascent: descent; rise: fall*, etc.); *power: impotence; chastity: impurity; male: female; father: son; curse: blessing* (the great double blessing, "from heaven above and from the depths beneath," is twice introduced here); *rest: repose; speech: silence; good: evil; first: last; chosen: rejected*. All of these themes (musically, opposing voices; dialectically, antitheses) and others will—to change the figure—be *dramatized* by the characters and events, the settings and symbols, that Mann employs to give narrative substance to the novels. The narrative begins in the chapter "By the Well," in which the reader finds the young Joseph beside a well in a sacred grove, gazing with mystic adoration at the full moon, which rides in the star-seeded summer night.]

VERY deep is the well of the past. Should we not call it bottomless?

Bottomless indeed, if—and perhaps only if—the past we mean is the past merely of the life of mankind, that riddling essence of which our own normally unsatisfied and quite abnormally wretched existences form a part; whose mystery, of course, includes our own and is the alpha and omega of all our

questions, lending burning immediacy to all we say, and significance to all our striving. For the deeper we sound, the further down into the lower world of the past we probe and press, the more do we find that the earliest foundations of humanity, its history and culture, reveal themselves unfathomable. No matter to what hazardous lengths we let out our line they still withdraw again, and further, into the depths. Again and further are the right words, for the unresearchable plays a kind of mocking game with our researching ardours; it offers apparent holds and goals, behind which, when we have gained them, new reaches of the past still open out — as happens to the coast-wise voyager, who finds no end to his journey, for behind each headland of clayey dune he conquers, fresh headlands and new distances lure him on.

Thus there may exist provisional origins, which practically and in fact form the first beginnings of the particular tradition held by a given community, folk or communion of faith; and memory, though sufficiently instructed that the depths have not actually been plumbed, yet nationally may find reassurance in some primitive point of time and, personally and historically speaking, come to rest there.

Young Joseph, for instance, son of Jacob and the lovely, too-soon-departed Rachel; Joseph, living when Kurigalzu the Cassite reigned at Babel, Lord of the Four Regions, King of Sumeria and Akkadia, greatly comfortable to the heart of Bel-Marduk, a ruler both luxurious and stern, the curls of whose beard stood ranged in such perfect rows that they looked like a division of well-furnished shield-bearers; while at Thebes, in the land which Joseph was used to call Mizraim, also Kemt, the Black, His Sanctity the good God, called Amun-is-satisfied, third of this name, the sun's very son, beamed on the horizon of his palace and blinded the enraptured eyes of his dust-born subjects; when Asshur increased by the might of its gods, and on the great shore route from Gaza up to the passes of the cedar mountains the royal caravans went to and fro, bearing gifts in lapis-lazuli and stamped gold, between the court of the Land of the Rivers and Pharaoh's court; when in the cities of the Amorites, at Beth Shan, Ajalon, Ta'anach, Urushalim, they served Astarte, while at Shechem and Beth-lahma the seven days' wailing went up for the true Son, the dismembered one,

and at Gebal, the City of the Book, El was adored, who needed no temple or rite; Joseph, then, living in that district of the land of Canaan which in Egypt is called Upper Retenu, in his father's tents at Hebron, shaded by terebinth and evergreen oaks, a youth famed for his charm and charming especially by right from his mother, who had been sweet and lovely like to the moon when it is full and like Ishtar's star when it swims mildly in the clear sky; but also armed from the father's side with gifts of the spirit and perhaps in a sense excelling even him; Joseph, lastly and in conclusion (for the fifth and the sixth time I name his name, and with gratification, for there is mystery in names, and I will have it that knowledge of his confers power to invoke that once so living and conversable personality, albeit now sunk so deep below the marge of time); Joseph, for his part, regarded a certain town called Uru, in Southern Babylonia, which in his tongue he called Ur Kashdim, Ur of the Chaldees, as the beginning of all things — that is, of all that mattered to him.

Thence, namely, in times long gone by — Joseph was never quite clear how far back they lay — a brooding and inwardly unquiet man, with his wife, whom probably out of tenderness he would call his sister, together with other members of his family, had departed, to do as the moon did, that was the deity of Ur, to wander and to rove, because he found it most right and fitting to his unsatisfied, doubting, yes, tormented state. His removal, which wore an undeniable colour of contumacy, had been connected with certain structures which had impressed him as offensive, and which Nimrod the Mighty, then ruling in Ur, had, if not erected, yet restored and exceedingly increased in height. It was the private conviction of the man from Ur that Nimrod had done this less in honour of the divine lights of the firmament to which they were dedicated, than as a bar against dispersion and as a sky-soaring monument to his own accumulated power. From that power the man from Ur had now escaped, by dispersing himself, and with his dependents taking to pilgrimages of indeterminate length. The tradition handed down to Joseph varied somewhat as to which had more particularly annoyed the objector: whether the great moon-citadel of Ur, the turreted temple of the god Sin, after whom the whole land of Shinar was named, the same word

appearing in his own region, as for instance in the mountain called Sinai; or that towering house of the sun, E-sagila, the temple of Marduk at Babel itself, whose summit Nimrod had exalted to the height of the heavens, and a precise description of which Joseph had received by word of mouth. There had clearly been much else at which the musing man had taken offence, beginning with that very mightiness of Nimrod and going on to certain customs and practices which to others had seemed hallowed and unalienable by long tradition but more and more filled his own soul with doubts. And since it is not good to sit still when one's soul smarts with doubt, he had simply put himself in motion.

He reached Harran, city of the way and moon-city of the north, in the land of Naharina, where he dwelt many years and gathered recruits, receiving them into close relationship with his own. But it was a relationship which spelt unrest and almost nothing else; a soul-unrest which expressed itself in an unrest of body that had little to do with ordinary light-hearted wanderlust and the adventurousness of the free-footed, but was rather the suffering of the hunted and solitary man, whose blood already throbbed with the dark beginnings of oncoming destiny; perhaps the burden of its weight and scope stood in precise relation to his torment and unrest. Thus Harran too, lying as it did within Nimrod's sphere of control, proved but a "station on the way," from which the moon-man eventually set forth again, together with Sarah his sister-wife and all his kin and his and their possessions, to continue as their guide and Mahdi his hegira towards an unknown goal.

So they had reached the west country and the Amurru who dwelt in the land of Canaan, where once the Hittites had been lords; had crossed the country by stages and thrust deep, deep southwards under other suns, into the land of mud, where the water flows the wrong way, unlike the waters of the land of Naharina, and one travelled northwards downstream; where a people stiff with age worshipped its dead, and where for the man of Ur and for his requirements there would have been nothing to seek or to find. Backwards he turned to the west-land, the middle land, which lay between Nimrod's domains and the land of mud; and in the southern part, not far from the desert, in a mountainous region, where there was little plough-

land, but plenty of grazing for his cattle, he acquired a kind of superficial permanence and dwelt and dealt with the inhabitants on friendly terms.

Tradition has it that his god — that god upon whose image his spirit laboured, highest among all the rest, whom alone to serve he was in pride and love resolved, the God of the ages, for whom he sought a name and found none sufficient, wherefore he gave him the plural, calling him, provisionally, Elohim, the Godhead — Elohim, then, had made him promises as far-reaching as clearly defined, to the effect not only that he, the man from Ur, should become a folk in numbers like the sands of the sea and a blessing unto all peoples, but also that the land wherein he now dwelt as a stranger, and whither Elohim had led him out of Chaldæa, should be to him and to his seed in everlasting possession in all its parts — whereby the God of gods had expressly specified the populations and present inhabitants of the land, whose “gates” the seed of the man from Ur should possess. In other words, God had destined these populations to defeat and subjection in the interest of the man from Ur and his seed. But all this must be accepted with caution, or at least with understanding. We are dealing with later interpolations deliberately calculated to confirm as the earliest intentions of the divine political situations which had first been established by force. As a matter of fact the moon-wanderer’s spirit was by no means of a kind likely to receive or to elicit promises of a political nature. There is no evidence that when he left home he had already thought of the Amurruland as a theatre of his future activities; and the fact that his wanderings also took him through the land of tombs and of the blunt-nosed lion maid would seem to point to the opposite conclusion. But when he left Nimrod’s high and mighty state in his rear, likewise avoiding the greatly estimable kingdom of the double-crowned king of the oasis, and turned westwards — into a region, that is, whose shattered public life condemned it to impotence and servitude — his conduct does not argue the possession of political vision or of a taste for imperial greatness. What had set him in motion was unrest of the spirit, a need of God, and if — as there can be no doubt — dispensations were vouchsafed him, they had reference to the irradiations of his personal experience of God, which was of a new kind altogether; and

his whole concern from the beginning had been to win for it sympathy and adherence. He suffered; and when he compared the measure of his inward distress with that of the great majority, he drew the conclusion that it was pregnant with the future. Not in vain, so he heard from the newly beheld God, shall have been thy torment and thine unrest; for it shall fructify many souls and make proselytes in numbers like to the sands of the seas; and it shall give impulse to great expansions of life hidden in it as in a seed; and in one word, thou shalt be a blessing. A blessing? It is unlikely that the word gives the true meaning of that which happened to him in his very sight and which corresponded to his temperament and to his experience of himself. For the word "blessing" carries with it an idea which but ill describes men of his sort: men, that is, of roving spirit and uncomfortable mind, whose novel conception of the deity is destined to make its mark upon the future. The life of men with whom new histories begin can seldom or never be a sheer unclouded blessing; not this it is which their consciousness of self whispers in their ears. "And thou shalt be a destiny": such is the purer and more precise meaning of the promise, in whatever language it may have been spoken. And whether that destiny might or might not be a blessing is a question the twofold nature of which is apparent from the fact that it can always and without exception be answered in different ways—though of course it was always answered in the affirmative by the community—continually waxing in numbers and in grace—of those who recognized the true Baal and Adad of the pantheon in the God who had brought out of Chaldæa the man from Ur; that community to the existence of which young Joseph traced back his own spiritual and physical being.

2

SOMETIMES, indeed, he thought of the moon-wanderer as his own great-grandfather—though such an idea is to be sternly rejected from the realms of the possible. He himself was perfectly aware, on the ground of much and varied instruction, that the position was one of far wider bearings. Not so wide, however, that that mighty man of the earth whose boundary stones, adorned with representations of the signs of the zodiac, the man from Ur had put behind him, had actually been Nim-

rod, the first king on earth, who had begotten Bel of Shinar. No, for according to the tablets, this had been Hammurabi, the Lawgiver, restorer of those citadels of the sun and moon; and when young Joseph put him on a level with that prehistoric Nimrod, it was by a play of thought which most charmingly becomes his spirit but which would be unbecoming and hence forbidden to ours. The same is true of his occasional confusion to the man from Ur with his father's ancestor and his, who had borne the same or a similar name. Between the boy Joseph and the pilgrimage of his ancestor in the spirit and the flesh there lay, according to the system of chronology which his age and sphere rejoiced in, fully twenty generations, or, roughly speaking, six hundred Babylonian years, a period as long as from our time back into the Gothic Middle Ages — as long, and yet not so long either.

True, we have received our mathematical sidereal time handed down to us from ages long before the man from Ur ever set out on his wanderings, and, in like manner, shall we hand it on to our furthest descendants. But even so, the meaning, weight and fullness of earthly time is not everywhere one and the same. Time has uneven measure, despite all the objectivity of the Chaldæan chronology. Six hundred years at that time and under that sky did not mean what they mean in our western history. They were a more level, silent, speechless reach; time was less effective, her power to bring about change was both weaker and more restricted in its range — though certainly in those twenty generations she had produced changes and revolutions of a considerable kind: natural revolutions, even changes in the earth's surface in Joseph's immediate circle, as we know and as he knew too. For where, in his day, were Gomorrah, and Sodom, the dwelling-place of Lot of Harran, who had been received into the spiritual community of the man from Ur; where were those voluptuous cities? Lo, the leaden alkaline lake lay there where their unchastity had flourished, for the whole region had been swept with a burning fiery flood of pitch and sulphur, so frightful and apparently so destructive of all life that Lot's daughters, timely escaped with their father, though he would have given them up to the lust of the Sodomites instead of certain important guests whom he harboured, went and lay with their father, being under the de-

lusion that save themselves there were none left upon the earth, and out of womanly carefulness for the continuance of the race.

Thus time in its course had left behind it even visible alterations. There had been times of blessing and times of curse, times of fullness and times of dearth, wars and campaigns, changing overlords and new gods. Yet on the whole time then had been more conservatively minded than time now, the frame of Joseph's life, his ways and habits of thought were far more like his ancestors' than ours are like the crusaders'. Memory, resting on oral tradition from generation to generation, was more direct and confiding, it flowed freer, time was a more unified and thus a briefer vista; young Joseph cannot be blamed for vaguely foreshortening it, for sometimes, in a dreamy mood, perhaps by night and moonlight, taking the man from Ur for his father's grandfather — or even worse. For it must be stated here that in all probability this man from Ur was not the original and actual man from Ur. Probably — even to young Joseph, in a preciser hour, and by broad daylight — this man from Ur had never seen the moon-citadel of Uru; it had been *his father* who had gone thence northwards, towards Harran in the land of Naharina. And thus it was only from Harran that this falsely so-called man from Ur, having received the command from the Lord God, had set out towards the country of the Amorites, together with that Lot, later settled in Sodom, whom the tradition of the community vaguely stated to be the son of the brother of the man from Ur, on the ground, indeed, that he was the "son of Harran." Now Lot of Sodom was certainly a son of Harran, since he as well as the Ur-man came from there. But to turn Harran, the "city of the way," into a brother of the man from Ur, and thus to make a nephew out of his proselyte Lot, was a kind of dreamy toying with ideas which, while scarcely permissible in broad daylight, yet makes it easier to understand why young Joseph fell naturally into the same kind of game.

He did so in the same good faith as governed, for instance, the star-worshippers and astrologers at Shinar, in their prognostications according to the principle of stellar representation, and exchanged one planet with another, for instance the sun, when it had set, with Ninurta the planet of war and state, or the planet Marduk with Scorpio, thereafter blithely calling

Scorpio Marduk and Ninurta the sun. He did so, that is, on practical grounds, for his desire to set a beginning to the chain of events to which he belonged encountered the same difficulty that it always does: the fact that everybody has a father, that nothing comes first and of itself, its own cause, but that everybody is begotten and points backwards, deeper down into the depths of beginnings, the bottoms and the abysses of the well of the past. Joseph knew, of course, that the father of the Urman, that is to say the real man from Uru, must have had a father, who must thus have really been the beginning of his own personal history, and so on, back to Abel, son of Adam, the ancestor of those who dwell in tents and keep sheep. Thus even the exodus from Shinar afforded him only one particular and conditioned beginning; he was well instructed, by song and saga, how it went on further and further into the general, through many histories, back to Adapa or Adama, the first man, who, indeed, according to a lying Babylonian saga, which Joseph more or less knew by heart, had been the son of Ea, god of wisdom and the water depths, and had served the gods as baker and cup-bearer—but of whom Joseph had better and more inspired knowledge; back to the garden in the East wherein had stood the two trees, the tree of life and the unchaste tree of death; back to the beginning, the origin of the world and the heavens and the earthly universe out of confusion and chaos, by the might of the Word, which moved above the face of the deep and was God. But this, too, was it not only a conditioned and particular beginning of things? For there had already been forms of existence which looked up to the Creator in admiration and in amaze: sons of God, angels of the starry firmament, about whom Joseph himself knew some odd and even funny stories, and also rebellious demons. These must have had their origin in some past æon of the world, which had grown old and sunk and become raw material—and had even this been the very first beginning?

Here young Joseph's brain began to reel, just as ours does when we lean over the edge of the well; and despite some small inexactitudes which his pretty and well-favoured little head permitted itself but which are unsuitable for us, we may feel close to him and almost contemporary, in respect to those deep backwards and abyssms of time into which so long ago he

already gazed. He was a human being like ourselves, thus he must appear to us, and despite his earliness in time just as remote as we, mathematically speaking, from the beginnings of humanity (not to speak of the beginnings of things in general), for they do in actual fact lie deep down in the darkness at the bottom of the abyss, and we, in our researches, must either stop at the conditioned and apparent beginnings, confusing them with the real beginning, in the same way that Joseph confused the man from Ur on the one hand with his father, and on the other with Joseph's own great-grandfather; or else we must keep on being lured from one time-coullisse to the next, backwards and backwards into the immeasurable.

3

I HAVE said that Joseph knew by heart some pretty Babylonian verses which originally came from a written tradition of great extent and full of lying wisdom. He had learned them from travellers who touched at Hebron, with whom he had held speech, in his conversable way, and from his tutor, old Eliezer, a freedman of his father, not to be confused (as Joseph sometimes confused him, and even the old man himself probably enjoyed doing) with that Eliezer who was the oldest servant of the original wanderer and who once had wooed the daughter of Bethuel for Isaac at the well. Now we know these verses and legends; we have texts of them, written on tablets found at Nineveh, in the palace of Asshurbanipal, king of the universe, son of Assarhaddon, son of Sennacherib; some of them, preserved in graceful cuneiform characters on greyish-yellow clay, are our earliest documented source for the great flood in which the Lord wiped out the first human race on account of its corruption, and which played such an important rôle in Joseph's own personal tradition. Literally speaking, this source itself is not an original one; these crumbling tablets bear transcriptions made by learned slaves only some six hundred years before our era, at the command of Asshurbanipal, a sovereign much addicted to the written word and the established view, an "exceeding wise one," in the Babylonian phrase, and a zealous accumulator of the fruits of exceeding wisdom. Indeed they were copied from an original a good thousand years older, from the time, that is, of the Lawgiver and the moon-wanderer;

which was about as easy, or as hard, for Asshurbanipal's tablet-writers to read and to understand as for us to-day a manuscript of the time of Charlemagne. Written in a quite obsolete and undeveloped hand, a hieratic document, it must have been hard to decipher; whether its significance was wholly honoured in the copy remains matter for doubt.

And then, this original: it was not actually an original; not *the* original, when you come to look at it. It was itself a copy of a document out of God knows what distant time; upon which, then, though without precisely knowing where, one might rest, as upon a true original, if it were not itself provided with glosses and additions by the hand of the scribe, who thought thus to make more comprehensible an original text lying again who knows how far back in time; though what they probably did was further to transmogrify the original wisdom of his text. And thus I might go on — if I were not convinced that my readers already understand what I mean when I speak of coulisses and abysses.

The Egyptians expressed it in a phrase which Joseph knew and himself used on occasion. For although none of the sons of Ham were tolerated in Jacob's tents, because of their ancestor the shamer of his sire, who had turned black all over, also because Jacob entertained religious doubts on the score of morals of Mizraim; yet the eager-minded lad had often mingled with Egyptians, in the towns, in Kirjath Arba as well as in Shechem, and had picked up this and that of the tongue in which he was later to bear such brilliant witness. The Egyptians then, speaking of something that had high and indefinite antiquity, would say: "It comes from the days of Set." By whom, of course, they meant one of their gods, the wily brother of their Marduk or Tammuz, whom they called Osiris, the Martyr, because Set had first lured him into a sarcophagus and cast it into the river, and afterwards torn him to pieces like a wild beast and killed him entirely, so that Osiris, the Sacrifice, now ruled as lord of the dead and everlasting king of the lower world. "From the days of Set"; the people of Egypt had many uses for the phrase, for with them the origins of everything went back in undemonstrable ways into that darkness.

At the edge of the Libyan desert, near Memphis, hewn out of the rock, crouched the colossus and hybrid, fifty-three metres

high; lion and maiden, with a maiden's breasts and the beard of a man, and on its headcloth the kingly serpent rearing itself. The huge paws of its cat's body stretched out before it, its nose was blunted by the tooth of time. It had always crouched there, always with its nose blunted by time; and of an age when its nose had not been blunted, or when it had not crouched there, there was no memory at all. Thothmes the Fourth, Golden Hawk and Strong Bull, King of Upper and of Lower Egypt, beloved of the goddess of truth and belonging to the eighteenth dynasty which was also the dynasty of Amun-is-satisfied, by reason of a command received in a dream before he mounted the throne, had had the colossal statue dug out of the sands of the desert, where it lay in great part drifted over and covered up. But some fifteen hundred years before that, King Cheops of the fourth dynasty—the same, by the bye, who built the great pyramid for his own tomb and made sacrifice to the sphinx—had found it half in ruins; and of any time when it had not been known, or even known with a whole nose, there was no knowledge at all.

Was it Set who himself hewed out of the stone that fabulous beast, in which later generations saw an image of the sun-god, calling it Horus in the mount of light? It was possible, of course, for Set, as likewise Osiris the Sacrifice, had probably not always been a god, but sometime or other a man, and indeed a king over Egypt. The statement is often made that a certain Menes or Horus-Menes some six thousand years before our era founded the first Egyptian dynasty, and everything before that is "pre-dynastic"; he, Menes, having first united the two countries, the upper and the lower, the papyrus and the lily, the red and the white crown, and ruled as first king over Egypt, the history of which began with his reign. Of this statement probably every word is false; to the penetrating eye King Menes turns out to be nothing but a coulisse. Egyptian priests told Herodotus that the written history of their country went back eleven thousand, three hundred and forty years before his era, which means for us about fourteen thousand years; a reckoning which is calculated to rob King Menes' figure of all its primitiveness. The history of Egypt alternates between periods of discord and impotence and periods of brilliance and power; epochs of diverse rulers or none at all and epochs of strongly

concentrated power; it becomes increasingly clear that these epochs alternated too often to make it likely that King Menes was the earliest ruler over a unified realm. The discords which he healed had followed upon earlier unification and that upon still earlier disruption. How many times the "older," "earlier," "again" are to be repeated we cannot tell; but only that the first unification took place under dynastic deities, whose sons presumably were that Set and Osiris; the sacrifice, murder and dismemberment of the latter being legendary references to quarrels over the succession, which at that time was determined by stratagem and crime. That was a past of a profound, mythical and theological character, even to the point of becoming spiritualized and ghostlike; it became present, it became the object of religious reverence in the shape of certain animals — falcons and jackals — honoured in the ancient capitals, Buto and Nekheb; in these the souls of those beings of primitive time were supposed to be mysteriously preserved.

4

"From the days of Set" — young Joseph relished the phrase, and I share his enjoyment; for like the Egyptians, I find it most applicable, and to nearly everything in life. Wherever I look, I think of the words: and the origin of all things, when I come to search for it, pales away into the days of Set.

At the time when our story begins — an arbitrary beginning, it is true, but we must begin somewhere, and fix a point behind which we do not go, otherwise we too shall land in the days of Set — at this time young Joseph already kept the flocks with his brethren, though only under rather privileged conditions; which is to say that when it pleased him so to do, he watched as they did his father's sheep, goats and kine on the plains of Shechem and Hebron. What sort of animals were these, and wherein different from ours? In nothing at all. They were the very same peaceful and familiar beasts, at the same stage of development as those we know. The whole history of cattle-breeding — for instance of the domestic ox from the wild buffalo — lay even in young Joseph's day so far back in the past that "far" is a feeble word to use in such a connection. It has been shown that the ox was bred in the stone age, before the use of metal tools, that is before the bronze age; this boy of the

Amurruland, Joseph, with his Egyptian and Babylonian culture, was almost as remote from those dim times as we ourselves are.

As for the wild sheep from which Jacob's flocks — and ours — were bred, we are told that it is extinct. It died out "long ago." It must have been completely domesticated "in the days of Set." And the breeding of the horse, the ass, the goat and the pig — out of that wild boar which mangled Tammuz, the young shepherd — all that was accomplished in the same remote and misty past. Our historical records go back some seven thousand years — during which time no wild animal was still in process of domestication. There is no tradition nor any memory of such events.

If we look at the cultivation of wild grasses and their development into cereals, the story is the same. Our species of grain, our barley, oats, rye, maize and wheat — they are the very ones which nourished the youthful Joseph — have been cultivated so long that no botanist can trace the beginning of the process, nor any people boast of having been the first to initiate it. We are told that in the stone age there were five varieties of wheat and three of barley. As for the cultivation of the vine from its wild beginnings — an incomparable achievement, humanly speaking, whatever else one may think about it — tradition, echoing hollowly up from the depths of the past, ascribes it to Noah, the one upright man, survivor of the flood, the same whom the Babylonians called Utnapishtim and also Atrachasis, the exceeding wise one, who imparted to Gilgamesh, his late grandchild, hero of the legends written on the tablets, the story of the beginning of things. This upright man, then, as Joseph likewise knew, was the first to plant vineyards — nor did Joseph consider it such a very upright deed. Why could he not have planted something useful: fig trees, for instance, or olives? But no, he chose to plant the vine, and was drunk therefrom, and in his drunkenness was mocked and shamed of his manhood. But when Joseph imagined all that to have happened not so very long ago, that miracle of the grape, perhaps some dozen of generations before his "great-grandfather," his ideas of time showed themselves to be hazy indeed; the past which he so lightly invoked being actually matter of remote and primeval distances. Having said thus much, it only remains to add —

however much we may pale at the thought — that those distances themselves must have lain very late in time, compared with the remoteness of the beginning of the human race, for them to have produced a civilization capable of that high deed, the cultivation of the vine.

Where then do they lie in time, the beginnings of human civilization? How old is it? I put the question with reference to young Joseph, whose stage of development, though remote from ours, did not essentially differ from it, aside from those less precise habits of thought of his, at which we may benevolently smile. We have only to enquire, to conjure up a whole vista of time-coulisses opening out infinitely, as in mockery. When we ourselves speak of antiquity we mostly mean the Græco-Roman world — which, relatively speaking, is of a brand new modernity. Going back to the so-called “primitive population” of Greece, the Pelasgians, we are told that before they settled in the islands, the latter were inhabited by the *actual* primitive population, a race which preceded the Phœnicians in the domination of the sea — a fact which reduces to the merest time-coulisse the Phœnician claim to have been the first seafaring folk. But science is increasingly unfavourable to all these theories; more and more it inclines to the hypothesis and the conviction that these “barbarians” were colonists from Atlantis, the lost continent beyond the pillars of Hercules, which in times gone by united Europe with America. But whether this was the earliest region of the earth to be populated by human beings is very doubtful, so doubtful as to be unlikely; it is much more probable that the early history of civilization, including that of Noah, the exceeding wise one, is to be connected with regions of the earth’s surface much older in point of time and already long before fallen to decay.

But these are foothills whereupon we may not wander, and only vaguely indicate by that before-quoted Egyptian phrase; the peoples of the east behaved with a piety equal to their wisdom when they ascribed to the gods their first knowledge of a civilized life. The red-hued folk of Mizraim saw in Osiris the Martyr the benefactor who had first given them laws and taught them to cultivate the soil; being prevented finally by the plotting of the crafty Set, who attacked him like a wild boar. As for the Chinese, they consider the founder of their empire

to have been an imperial half-god named Fu-hsi, who introduced cattle into China and taught the priceless art of writing. This personage apparently did not consider the Chinese, at that time—some two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two years before our era—to be ripe for astronomical instruction; for according to their annals they received it only about thirteen hundred years later, from the great foreign emperor, Tai-Ko-Fokee; whereas the astrologers of Shinar were already several hundred years earlier instructed in the signs of the zodiac; and we are told that a man who accompanied Alexander of Macedon to Babylon sent to Aristotle Chaldæan astronomical records scratched on baked clay, whose antiquity would be to-day four thousand, one hundred and sixty years. That is easily possible, for it seems likely that observation of the heavens and astronomical calculations were made in Atlantis, whose disappearance, according to Solon, dated nine thousand years before that worthy's own time; from which it follows that man attained to skill in these lofty arts some eleven and a half thousand years before our era.

It is clear that the art of writing is not younger than this, and very possibly much older. I speak of it in particular because Joseph entertained such a lively fondness for the art, and unlike his brothers early perfected himself in it; being instructed at first by Eliezer, in the Babylonian as well as in the Phœnician and Hittite scripts. He had a genuine weakness for the god or idol whom in the East they called Nabû, the writer of history, and in Tyre and Sidon Taut; in both places recognizing him as the inventor of letters and the chronicler of the beginnings of things: the Egyptian god Thoth of Hermopolis, the letter-writer of the gods and the patron of science, whose office was regarded in those parts as higher than all others; that sincere, solicitous and reasonable god, who was sometimes a white-haired ape, of pleasing appearance, sometimes wore an ibis head, and likewise had certain tender and spiritual affiliations with the moon which were quite to young Joseph's taste. These predilections the youth would not have dared confess to his father Jacob, who set his face sternly against all such coquetting with idols, being even stricter in his attitude than were certain very high places themselves to which his austerity was dedicated. For Joseph's history proves that such little de-

partures on his part into the impermissible were not visited very severely, at least not in the long run.

As for the art of writing, with reference to its misty origins it would be proper to paraphrase the Egyptian expression and say that it came "from the days of Thoth." The written roll is represented in the oldest Egyptian art, and we know a papyrus which belonged to Horus-Send, a king of the second dynasty, six thousand years before our era, and which even then was supposed to be so old that it was said Sendi had inherited it from Set. When Sneferu and that Cheops reigned, sons of the sun, of the fourth dynasty, and the pyramids of Gizeh were built, knowledge of writing was so usual amongst the lower classes that we to-day can read the simple inscriptions scratched by artisans on the great building blocks. But it need not surprise us that such knowledge was common property in that distant time, when we recall the priestly account of the age of the written history of Egypt.

If, then, the days of an established language of signs are so unnumbered, where shall we seek for the beginnings of oral speech? The oldest, the primeval language, we are told, is Indo-Germanic, Indo-European, Sanscrit. But we may be sure that that is a beginning as hasty as any other; and that there existed a still older mother-tongue which included the roots of the Aryan as well as the Semitic and Hamitic tongues. Probably it was spoken on Atlantis—that land which is the last far and faint coulisse still dimly visible to our eyes, but which itself can scarcely be the original home of articulate man.

5

CERTAIN discoveries have caused the experts in the history of the earth to estimate the age of the human species at about five hundred thousand years. It is a scant reckoning, when we consider, first, how science to-day teaches that man in his character as animal is the oldest of all mammals and was already in the latter dawn of life existing upon this earth in various zoological modes, amphibious and reptilian, before any cerebral development took place; and second, what endless and boundless expanses of time must have been at his disposal, to turn the crouching, dream-wandering, marsupial type, with unseparated fingers, and a sort of flickering prereason as his

guide, such as man must have been before the time of Noah-Utnapishtim, the exceeding wise, into the inventor of bow and arrow, the fire-maker, the welder of meteoric iron, the cultivator of corn and wine, the breeder of domestic cattle—in a word, into the shrewd, skilful and in every essential respect modern human being which appears before us at the earliest grey dawn of history. A priest at the temple of Sais explained to Solon the Greek myth of Phæton through a human experiencing of some deviation in the course of the bodies which move round the earth in space, resulting in a devastating conflagration on the earth. Certainly it becomes clearer and clearer that the dream memory of man, formless but shaping itself ever anew after the manner of sagas, reaches back to catastrophes of vast antiquity, the tradition of which, fed by recurrent but lesser similar events, established itself among various peoples and produced that formation of coulisses which forever lures and leads onwards the traveller in time.

Those verses which Joseph had heard and learned by heart related among other things the story of the great flood. He would in any case have known this story even if he had not learned of it in the Babylonian tongue and version, for it existed in his western country and especially among his own people, although not in quite the same form, but with details differing from those in the version current in the land of the rivers; just at this very time, indeed, it was in process of establishing itself in a variant upon the eastern form. Joseph well knew the tale: how all that was flesh, the beasts of the field not excepted, had corrupted most indescribably His way upon the earth; yes, the earth herself practised whoredom and deceptively brought forth oats where wheat had been sown—and all this despite the warnings of Noah; so that the Lord and Creator, who saw His very angels involved in this abomination, at length after a last trial of patience, of a hundred and twenty years, could no longer bear it and be responsible for it, but must let the judgment of the flood prevail. And now He, in His majestic good-nature (which the angels in no wise shared), left open a little back door for life to escape by, in the shape of a chest, pitched and caulked, into which Noah went up with the animals. Joseph knew that too and knew the day on which

the creatures entered the ark; it had been the tenth of the month Marcheswan, and on the seventeenth the fountains of the great deep were broken up, at the time of the spring thawing, when Sirius rises in the daytime and the fountains of water begin to swell. It was on this day, then — Joseph had it from old Eliezer. But how often had this day come round since then? He did not consider that, nor did old Eliezer; and here begin the foreshortenings, the confusions and the deceptive vistas which dominate the tradition.

Heaven knows when there happened that overwhelming encroachment of the Euphrates, a river at all times tending to irregular courses and sudden spate; or that startling irruption of the Persian Gulf into the solid land as the result of tornado and earthquake; that catastrophe which did not precisely create the tradition of the deluge, but gave it its final nourishment, revived it with a horrible aspect of life and reality and now stood to all later generations as *the* Deluge. Perhaps the most recent catastrophe had not been so very long ago; and the nearer it was, the more fascinating becomes the question whether, and how, the generation which had personal experience of it succeeded in confusing their present affliction with the subject of the tradition, in other words with *the* Deluge. It came to pass, and that it did so need cause us to feel neither surprise nor contempt. The event consisted less in that something past repeated itself, than in that it became present. But that it could acquire presentness rested upon the fact that the circumstances which brought it about were at all times present. The ways of the flesh are perennially corrupt, and may be so in all god-fearingness. For do men know whether they do well or ill before God and whether that which seems to them good is not to the Heavenly One an abomination? Men in their folly know not God nor the decrees of the lower world; at any time forbearance can show itself exhausted, and judgment come into force; and there is probably always a warning voice, a knowledgeable Atrachasis who knows how to interpret signs and by taking wise precautions is one among ten thousand to escape destruction. Not without having first confided to the earth the tablets of knowledge, as the seed-corn of future wisdom, so that when the waters subside, everything can begin afresh from

the written seed. "At any time": therein lies the mystery. For the mystery is timeless, but the form of timelessness is the now and the here.

The Deluge, then, had its theatre on the Euphrates River, but also in China. Round the year 1300 before our era there was a frightful flood in the Hoang-Ho, after which the course of the river was regulated; it was a repetition of the great flood of some thousand and fifty years before, whose Noah had been the fifth Emperor, Yao, and which, chronologically speaking, was far from having been the true and original Deluge, since the tradition of the latter is common to both peoples. Just as the Babylonian account, known to Joseph, was only a reproduction of earlier and earlier accounts, so the flood itself is to be referred back to older and older prototypes; one is convinced of being on solid ground at last, when one fixes, as the original original, upon the sinking of the land Atlantis beneath the waves of the ocean — knowledge of which dread event penetrated into all the lands of the earth, previously populated from that same Atlantis, and fixed itself as a movable tradition forever in the minds of men. But it is only an apparent stop and temporary goal. According to a Chaldean computation, a period of thirty-nine thousand, one hundred and eighty years lay between the Deluge and the first historical dynasty of the kingdom of the two rivers. It follows that the sinking of Atlantis, occurring only nine thousand years before Solon, a very recent catastrophe indeed, historically considered, certainly cannot have been *the* Deluge. It too was only a repetition, the becoming-present of something profoundly past, a frightful refresher to the memory, and the original story is to be referred back at least to that incalculable point of time when the island continent called "Lemuria," in its turn only a remnant of the old Gondwana continent, sank beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean.

What concerns us here is not calculable time. Rather it is time's abrogation and dissolution in the alternation of tradition and prophecy, which lends to the phrase "once upon a time" its double sense of past and future and therewith its burden of potential present. Here the idea of reincarnation has its roots. The kings of Babel and the two Egypts, that curly-bearded Kurigalzu as well as Horus in the palace at Thebes, called

Amun-is-satisfied, and all their predecessors and successors, *were* manifestations in the flesh of the sun god, that is to say the myth became in them a *mysterium*, and there was no distinction left between being and meaning. It was not until three thousand years later that men began disputing as to whether the Eucharist "was" or only "signified" the body of the Sacrifice; but even such highly supererogatory discussions as these cannot alter the fact that the essence of the mystery is and remains the timeless present. Such is the meaning of ritual, of the feast. Every Christmas the world-saving Babe is born anew and lies in the cradle, destined to suffer, to die and to arise again. And when Joseph, in midsummer, at Shechem or at Beth-Lahma, at the feast of the weeping women, the feast of the burning of lamps, the feast of Tammuz, amid much wailing of flutes and joyful shoutings relived in the explicit present the murder of the lamented Son, the youthful god, Osiris-Adonis, and his resurrection, there was occurring that phenomenon, the dissolution of time in mystery, which is of interest for us here because it makes logically unobjectionable a method of thought which quite simply recognized a deluge in every visitation by water.

6

PARALLEL with the story of the flood is the tale of the Great Tower. Common property like the other, it possessed local presentness in many places, and affords quite as good material for dreamy speculation and the formation of time-coulisses. For instance, it is as certain as it is excusable that Joseph confused the Great Tower itself with the temple of the sun at Babel, the so-called E-sagila or House of the Lifting of the Head. The Wanderer from Ur had doubtless done the same in his time, and it was certainly so considered not only in Joseph's sphere but above all in the land of Shinar itself. To all the Chaldæans, E-sagila, the ancient and enormous terraced tower, built, according to their belief, by Bel, the Creator, with the help of the black men whom he created expressly for the purpose, and restored and completed by Hammurabi, the Lawgiver; the Tower, seven stories high, of whose brilliantly enamelled splendours Joseph had a lively mental picture; to all the Chaldæans E-sagila signified the present embodiment of an abstract idea

handed down from far-away antiquity; the Tower, the sky-soaring structure erected by human hands. In Joseph's particular milieu the legend of the Tower possessed other and more far-reaching associations, which did not, precisely speaking, belong to it, such as the idea of the dispersal. This is explainable only by the moon-man's own personal attitude, his taking umbrage and going hence; for the people of Shinar had no such associations whatever with the Migdals or citadels of their cities, but rather the contrary, seeing that Hammurabi, the Lawgiver, had expressly caused it to be written that he had made their summits high in order to "bring together again" the scattered and dispersing people under the sway of "him who was sent." But the moon-man was thereby affronted in his notions of the deity, and in the face of Nimrod's royal policy of concentration had dispersed himself and his; and thus in Joseph's home the past, made present in the shape of E-sagila, had become tintured with the future and with prophecy; a judgment hung over the towering spite-monument of Nimrod's royal arrogance, not one brick was to remain upon another, and the builders thereof would be brought to confusion and scattered by the Lord God of Hosts. Thus old Eliezer taught the son of Jacob, and preserved thereby the double meaning of the "once upon a time," its mingled legend and prophecy, whose product was the timeless present, the Tower of the Chaldeans.

To Joseph its story was the story of the Great Tower itself. But it is plain that after all E-sagila is only a *time-coulisse* upon our endless path toward the original Tower. One *time-coulisse*, like many another. Mizraim's people, too, looked upon the tower as present, in the form of King Cheops' amazing desert tomb. And in lands of whose existence neither Joseph nor old Eliezer had the faintest notion, in Central America, that is, the people had likewise their tower or their image of a tower, the great pyramid of Cholula, the ruins of which are of a size and pretentiousness calculated to have aroused great anger and envy in the breast of King Cheops. The people of Cholula have always denied that they were the authors of this mighty structure. They declared it to be the work of giants, strangers from the east, they said, a superior race who, filled with drunken longing for the sun, had reared it up in their ardour, out of clay and asphalt, in order to draw near to the worshipped

planet. There is much support for the theory that these progressive foreigners were colonists from Atlantis, and it appears that these sun-worshippers and astrologers incarnate always made it their first care, wherever they went, to set up mighty watch-towers, before the faces of the astonished natives, modelled upon the high towers of their native land, and in particular upon the lofty mountain of the gods of which Plato speaks. In Atlantis, then, we may seek the prototype of the Great Tower. In any case we cannot follow its history further, but must here bring to an end our researches upon this extraordinary theme.

7

BUT where was Paradise—the “garden in the East”? The place of happiness and repose, the home of man, where he ate of the tree of evil and was driven forth or actually drove himself forth and dispersed himself? Young Joseph knew this as well as he knew about the flood, and from the same source. It made him smile a little when he heard dwellers in the Syrian desert say that the great oasis of Damascus was Paradise, for that nothing more paradisial could be dreamed of than the way it lay among fruit orchards and charmingly watered gardens nestled between majestic mountain range and spreading seas of meadow, full of bustling folk of all races and the commerce of rich wares. And for politeness’ sake he shrugged his shoulders only inwardly when men of Mizraim asserted that Egypt had been the earliest home of man, being as it was the centre and navel of the world. The curly-bearded folk of Shinar, of course, they too believed that their kingly city, called by them the “gateway of God” and “bond between heaven and earth” (*Bab-ilu, markas samé u ursitim*: the boy Joseph could repeat the words glibly after them), in other words, that Babel was the sacred centre of the earth. But in this matter of the world-navel Joseph had better and more precise information, drawn from the personal experience of his good and solemn and brooding father, who, when a young man on his way from “Seven Springs,” the home of his family, to his uncle at Haran in the land of Naharina, had quite unexpectedly and unconsciously come upon the real world-navel, the hilltown of Luz, with its sacred stone circle, which he had then renamed

Beth-el, the House of God, because, fleeing from Esau, he had there been vouchsafed that greatest and most solemn revelation of his whole life. On that height, where Jacob had set up his stone pillow for a mark and anointed it with oil, there henceforth was for Joseph and his people the centre of the world, the umbilical cord between heaven and earth. Yet not there lay Paradise; rather in the region of the beginnings and of the home — somewhere thereabouts, in Joseph's childish conviction, which was, moreover, a conviction widely held, whence the man of the moon city had once set out, in Lower Shinar, where the river drained away and the moist soil between its branches even yet abounded in luscious fruit-bearing trees.

Theologians have long favoured the theory that Eden was situated somewhere in southern Babylonia and Adam's body formed of Babylonian soil. Yet this is only one more of the coulisse effects with which we are already so familiar; another illustration of the process of localization and back-reference — only that here it is of a kind extraordinary beyond all comparison, alluring us out beyond the earthly in the most literal sense and the most comprehensive way; only that here the bottom of the well which is human history displays its whole, its immeasurable depth, or rather its bottomlessness, to which neither the conception of depth nor of darkness is any longer applicable, and we must introduce the conflicting idea of light and height; of those bright heights, that is, down from which the Fall could take place, the story of which is indissolubly bound up with our soul-memories of the garden of happiness.

The traditional description of Paradise is in one respect exact. There went out, it says, from Eden a river of water the garden, and from thence it was parted and came into four heads: the Pison, Gihon, Euphrates and Hiddekel. The Pison, it goes on to say, is also called the Ganges; it flows about all India and brings with it gold. The Gihon is the Nile, the greatest river of the world, that encompasseth the whole of Ethiopa. But Hiddekel, the arrow-swift river, is the Tigris, which flows towards the east of Assyria. This last is not disputed. But the identity of the Pison and the Gihon with the Ganges and the Nile is denied with considerable authority. These are thought to be rather the Araxes which flows into the Caspian Sea, and the Halys which flows into the Black Sea; and accordingly the

site of Paradise would still be in the Babylonian sphere of interest, but not in Babylon itself, rather in the Armenian Alpine country north of the Mesopotamian plain, where the two rivers in question have their sources close together.

The theory seems reasonably acceptable. For if, as the most regarded tradition has it, the "Phrat," or Euphrates, rose in Paradise, then Paradise cannot be situated at the mouth of that river. But even while; with this fact in mind, we award the palm to Armenia, we have done no more than take the step to the next-following fact; in other words, we have come only one more coulisse further on.

God, so old Eliezer had instructed Joseph, gave the world four quarters: morning, evening, noon and midnight guarded at the seat of the Most High by four sacred beasts and four guardian angels, which watch over this fixed condition with unchanging eyes. Did not the pyramids of Lower Egypt exactly face with their four sides, covered with shining cement, the four quarters of the earth? And thus the arrangement of the rivers of Paradise was conceived. They are to be thought of in their course as four serpents, the tips of whose tails touch, whose mouths lie far asunder, so that they go out from each other towards the four quarters of the heavens. This now is an obvious transference. It is a geography transferred to a site in Near Asia, but familiar to us in another place, now lost; namely, in Atlantis, where, according to Plato's narrative and description, these same four streams went out from the mount of the gods towering up in the middle, and in the same way, that is, at right angles, to the four quarters of the earth. All learned strife as to the geographical meaning of the four head waters and as to the site of the garden itself has been shown to be idle and received its quietus, through the tracing backwards of the paradise-idea, from which it appears that the latter obtained in many places, founded on the popular memory of a lost land, where a wise and progressive humanity passed happy years in a frame of things as beneficent as it was blest. We have here an unmistakable contamination of the tradition of an actual paradise with the legend of a golden age of humanity. Memory seems to go back to that land of the Hesperides, where, if reports say truth, a great people pursued a wise and pious course under conditions never since so favourable. But no, the Garden

of Eden it was not; it was not that site of the original home and of the Fall; it is only a coulisse and an apparent goal upon our paradise-seeking pilgrimage in time and space; and our archæology of the earth's surface seeks for Adam, the first man, in times and places whose decline and fall took place before the population of Atlantis.

What a deluded pilgrimage, what an onward-luring hoax! For even if it were possible, or excusable, however misleading, to identify as Paradise the land of the golden apples, where the four great rivers flowed, how could we, even with the best will in the world to self-deception, hold with such an idea, in view of the Lemurian world which is our next and furthest time-coulisse; a scene wherein the tortured larva of the human being—our lovely and well-favoured young Joseph would have refused with pardonable irritation to recognize himself in the picture—endured the nightmare of fear and lust which made up his life, in desperate conflict with scaly mountains of flesh in the shape of flying lizards and giant newts? That was no garden of Eden, it was Hell. Or rather, it was the first accursed state after the Fall. Not here, not at the beginning of time and space was the fruit plucked from the tree of desire and death, plucked and tasted. That comes first. We have sounded the well of time to its depths, and not yet reached our goal: the history of man is older than the material world which is the work of his will, older than life, which rests upon his will.

8

A VERY ancient tradition of human thought, based upon man's truest knowledge of himself and going back to exceedingly early days whence it has become incorporated into the succession of religions, prophecies and doctrines of the East, into Avesta, Islam, Manichæanism, Gnosticism and Hellenism, deals with the figure of the first or first completely human man, the Hebraic *Adam qadmon*; conceived as a youthful being made out of pure light, formed before the beginning of the world as prototype and abstract of humanity. To this conception others have attached themselves, varying so some extent, yet in essentials the same. Thus, and accordingly, primitive man was at his very beginning God's chosen champion in the struggle against that evil which penetrated into the new creation; yet

harm befell him, he was fettered by demons, imprisoned in the flesh, estranged from his origins, and only freed from the darkness of earthly and fleshly existence by a second emissary of the deity, who in some mysterious way was the same as himself, his own higher self, and restored to the world of light, leaving behind him, however, some portions of his light, which then were utilized for the creation of the material world and earthly creatures. Amazing tales, these, wherein the religious element of redemption is faintly visible behind the cosmogonic frame. For we are told that the original human Son of God contained in His body of light the seven metals to which the seven planets correspond and out of which the world is formed. Again it is said that this human light-essence, issuing from the paternal primitive source, descended through the seven planetary spheres and the lord of each partook of his essence. But then looking down he perceived his image mirrored in matter, became enamoured of it, went down unto it and thus fell in bondage to lower nature. All which explains man's double self, an indissoluble combination of godlike attributes and free essence with sore enslavement to the baser world.

In this narcissistic picture, so full of tragic charm, the meaning of the tradition begins to clarify itself; the clarification is complete at the point where the descent of the Child of God from His world of light into the world of nature loses the character of mere obedient pursuance of a higher order, hence guiltless, and becomes an independent and voluntary motion of longing, by that token guilty. And at the same time we can begin to unravel the meaning of that "second emissary" who, identical in a higher sense with the light-man, comes to free him from his involvement with the darkness and to lead him home. For the doctrine now proceeds to divide the world into the three personal elements of matter, soul and spirit, among whom, and between whom and the Deity there is woven the romance, whose real protagonist is the soul of mankind, adventurous and in adventure creative, a mythus, which, complete by reason of its combination of oldest record and newest prophecy, gives us clear leading as to the true site of Paradise and upon the story of the Fall.

It is stated that the soul, which is to say the primevally human, was, like matter, one of the principles laid down from the

beginning, and that it possessed life but no knowledge. It had, in fact, so little that, though dwelling in the nearness of God, in a lofty sphere of happiness and peace, it let itself be disturbed and confused by the inclination — in a literal sense, implying direction — towards still formless matter, avid to mingle with this and evoke forms upon which it could compass physical desires. But the yearning and pain of its passion did not diminish after the soul had let itself be betrayed to a descent from its home; they were heightened even to torment by the circumstance that matter sluggishly and obstinately preferred to remain in its original formless state, would hear nothing of taking on form to please the soul, and set up all imaginable opposition to being so formed. But now God intervened; seeing nothing for it, probably, in such a posture of affairs, but to come to the aid of the soul, His errant concomitance. He supported the soul as it wrestled in love with refractory matter. He created the world; that is to say, by way of assisting the primitive human being He brought forth solid and permanent forms, in order that the soul might gratify physical desires upon these and engender man. But immediately afterwards, in pursuance of a considered plan, He did something else. He sent, such literally are the words of the source upon which I am drawing, He sent out of the substance of His divinity spirit to man in this world, that it might rouse from its slumber the soul in the frame of man, and show it, by the Father's command, that this world was not its place, and that its sensual and passional enterprise had been a sin, as a consequence of which the creation of the world was to be regarded. What in truth the spirit ever strives to make clear to the human soul imprisoned in matter, the constant theme of its admonitions, is precisely this: that the creation of the world came about only by reason of its folly in mingling with matter, and that once it parted therefrom the world of form would no longer have any existence. To rouse the soul to this view is the task of the reasonable spirit; all its hoping and striving are directed to the end that the passionate soul, once aware of the whole situation, will at length reacknowledge its home on high, strike out of its consciousness the lower world and strive to regain once more that lofty sphere of peace and happiness. In the very moment when that happens the lower world will be absolved; matter will win

back her own sluggish will, being released from the bonds of form to rejoice once more, as she ever did and ever shall, in formlessness, and be happy in her own way.

Thus far the doctrine and the romance of the soul. And here, beyond a doubt, we have come to the very last "backward," reached the remotest human past, fixed upon Paradise and tracked down the story of the Fall, of knowledge and of death, to its pure and original form. The original human soul is the oldest thing, more correctly *an* oldest thing, for it has always been, before time and before form, just as God has always been and likewise matter. As for the intelligent spirit, in whom we recognize the "secondary emissary" entrusted with the task of leading the soul back home; although in some undefined way closely related to it, yet it is after all not quite the same, for it is younger: a missionary sent by God for the soul's instruction and release, and thus for accomplishing the dissolution of the world of form. If in some of its phases the dogma asserts or allegorically indicates the higher oneness of soul and spirit, it probably does so on good ground; this, however, does not exclude the conception that the human soul is originally conceived as being God's champion against the evil in the world, and the rôle ascribed to it very like the one which falls to the spirit sent to effect its own release. Certainly the reason why the dogma fails to explain this matter clearly is that it has not achieved a complete portrayal of the rôle played by the spirit in the romance of the soul; obviously the tradition requires filling out on this point.

In this world of form and death conceived out of the marriage of soul and matter, the task of the spirit is clearly outlined and unequivocal. Its mission consists in awakening the soul, in its self-forgetful involvement with form and death, to the memory of its higher origin; to convince it that its relation with matter is a mistaken one, and finally to make it yearn for its original source with ever stronger yearning, until one day it frees itself wholly from pain and desire and wings away homewards. And therewith straightway the end of the world is come, death done away and matter restored to her ancient freedom. But as it will sometimes happen that an ambassador from one kingdom to another and hostile one, if he stay there for long, will fall a prey to corruption, from his own

country's point of view, gliding unconsciously over to the other's habits of thought and favouring its interests, settling down and adapting himself and taking on colour, until at last he becomes unavailable as a representative of his own world; this or something like it must be the experience of the spirit in its mission. The longer it stops below, the longer it plies its diplomatic activities, the more they suffer from an inward breach, not to be concealed from the higher sphere, and in all probability leading to its recall, were the problem of a substitute easier to solve than it seems is the case.

There is no doubt that its rôle as slayer and grave-digger of the world begins to trouble the spirit in the long run. For its point of view alters, being coloured by its sojourn below; while being, in its own mind, sent to dismiss death out of the world, it finds itself on the contrary regarded as the deathly principle, as that which brings death into the world. It is, in fact, a matter of the point of view, the angle of approach. One may look at it one way, or the other. Only one needs to know one's own proper attitude, that to which one is obligated from home; otherwise there is bound to occur the phenomenon which I objectively characterized as corruption, and one is alienated from one's natural duties. And here appears a certain weakness in the spirit's character: he does not enjoy his reputation as the principle of death and the destroyer of form—though he did largely bring it upon himself, out of his great impulse towards judgment, even when directed against himself—and it becomes a point of honour with him to get rid of it. Not that he would wilfully betray his mission. Rather against his intention, under pressure, out of that impulse and from a stimulus which one might describe as an unsanctioned infatuation for the soul and its passional activities, the words of his own mouth betray him; they speak in favour of the soul and its enterprise, and by a kind of sympathetic refinement upon his own pure motives, utter themselves on the side of life and form. It is an open question, whether such a traitorous or near-traitorous attitude does the spirit any good, and whether he cannot help serving, even by that very conduct, the purpose for which he was sent, namely the dissolution of the material world by the releasing of the soul from it; or whether he does not know all this, and only thus conducts himself because he is at bottom certain that

he may permit himself so much. At all events, this shrewd, self-denying identification of his own will with that of the soul explains the allegorical tendency of the tale, according to which the "second emissary" is another self of that light-man who was sent out to do battle with evil. Yes, it is possible that this part of the tale conceals a prophetic allusion to certain mysterious decrees of God, which were considered by the teachers and preachers as too holy and inscrutable to be uttered.

9

WE can, objectively considered, speak of a "Fall" of the soul of the primeval light-man, only by over-emphasizing the moral factor. The soul, certainly, has sinned against itself, frivolously sacrificing its original blissful and peaceful state—but not against God in the sense of offending any prohibition of His in its passionate enterprise, for such a prohibition, at least according to the doctrine we have received, was not issued. True, pious tradition has handed down to us the command of God to the first man, not to eat of the tree of the "knowledge of good and evil"; but we must remember that we are here dealing with a secondary and already earthly event, and with human beings who had with God's own creative aid been generated out of the knowledge of matter by the soul; if God really set them this test, He undoubtedly knew beforehand how it would turn out, and the only obscurity lies in the question, why He did not refrain from issuing a prohibition which, being disobeyed, would simply add to the malicious joy of His angelic host, whose attitude towards man was already most unfavourable. But the expression "good and evil" is a recognized and admitted gloss upon the text, and what we are really dealing with is knowledge, which has as its consequence not the ability to distinguish between good and evil, but rather death itself; so that we need scarcely doubt that the "prohibition" too is a well-meant but not very pertinent addition of the same kind.

Everything speaks for such an explanation; but principally the fact that God was not incensed at the yearning behaviour of the soul, did not expel it nor add any punishment to the measure of suffering which it voluntarily drew upon itself and which indeed was outweighed by the might of its desire. It is even clear that He was seized if not by understanding at least

by pity, when He saw the passion of the soul. Unsummoned and straightway He came to its aid, and took a hand personally in the struggles of the soul to know matter in love, by making the world of form and death issue from it, that the soul might take its pleasure thereupon; and certainly this was an attitude of God in which pity and understanding are scarcely to be distinguished from one another.

Of sin in the sense of an offence to God and His expressed will we can scarcely speak in this connection, especially when we consider the peculiar immediacy of God's relation with the being which sprang from this mingling of soul and matter: this human being of whom the angels were unmistakably and with good reason jealous from the very first. It made a profound impression on Joseph, when old Eliezer told him of these matters, speaking of them just as we read them to-day in the Hebrew commentaries upon early history. Had not God, they say, held His tongue and wisely kept silence upon the fact that not only righteous but also evil things would proceed from man, the creation of man would certainly not have been permitted by the "kingdom of the stern." The words give us an extraordinary insight into the situation. They show, above all, that "sternness" was not so much the property of God Himself as of His entourage, upon whom He seems to have been dependent, in a certain, if of course not decisive way, for He preferred not to tell them what was going on, out of fear lest they make Him difficulties, and only revealed some things and kept others to Himself. But does not this indicate that He was interested in the creation of the world, rather than that He opposed it? So that if the soul was not directly provoked and encouraged by God to its enterprise, at least it did not act against His will, but only against the angels'—and their somewhat less than friendly attitude towards man is clear from the beginning. The creation by God of that living world of good and evil, the interest He displayed in it, appeared to them in the light of a majestic caprice; it piqued them, indeed, for they saw in it, probably with some justice, a certain disgust with their own psalm-chanting purity. Astonished and reproachful questions, such as: "What is man, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him?" are forever on their lips; and God answers indulgently, benevolently, evasively, sometimes with irritation and in a

sense distinctly mortifying to their pride. The fall of Shem-mæl, a very great prince among the angels, having twelve pairs of wings whereas the seraphim and sacred beasts had only six apiece, is not very easy to explain, but its immediate cause must have been these dissensions; so old Eliezer taught—the lad drank it in with strained attention. It had always been Shem-mæl who stirred up the other angels against man, or rather against God's sympathy for him, and when one day God commanded the heavenly hosts to fall down before Adam, on account of his understanding and because he could call all things by their names, they did indeed comply with the order, some scowling, others with ill-concealed smiles—all but Shem-mæl, who did not do it. He declared, with a candour born of his wrathfulness, that it was ridiculous for beings created of the effulgence of glory to bow down before those made out of the dust of the earth. And thereupon took place his fall—Eliezer described it by saying that it looked from a distance like a falling star. The other angels must have been well frightened by this event, which caused them to behave ever afterwards with great discretion on the subject of man; but it is plain that whenever sinfulness got the upper hand on earth, as in Sodom and Gomorrah and at the time of the flood, there was rejoicing among the angels and corresponding embarrassment to the Creator, who found His hand forced to scourge the offenders, though less of His own desire than under moral pressure from the heavenly host. But let us now consider once more, in the light of the foregoing, the matter of the "secondary emissary" of the spirit, and whether he is really sent to effect the dissolution of the material world by setting free the soul and bringing it back home.

It is possible to argue that this is not God's meaning, and that the spirit was not, in fact, sent down expressly after the soul in order to act the part of grave-digger to the world of forms created by it with God's connivance. The mystery is perhaps a different one, residing in that part of the doctrine which says that the "second emissary" was no other than the first light-man sent out anew against evil. We have long known that these mysteries deal very freely with the tenses, and may quite readily use the past with reference to the future. It is possible that the saying, soul and spirit *were* one, really means that they are

sometime to become one. This seems the more tenable in that the spirit is of its nature and essentially the principle of the future, and represents the It will be, It is to be; whereas the goodness of the form-bound soul has reference to the past and the holy It was. It remains controversial, which is life and which death; since both, the soul involved with nature and the spirit detached from the world, the principle of the past and the principle of the future, claim, each in its own way, to be the water of life, and each accuses the other of dealings with death. Neither quite wrongly, since neither nature without spirit nor spirit without nature can truly be called life. But the mystery, and the unexpressed hope of God, lie in their union, in the genuine penetration of the spirit into the world of the soul, in the inter-penetration of both principles, in a hallowing of the one through the other which should bring about a present humanity blessed with blessing from heaven above and from the depths beneath.

Such then might be considered the ultimate meaning and hidden potentiality of the doctrine—though even so there must linger a strong element of doubt whether the bearing of the spirit, self-betraying and subservient as we have described it to be, out of all too sensitive reluctance to be considered the principle of death, is calculated to lead to the goal in view. Let him lend all his wit to the dumb passion of the soul; let him celebrate the grave, hail the past as life's unique source, and confess himself the malicious zealot and murderously life-enslaving will; whatever he says he remains that which he is, the warning emissary, the principle of contradiction, umbrage and dispersal, which stirs up emotions of disquiet and exceptional wretchedness in the breast of one single man among the blithely agreeing and accepting host, drives him forth out of the gates of the past and the known into the uncertain and the adventurous, and makes him like unto the stone which, by detaching itself and rolling, is destined to set up an ever-increasing rolling and sequence of events, of which no man can see the end.

IN such wise are formed those beginnings, those time-couliisses of the past, where memory may pause and find a hold whereon

to base its personal history—as Joseph did on Ur, the city, and his forefather's exodus therefrom. It was a tradition of spiritual unrest; he had it in his blood, the world about him and his own life were conditioned by it, and he paid it the tribute of recognition when he recited aloud those verses from the tablets which ran:

Why ordainest thou unrest to my son Gilgamesh,
Gavest him a heart that knoweth not repose?

Disquiet, questioning, hearkening and seeking, wrestling for God, a bitterly sceptical labouring over the true and the just, the whence and the whither, his own name, his own nature, the true meaning of the Highest—how all that, bequeathed down the generations from the man from Ur, found expression in Jacob's look, in his lofty brow and the peering, careworn gaze of his brown eyes; and how confidently Joseph loved this nature, of which his own was aware as a nobility and a distinction and which, precisely as a consciousness of higher concerns and anxieties, lent to his father's person all the dignity, reserve and solemnity which made it so impressive. Unrest and dignity—that is the sign of the spirit; and with childishly unabashed fondness Joseph recognized the seal of tradition upon his father's brow, so different from that upon his own, which was so much blither and freer, coming as it chiefly did from his lovely mother's side, and making him the conversable, social, communicable being he pre-eminently was. But why should he have felt abashed before that brooding and careworn father, knowing himself so greatly beloved? The habitual knowledge that he was loved and preferred conditioned and coloured his being; it was decisive likewise for his attitude towards the Highest, to Whom, in his fancy, he ascribed a form, so far as was permissible, precisely like Jacob's. A higher replica of his father, by Whom, Joseph was naïvely convinced, he was beloved even as he was beloved of his father. For the moment, and still afar off, I should like to characterize as "bridelike" his relation to Adon the heavenly. For Joseph knew that there were Babylonian women, sacred to Ishtar or to Mylitta, unwedded but consecrated to pious devotion, who dwelt in cells within the temple, and were called "pure" or "holy," also "brides of God," "*enitu*." Something of this feel-

ing was in Joseph's own nature: a sense of consecration, an austere bond, and with it a flow of fantasy which may have been the decisive ingredient in his mental inheritance, and which will give us to think when we are down below in the depths beside him.

On the other hand, despite all his own devotion, he did not quite follow or accept the form it had taken in his father's case: the care, the anxiousness, the unrest, which were expressed in Jacob's unconquerable dislike of a settled existence, such as would have befitted his dignity, and in his temporary, improvised, half-nomad mode of life. He too, without any doubt, was beloved, cherished and preferred of God — for if Joseph was that, surely it was on his father's account! The God Shaddai had made his father rich, in Mesopotamia, rich in cattle and multifarious possessions; moving among his troop of sons, his train of women, his servants and his flocks, he might have been a prince among the princes of the land, and that he was, not only in outward seeming but also by the power of the spirit, as "*nabi*," which is: the prophet; as a wise man, full of knowledge of God, "exceeding wise," as one of the spiritual leaders and elders upon whom the inheritance of the Chaldæan had come, and who had at times been thought of as his lineal descendants. No one approached Jacob save in the most respectful and ceremonious way; in dealings and trade one called him "my lord" and spoke of oneself in humble and contemptuous terms. Why did he not live with his family, as a property-owner in one of the cities, in Hebron itself, Urusalim or Shechem, in a house built of stone and wood, beneath which he could bury his dead? Why did he live like an Ishmaelite or Bedouin, in tents outside the town, in the open country, not even in sight of the citadel of Kirjath Arba; beside the well, the caves, the oaks and the terebinths, in a camp which might be struck at any time — as though he might not stop and take root with the others, as though from hour to hour he must be awaiting the word which should make him take down huts and stalls, load poles, blankets and skins on the pack-camels, and be off? Joseph knew why, of course. Thus it must be, because one served a God whose nature was not repose and abiding comfort, but a God of designs for the future, in whose will inscrutable, great, far-

reaching things were in process of becoming, who, with His brooding will and His world-planning, was Himself only in process of becoming, and thus was a God of unrest, a God of cares, who must be sought for, for whom one must at all times keep oneself free, mobile and in readiness.

In a word, it was the spirit, he that dignified and then again he that debased, who forbade Jacob to live a settled life in towns; and if little Joseph sometimes regretted the fact, having a taste for pomp and worldly circumstance, we must accept this trait of his character and let others make up for it. As for me, who now draw my narrative to a close, to plunge, voluntarily, into limitless adventure (the word "plunge" being used advisedly), I will not conceal my native and comprehensive understanding of the old man's restless unease and dislike of any fixed habitation. For do I not know the feeling? To me too has not unrest been ordained, have not I too been endowed with a heart which knoweth not repose? The story-teller's star—is it not the moon, lord of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his stations, one after another, freeing himself from each? For the story-teller makes many a station, roving and relating, but pauses only tentwise, awaiting further directions, and soon feels his heart beating high, partly with desire, partly too from fear and anguish of the flesh, but in any case as a sign that he must take the road, towards fresh adventures which are to be painstakingly lived through, down to their remotest details, according to the restless spirit's will.

Already we are well under way, we have left far behind us the station where we briefly paused, we have forgotten it, and as is the fashion of travellers have begun to look across the distance at the world we are now to enter, in order that we may not feel too strange and awkward when we arrive. Has the journey already lasted too long? No wonder, for this time it is a descent into hell! Deep, deep down it goes, we pale as we leave the light of day and descend into the unsounded depths of the past.

Why do I turn pale, why does my heart beat high—not only since I set out, but even since the first command to do so—and not only with eagerness but still more with physical fear? Is not the past the story-teller's element and native air, does he not take to it as a fish to water? Agreed. But reasoning

like this will not avail to make my heart cease throbbing with fear and curiosity, probably because the past by which I am well accustomed to let myself be carried far and far away is quite another from the past into which I now shudderingly descend: the past of life, the dead-and-gone world, to which my own life shall more and more profoundly belong, of which its beginnings are already a fairly deep part. To die: that means actually to lose sight of time, to travel beyond it, to exchange for it eternity and presentness and therewith for the first time, life. For the essence of life is presentness, and only in a mythical sense does its mystery appear in the time-forms of past and future. They are the way, so to speak, in which life reveals itself to the folk; the mystery belongs to the initiate. Let the folk be taught that the soul wanders. But the wise know that this teaching is only the garment of the mystery of the eternal presentness of the soul, and that all life belongs to it, so soon as death shall have broken its solitary prison cell. I taste of death and knowledge when, as story-teller, I adventure into the past; hence my eagerness, hence my fear and pallor. But eagerness has the upper hand, and I do not deny that it is of the flesh, for its theme is the first and last of all our questioning and speaking and all our necessity; the nature of man. That it is which we shall seek out in the underworld and death, as Ishtar there sought Tammuz and Isis Osiris, to find it where it lies and is, in the past.

For it *is*, always *is*, however much we may say It was. Thus speaks the myth, which is only the garment of the mystery. But the holiday garment of the mystery is the feast, the recurrent feast which bestrides the tenses and makes the has-been and the to-be present to the popular sense. What wonder then, that on the day of the feast humanity is in a ferment and conducts itself with licensed abandon? For in it life and death meet and know each other. Feast of story-telling, thou art the festal garment of life's mystery, for thou conjurest up timelessness in the mind of the folk; and invokest the myth that it may be relived in the actual present. Feast of death, descent into hell, thou art verily a feast and a revelling of the soul of the flesh, which not for nothing clings to the past and the graves and the solemn It was. But may the spirit too be with thee and

enter into thee, that thou mayest be blest with a blessing from heaven above and from the depths beneath.

Down, then, and no quaking! But are we going at one fell swoop into the bottomlessness of the well? No, not at all. Not much more than three thousand years deep—and what is that, compared with the bottom? At that stage men do not wear horn armour and eyes in their foreheads and do battle with flying newts. They are men like ourselves—aside from that measure of dreamy indefiniteness in their habits of thought which we have agreed to consider pardonable. So the home-keeping man talks to himself when he sets out on a journey, and then, when the matter becomes serious, gets fever and palpitations none the less. Am I really, he asks himself, going to the ends of the earth and away from the realms of the everyday? No, not at all; I am only going there and thither, where many people have been before, only a day or so away from home. And thus we too speak, with reference to the country which awaits us. Is it the land of nowhere, the country of the moon, so different from aught that ever was on sea or land that we clutch our heads in sheer bewilderment? No, it is a country such as we have often seen, a Mediterranean land, not exactly like home, rather dusty and stony, but certainly not fantastic, and above it move the familiar stars. There it lies, mountain and valley, cities and roads and vineclad slopes, with a turbid river darting arrowy among the green thickets; there it lies stretched out in the past, like meadows and streams in a fairy tale. Perhaps you closed your eyes, on the journey down; open them now! We have arrived. See how the moonlight-sharpened shadows lie across the peaceful, rolling landscape! Feel the mild spring freshness of the summer-starry night!

Jacob and Rachel

. . . the life of the body is never pure bliss.

[The complex narrative of *Joseph and His Brothers* is both linear and cyclical. The cyclical predominates in the earlier volumes, particularly in *The Tales of Jacob*, from which I have drawn this and the following selection. (I have given the title "Jacob and Rachel" to these selections.) From his father Jacob and from the ancient Eliezer, who is his teacher, Joseph hears the great "tales" of his forebears and ancestors, above all the story of his "grandfather" Abraham's *choosing* to be "separate" and to search for God and of Jacob's stolen blessing, his flight and wanderings, his continuation of the "God-search." By this cyclical pattern of stories-within-stories Mann presents the Genesis narrative as background for his story of Joseph. Mann also creates, through Jacob's and Eliezer's detailed glosses and interpretations of their stories (and comments of his own), an expanding mosaic of "profane" myth, legend, and symbol which sets the configurations of the "sacred" tales into bolder relief.

Joseph thus hears from his father the story of Jacob's love for Joseph's mother, the "lovely, too-soon-departed Rachel," daughter of Jacob's uncle, Laban. Jacob served Laban for seven years that he might have as wife the beloved, dark-eyed Rachel. I present here Mann's account of Jacob's wedding night. The fraud of that night is not likely to be a surprise to many readers of this anthology. I should like to note, however, two aspects of Mann's treatment of the episode: the relation of body and spirit in the "mystic" of the sexual union, and Mann's suggestion of the tragedy, if not the sin, of misplaced love. The reader will also note Mann's elaborate description of Rachel's wedding veil, the *ketonet*. We shall hear again of the *ketonet* in a later episode of the story.]

I. THE WEDDING

THUS the day of the fullness of splendour came on, and the nuptial feast, and in the house of Laban, the prosperous breeder of sheep, and in his court, there was a slaughtering and a

seething and roasting and brewing, so that everything steamed and all was bustle and noise, and all eyes watered from the smoke of the fires that burned under pots and ovens. For Laban was saving of charcoal and heated almost altogether with thorns and dung. And the master and mistress and all that were in the house, including Jacob, hurried on the work and the servants, to make hospitality for so many and to prepare the banquet; for the wedding would last seven days and for all that time the supplies must be inexhaustible, of cakes and buns and fish bread, of thick soups and plantains and milk dishes, of beer and fruit juices and strong waters, not to mention the roasted mutton and joints of beef — else shame and mockery would be the portion of the household. And as they worked they sang songs to Uduntamku the fat, the god of the belly, the presiding deity of feasting, they all sang and composed them, Laban, Adina, Jacob and Leah, Iltani the idle and Bilhah and Zilpah the daughters' maids, Abdcheba the twenty-shekel man, and the latest-acquired slaves. Laban's sons in their little shirts ran boisterously among the press, slipped on the blood from the slaughtering and befouled themselves, so that their father wrung their ears and they howled like jackals. Only Rachel sat still and idle in the house — for she might not see the bridegroom now nor he his bride — and examined the costly veil, her father's present, which she should wear at the feast. It was splendid to see, a magnificent specimen of the arts of weaving and embroidering: it seemed an unmerited piece of good fortune that such a thing should have found its way into Laban's house and his chest; the man who let it go so cheap must have been greatly pressed by circumstances.

It was large and broad, a garment and over-garment, with wide sleeves to put one's arms in at will; so cut that a piece of it could either be drawn over the head to cover it or else wound about the head and shoulders, or else left to hang down the back. And the maiden garment weighed uncertainly in the hand, for it was heavy and light at once, and of unequal weight in different places. The background was of the palest blue, woven thin and fine as a breath of air, a misty nothing, to be squeezed together in one hand, and yet weighted heavily everywhere by the embroidered pictures which covered it with brilliant, glittering colours, carried out in close,

fine work, in gold and silver and bronze, and every imaginable shade: white, purple, rose and olive, likewise black and white, all blended together like paintings in bright enamel. And such clever pictures and designs! Here was Ishtar-Mami, in various shapes, a tiny nude figure, pressing milk out of her breast with both hands, the sun and moon on either side. Everywhere the five-pointed star was repeated in varying colours, signifying god; the dove, the bird of the mother-goddess of love, was woven most often in silver thread. Gilgamesh, the hero, two-thirds god and one-third man, was displayed strangling a lion in the bend of his arm. One recognized the human scorpion pair who at the ends of the earth guarded the gate through which the sun goes down to the lower world. One distinguished various animals, sometimes paramours of Ishtar and transformed by her — a wolf, a bat, the same who had once been Isullanu, the gardener. But Tammuz, the shepherd, was represented by a brilliant bird, the first partner of her lust, to whom she had decreed weeping year for year; and there was not lacking the fire-breathing bull of heaven, whom Anubis sent against Gilgamesh because of Ishtar's baffled longing and perfervid complaints. The garment slipped through Rachel's hands: she saw a man and woman sitting at both sides of a tree, stretching up their hands to the fruit, while a snake rose up behind the woman's back. And again there was embroidered a sacred tree, with two bearded angels on either side, touching it with scaly masculine cones to make it bear; while above the tree of life the female emblem hovered surrounded by sun, moon and stars. And likewise there were sayings woven into the veil, in broad-pointed signs, lying down or standing straight or slanting. Rachel made out: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?"

She sat and played with the bright-coloured weave, the splendid garment and veil; she wrapped it round her and turned herself about in it, she found new ways to drape its picture-book transparency. Thus she beguiled the time while she waited and the others prepared the feast. Sometimes she had visits from Leah, her sister, who also tried the beauties of the veil upon her own person and afterwards they sat together, and caressed each other, with tears. Why did they weep? They

alone knew — though I might go so far as to say that they had different reasons.

When Jacob sat and mused, with swimming gaze, and all the tales that had written themselves in the lines of his face and weighed down his life with their dignified burden came back and were present in his mind, as they had been on the day when he and his red-haired twin had buried their father; then there was one day, and one story, which possessed beyond all others this power of presentness, having inflicted upon him a defeat so devastating to his senses and so humiliating to his feeling that his soul for long could not shake it off, and only regained faith in itself with the advent of a feeling that was like a rebirth and resurrection of those shamed and shattered ones. Present, I say, before all, was the story of his wedding day.

They had all, the people of Laban, washed their heads and limbs in the water of the blessed pond, had anointed and curled themselves to their taste, put on their festal garments and burned much fragrant oil, to receive the incoming guests with a sweet savour. And they came, on foot, on the backs of asses, in carts drawn by bullocks and mules, men alone, men with women, even with children, if they could not be left at home: the peasants and cattle-breeders of the neighbourhood, likewise anointed and curled and clad in festal garments; people like Laban, of the same heavy-handed tribe, with the same prosaic habits of thought. They saluted, hand to forehead, made enquiry into the health of all and sundry, and then settled down in house and court, round cook-pots and shaded tables. Water having been poured over their hands and feet, they smacked their lips and fell to upon the lengthy meal, amid loud invocations in praise of Shamash and of Laban, father of the bride and giver of the feast. The banquet was laid in the outer court of the steading, between the storehouses, as well as in the inner court round the altar, on the roof of the house and in the wooden galleries; and round the altar were grouped the musicians hired from Harran — they played on harps, drums and cymbals and likewise danced. The day was windy, the evening still more so. Clouds glided across the moon, hiding her altogether from time to time, a bad omen to many of those present though they did not expressly say so.

They were simple folk, and made no distinction between complete darkening and a cloud passing over her face. A sultry wind went sighing through the steading, got caught in the chimney of the storehouses, made the tall poplars creak and groan, and whirling among the savours of the feast, the odours of the anointed guests and the fumes of the cookery, mingled them all together in gusts of vapour, and seemed to try to snatch the flames from the tripods where nard-grass and *budulhu*-gum were burning. Jacob, when he recalled his wedding day, always recognized in his nostrils that wind-driven mingling of spices and sweat and roasted meats.

He sat with the family among the feasting guests in the upper room, where seven years before he had first broken bread with his stranger kin; sat with the master, his fruitful wife and their daughters at a table heaped up with dessert and dainties of various sorts, sweet breads and dates, cucumbers and garlic, and pledged the guests who lifted their glasses to him and Laban. Rachel, his bride, whom soon he should receive for his own, sat beside him, and he kissed from time to time the seam of her veil that enveloped her in its heavy picture-folds. She did not lift it to eat or drink; it seemed the consecrated one's hunger had been satisfied earlier. She sat quiet and silent, only bending meekly her shrouded head when he kissed her veil. Jacob too sat silent and dreamy, with a flower in his hand, a blossoming twig of myrtle from Laban's well-watered garden. He had drunk beer and date wine and his senses were somewhat clouded; his soul could neither free itself for thought nor rouse itself to observation, but was heavy inside his anointed body, and his body was his soul. Gladly would he have thought, gladly comprehended how his god had brought all this to pass; how he had brought the beloved in the way of the fugitive, the human creature whom he had but needed to behold for his heart to elect her and love her for all time and eternity—beyond itself, and in the children whom his love would beget. He tried to rejoice in his victory over time, that hard time of waiting, laid upon him, it seemed, in penance for Esau's undoing and his bitter weeping; to lay it at the feet of God the Lord, in thanks and praise, this triumph, for that it was His; God through him and his not unachieving patience having enforced the time, that seven-headed monster.

as once the dragon of chaos, so that what had been but inward wish and waiting was now the present, and Rachel sat beside him in the veil, which in a little while he would be permitted to lift. He tried to partake of this joy in his soul. But with joy it is as with the waiting for it; the longer one waits, the less it is pure joy, the more it is filled with practical activities and living needs. And when it comes, that joy so actively awaited, it is not of the stuff of the divine, but has become bodily present and has material weight, like all life. For the life of the body is never pure bliss, but a mixture, in part unpleasant, and if joy becomes the life of the body the soul does also, and is no longer anything else but the body, with the oil-soaked pores, whose affair that once distant bliss has now become.

Jacob sat, and spanned his thighs, and thought of his sex, whose property this joy had now become, and which very soon might and must approve itself mightily in the holy darkness of the nuptial chamber. For his joy was marriage joy and a feast of Ishtar; it was celebrated with over-eating and drunkenness, wreathed about with the odours of spices—whereas once it had been God's affair and rested in His hand. And as once Jacob had been pained over the waiting, and forced to forget it in life and action, so now he was pained for the sake of God, who was the Lord of life and all the longed-for future, yet, when the hour came to pass, must yield his dominion to the special idols of the physical, in whose sign it stood. And therefore Jacob kissed the little nude figure of Ishtar, lifting the hem of Rachel's veil as she sat beside him, immaculate sacrifice to procreation.

Laban sat opposite, leaning forward with his heavy arm on the table and looking steadfastly at his son-in-law.

"Rejoice, my son and my sister's son, for thy hour is at hand and the day of rewarding, and thou shalt be paid the reward according to law and contract for the seven years that thou hast laboured for my house and my business to the reasonable satisfaction of its head. And the reward is neither goods nor gold but a tender maiden, my daughter, whom thy heart desireth, and thou shalt have her after thy heart's desire, and she shall be submissive to thee in thy arms. I marvel how thy heart may be beating, for the hour is big for thee, truly an hour of life like to be thy greatest hour, great as the hour when in thy

father's tent thou wonnest the blessing, as thou hast told me, thou crafty one and son of a crafty woman!"

Jacob did not hear.

But Laban mocked at him with gross words before the guests:

"Tell me, then, son-in-law, hear me and answer how dost feel? Dost thou quake before the bliss of embracing thy bride? Hast thou not fear as once in that matter of the blessing, when thou wentest in to thy father with thy knees shaking? Didst thou not say the sweat ran down thy thighs for dread and thy voice stuck in thy throat even when thou wouldst win the blessing away from Esau the accursed? Thou happy man, pray that joy take not away thy manliness in the moment when thou needest it most — else the bride might take it ill!"

They all roared with laughter in the upper room, and once more Jacob smiled and kissed the picture of Ishtar to whom God had given the hour. But Laban got heavily to his feet, swaying somewhat, and said:

"Come then, for it is midnight, come up to me and I will put you together."

The crowd pressed close to see Jacob and Rachel kneel down on the paved floor before the bride's father, and to hear how Jacob answered to the questions according to custom. For Laban asked him whether this woman should be his wedded wife and he her husband, and if he willed to give her the flower — to which he answered yes. Asked whether he was well-born, whether he would make rich this woman and fruitful her womb; Jacob answered that he was the son of the great and would fill her lap with silver and gold and make fruitful this woman like the fruit of the garden. Then Laban touched both their foreheads, and stepped between them and laid his hands upon them. Then he told them to stand up and embrace each other and that then they were wed. And he led the dedicated one back to her mother, but the nephew he took by the hand and led him in front of the guests, who crowded after, beginning to sing. They passed down the brick staircase into the paved court and the musicians left their stand and walked before them. Next came boys with torches and after them children in short smocks with censers hanging between chains. Jacob, led by Laban, walked in the sweet-smelling cloud, with the white blossoming myrtle twig in his right hand. He did

not join in the traditional songs that swelled up as they marched, and only hummed a little when Laban nudged him and told him to open his mouth. But Laban sang in a heavy bass and knew all the songs by heart; they were sentimental and amorous ditties about loving couples in general, on the verge of their nuptials, and how on both sides they can scarcely wait. They told of the procession, coming out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense; and of the bridegroom walking, with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him on the day of his espousals. All this was about the procession in which they were actually moving, but the allusions did not fit Jacob; his mother was far away, he was a fugitive, and he was not leading his beloved into his mother's house and into the chamber of her who had borne him. Just for that reason, it seemed, Laban sang the more lustily, honouring the pattern in the face of all present lacks, that Jacob might feel how different it was. And then the bridegroom spoke, in the song, and the bride gave ardent answer and they sang in turn long rapturous speeches of mutual praise and longing. Their bed was freshly prepared in the panelled chamber; they pointed one another the way thither, promising the greatest pleasure in the union of their nard-scented loveliness. For his left hand would be under her head and his right hand embrace her, and sweeter than wine from the hills would be their mutual love. Thus they told one another in song, each painting in intoxicated language the other's loveliness. And finally they charged the company to stir not up nor awake from voluptuous slumber either bride or bridegroom until they pleased. They implored the people in song, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, and the company took up the words as they paced and sang them with great heartiness; even the incense-bearing boys sang lustily if without precise understanding. And so they marched, in the windy, moon-darkened night, round Laban's steading, once and twice, and came before the house and before the house door of palm-wood, and Laban pressed through, with the musicians in the lead, and came to the bed-chamber on the ground floor, that likewise had a door, and Laban led in Jacob by the hand. He made light with the torches, that Jacob might see into the room and make out the position of table and bed. Then he wished him blessings on his man-

hood and turned back to the company that crowded about the doorway. They went away, singing as they went, and Jacob was alone.

After long decades, and in his great age, and even on his dying bed, where he still spoke solemnly of it, Jacob remembered naught more clearly than how he had stood alone in the darkness of the bridal chamber, where it blew, and was draughty, for the night wind burst through the window-openings under the roof and out again through the openings on the side toward the court, getting caught in the carpets and hangings with which, as Jacob had seen by the torchlight, they had adorned the walls, and making a great flapping and clapping. It was the room above the archive and grave chamber, with the teraphim and the receipts. Jacob could feel through the thin carpet they had put down the ring of the little trap door by which one went down. And he had seen the bed and he went toward it with his hands out. It was the best bed in the house, one of three; Laban and Adina had sat on it at that first meal seven years ago: a sofa on metal-covered feet, with a round headrest of polished bronze. They had put covers on the wooden frame, with linen over them, Jacob could feel it, and there were pillows against the headrest. But it was a narrow bed. On the table beside it stood beer and a little food. There were two tabourets in the room, also covered with stuff, and lamp-stands at the bed's head, but there was no oil in the lamps.

Jacob tried the lamps and discovered their emptiness, as he stood in the wind and the darkness while the train was fetching the bride and filling house and court with the noise of their singing and the trampling of their feet. He sat down on the bed and listened, the flower in his hand. The procession was leaving the house again, with the harps and cymbals at its head, bringing Rachel, his beloved, to whom all his heart belonged, and she walked there in her veil. Laban led her by the hand as he had done Jacob; perhaps Adina was there too, and the music of the wedding songs rose and died away. At last he heard the words:

My beloved is mine, he is altogether mine;
I am a garden enclosed, full of pleasant fruits and full
of the odours of the finest spices.

Come, O beloved into thy garden!
Eat of thy pleasant fruits, take unto thee the refresh-
ment of their juices!

The feet of those who sang were before the door, and the door opened a little so that snatches of the song and the music came through, and then the veiled one was in the room, ushered by Laban, who closed the door quickly and they were alone in the darkness.

"Is it thou, Rachel?" Jacob asked after a little while, during which he had waited for those outside to move away from the door. He asks as one says: "Have you returned from your journey?" when the traveller stands there in the flesh and it cannot be otherwise than that he has returned, so that the question is nonsense, only asked that the voice may be heard and the traveller does not answer but can only laugh. But Jacob heard that she bent her head, he knew it from the faint rustling and rattling of the light-heavy veil.

"Thou beloved, little one, my dove, and apple of my eye, heart of my heart," he said fervently. "It is so dark . . . and bloweth. . . . I am sitting here upon the bed, if thou hast not seen it, straight into the room and then somewhat to the right. Come, then, but strike not against the table else a bruise will come upon thy tender skin and also thou wouldst knock over the beer. I am not thirsty for beer, I am only thirsty for thee, my pomegranate. How good that they have brought thee to me and that I sit here no longer alone in the wind. Comest thou now? Gladly would I come to meet thee, but that probably I may not, for it is by law and custom that I hand thee the flower while sitting, and though no one seeth us, yet we will hold to that which is prescribed, that we may be well and truly wedded as we have steadfastly desired through so many years of waiting."

The thought overcame him, his voice broke. Memories of the time when in patience and in impatience he had arisen for the sake of this hour, laid hold on him mightily and moved him to the depths; and the thought that she had waited with him and now on her side saw herself at the goal of her desires stirred the tenderest emotions of his heart. Such is love, when it is complete: feeling and lust together, tenderness and desire;

and while feeling made the tears gush out of Jacob's eyes, at the same time he felt the tension of his manhood.

"Here art thou," he said, "thou hast found me in the darkness, as I found thee after more than seventeen days' journey and thou camest on among the sheep and spoke: 'Behold, a stranger!' Then we chose each other among men and I have served for thee seven years and the time lies at our feet. My doe and my dove, here is the flower. Thou seest it and findest it not, and therefore I will guide thy hand to the twig that thou mayest take it, and I give it to thee and thus we are one. But thy hand I keep, since I so love it, and I love the bones of thy wrist, so well known unto me that I know it again in the darkness, and thy hand is to me like thyself, and like thy whole body, but that is like to a sheaf of wheat garlanded with roses. My sister, my love, let thyself down to me and sit by my side and I will move that there may be space for two and would be for three if needful. Yet how good is God, that He lets us be two alone together, thee by me and me by thee! For I love only thee, for the sake of thy face that I cannot now see but saw a thousand times and kissed for very love, for it is thy loveliness that crowns thy body as with roses, and when I think that thou art Rachel, with whom I have often been, yet never thus, and who waited for me and likewise now waiteth for me, and upon my tenderness, then a bliss cometh upon me stronger than I am, so that it overcometh me. A darkness enfoldeth us, thicker than thy veil which enfoldeth thee, thou purest one, and darkness is bound upon our eyes so that they see naught beyond themselves and are blind. But it is only they, thanks be to God, and not one of our other senses. For we hear each other when we speak, and the darkness cannot part us more. Tell me, my soul, thou too art enraptured by the greatness of this hour?"

"I am thine in bliss, dear lord," she softly said.

"That might have been Leah who spoke, thy older sister," he answered. "Not according to the sense, of course, but in the way of speaking. The voices of sisters are alike, indeed, and words come from their mouths with the same sound. For the same father begot them, upon the same mother, and they are a little distinguished in time and move with separate movement, yet are one in the womb of their origin. Lo, I am afraid, a little, at my own blind words, for I had lightly said that the

darkness hath no power over our speech, yet I feel after all that it presseth hard upon my words and sinketh into them so that I fear somewhat before them. Let us be glad of the distinction, that thou art Rachel and I Jacob, and not for instance Esau, my red brother! My forefathers and I, at night beside the flocks, have pondered much upon the person of God, who He is, and our children and our children's children will follow us in our musings. But I at this hour will say and make clear my words, that the darkness may roll back away from them: 'God is the distinction!' And therefore now I lift thy veil, beloved, that I may see thee with seeing hands; and I lay it carefully upon this chair that is here, for it is priceless with pictures and shall be handed down through generations, and be worn by beloved ones without number. Lo, here is thy hair, black but comely, I know it so well, I know the fragrance of it, I carry it to my lips and what power hath darkness over it? It cannot come in between my lips and thy hair. Here are thine eyes, smiling night in the night, and their tender sockets and the soft places beneath them where so many a time I have kissed away the impatient tears, and my lips were wet from them. Here are thy cheeks, soft as down and the costliest wool of goats from strange lands. Here thy shoulders, which feel to mine hands larger than I see them in the day, and here thine arms, and here —"

He ceased. As his seeing hands left her face and found her body and the skin of her body, Ishtar pierced them both to the marrow, the bull of heaven breathed and its breath was as the breath of both that mingled. And all that windy night did Jacob find the child of Laban a glorious mate, great in delights and mighty to conceive, and she received him many times and again and again, so that they counted no more but the shepherds answered one another that it was nine times.

Later he slept on the ground beside her, for the bed was narrow and he gave her room and comfort for her rest, sleeping himself crouching beside the bed, with his cheek against her hand that hung over the edge. The morning dawned. Dim red and hushed it stood before the windows, and slowly filled with light the bridal chamber. It was Jacob who first awaked, from the daylight between his lids, and from the stillness; for until deep into the night the feasting had continued, with much

laughter and noise in house and court, and only toward morning, when the bridal pair already slept, had quiet descended. And also he was uncomfortable — though how joyfully — and waked the easier. He stirred and felt her hand, remembered everything and turned his mouth to kiss it. Then raised his head to see his dear one in her slumbers. With eyes heavy and sticky from sleep, still unwilling to focus, he looked at her. And it was Leah.

He dropped his eyes and shook his head with a smile. "Ah," thought he, while even then a chill crept round his heart and into the pit of his stomach, "what madness, what a morning-after mockery! Darkness was hung before mine eyes, and now that they are unblinded they see false things. Are then sisters so mysteriously alike, and show it in their sleep, though no likeness shows itself in their features? Let me look again!"

But he did not look, because he feared to, and what he said to himself was only a panic-struck gabbling. He had seen that she was blonde, and her nose somewhat red. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and forced himself to look. It was Leah who lay and slept.

The thoughts tumbled over each other in his head. How came Leah here, and where was Rachel, whom they had brought in unto him and whom he had known this night? He staggered backwards away from the bed into the middle of the room and stood there in his shirt, his fists to his cheeks. "Leah!" he screamed, in a strangled voice. She sat up at once. She blinked, smiled, and dropped her eyelids as he had so often seen her do. One shoulder and breast were bare; they were white and beautiful.

"Jacob, my husband," she said, "let it be so, according to the father's will. For he would have it so and so arranged it, and the gods shall give me that to make thee thank both him and them."

"Leah," he stammered, and he pointed to his throat, his breast and his brow, "since when is it thou?"

"Always it was I," she answered, "and I was thine this night even since I entered in the veil. And always I was tender towards thee and ready as Rachel, since I saw thee from the roof; and have I not proved it to thee the whole of this night? For say thyself if I have not served thee as well as any woman

could, and been strong in desire! And certain am I in my inwards that I have conceived from thee, and it shall be a son, strong and brave, and we shall call his name Reuben."

Then Jacob cast back and bethought himself how he had taken her for Rachel this night, and he went to the wall and laid his arm along it and his forehead on his arm and wept bitterly.

Thus for some while he stood, torn by his emotions, and each time the thought returned, how he had believed and had known her, how all his joy had been delusion and the hour of fulfilment turned to shame, for which he had served and conquered the time, it was with him as though his stomach and his brain turned over within him, and he despaired with his whole soul. But Leah knew no more to say, and only wept likewise, from time to time, as she had done the day before with Rachel. For she saw how little it had been she who had again and again received him, and only the thought that she would now in all probability have a fine son named Reuben came to strengthen her heart.

Then he left her and rushed out of the chamber. He had almost stumbled over the sleepers that lay everywhere outside in house and court, in the disorder from the feast, on covers and mats or on the bare ground, sleeping off their debauch. "Laban!" he cried, and stepped over forms that emitted surly grunts, stretched out and snored again. "Laban!" he repeated more quietly, for torment and bitterness and the fierce demand for a reckoning did not slay in him all consideration for these sleepers in the early morning after the heavy feasting. "Laban! where art thou?" And came before the master's chamber, where he lay with Adina his wife, knocked and cried: "Laban, come forth!"

II. THE DEATH OF RACHEL

. . . it is the glory of the human spirit that in this silence it does not depart from God.

[Jacob served Laban for another seven years and then took Rachel as wife. Until the thirteenth year of their marriage Rachel remained

barren. Meanwhile Jacob had ten sons by Leah and by the concubines Bilhah and Zilpah, Leah's and Rachel's handmaidens. In the fourteenth year of her marriage, at the age of thirty-two, Rachel gave birth to her first son, Joseph. The birth was an agony such as never before witnessed in the households of Abraham's descendants. For a time thereafter Jacob's household remained with Laban. But commanded by God to dwell in Bethel, Jacob (who had gained great prosperity for himself and Laban) took his family there. At Bethel, Jacob ordered his household to "put away idols of foreign gods" and built an altar to God. In her forty-first year Rachel conceived again. During her last pregnancy Rachel travels with Jacob and the family from Bethel of Ephrath. The journey is too much for Rachel's frail health and years, and before the destination can be reached she gives sudden birth to Jacob's twelfth and last son.

Jacob and Joseph are the two great figures of the *Joseph* novels. Though we hear more of Jacob in the first two volumes and in the latter part of *Joseph the Provider*, his spirit and presence hover over the entire work. Jacob, Mann writes, had two passions in his life: God and Rachel. *The Tales of Jacob* closes with the following episode. (To this excerpt I have given the title it bears here.)]

IT WAS late afternoon. The western sun, sinking beneath a bluish wall of storm-cloud, sent down broad rays and bands of light across the mountainous landscape, so that the little hill-settlement glistened white in its radiance. Dust and stone were kindled by the soft and solemn brightness; it filled Jacob's heart with a proud and pious sense of the divine. On their right, behind a wall of loose stone, ran violet-tinted vineyards, while small fruit orchards filled in the spaces between the rubble on their left. The distant ranges paled to shadow in a sort of translucent glimmering. A very ancient, mostly hollow mulberry tree bent athwart the road, its trunk supported by a pile of stones. They were just passing it, when Rachel slipped from her ass in a faint.

Hours before the pains had begun, at first slight, but she had not liked to disquiet Jacob and interrupt the journey, and had said nothing. Now on a sudden her agony was so great, so rending, that it deprived of her senses the frail receptacle of the sturdy fruit. Jacob's tall, splendidly caparisoned dromedary came to its knees unbidden, to let its rider dismount. He cried to an old slave Gutah, a woman from beyond the Tigris,

learned in women's matters, who had aided many a labour in Laban's house before now. They laid the sufferer under the mulberry tree and dragged up mattresses. Perhaps it was the aromatic herbs they gave her to smell, it may have been fresh pains, that brought her round. She promised not to faint again.

"I will be alert and I will labour, from now on," she gasped. "For I would hasten and not make the train to tarry, my dear lord. Alas, that it hath come upon me now, so near the goal! But one chooseth not one's time."

"It mattereth not, my dove," answered Jacob softly. And involuntarily he murmured an invocation, such as at Naharin one sent up to Ea in time of need: "You have made us, may then illness, swamp fever, ague and all misfortune be far from us." And the midwife repeated other such sayings, and hung about the sufferer a well-trying charm of her own in addition to those she already wore; as the pains came on again in fury, she talked to Rachel in her broken Babylonian tongue:

"Be consoled, thou fruitful one, and endure the rage of the attack. For thou shalt have this son likewise to the other one, so much in my wisdom I can see, and thine eye shall not run out ere thou beholdest him, for the child is quick indeed."

Quick indeed it was, that centre and significance of the whole, and decidedly it thought its hour to have come; it strove towards the light, it sought to throw off the maternal husk. It gave birth to itself, as it were, rudely storming the narrow womb, without help from her who had so blissfully received the seed and nourished it in her body, but was powerless, despite so much sincere good will to bring it forth. It was of no avail that the old woman prattled instructions and arranged her limbs, showed her how to breathe, to hold her chin and her knees. The next spasm of anguish destroyed all ordered effort; under the sore punishment she flung herself about regardless, streaming cold sweat, and biting her blue lips. "Oh, oh," she screamed, and called in turn upon the gods of Babel and Jacob's God. Night came on, the moon's silver boat swam up above the hills, and waking from a fainting fit she said:

"Rachel will die."

All those about her cried out—Leah, the maids and all the other women, and flung up their arms in prayer. Then the monotonous murmur rose again and louder than before, like a

swarm of bees, with which almost unbroken they had accompanied Rachel's labour. Jacob, holding her head in his arms and hearing her despair, only managed after a long pause to utter dully: "What sayest thou?"

She shook her head, with an effort after a smile. There came a pause, while the attacker seemed to take counsel with himself in his hole. The midwife half approved this pause, and thought it might last some time; and Jacob suggested that they employ the interval to make a light stretcher and carry Rachel to Bethlahma to the inn. But Rachel would not have it so.

"Here it hath begun," she said, stiff-lipped, "here let it end. Who knoweth if there be room for us at the inn? The midwife is wrong, for lo, I shall begin again, Jacob my husband, to bring thee our second son."

Poor wretch, there could be no hope of her helping, she knew it even when she spoke the words. What in her heart she thought, and knew, she had already said; and again, in the course of the night, between two periods of martyrdom, she let her knowledge and her secret thought be seen again, as with stiff lips, already swollen from the weakness of her heart, she spoke of the name they should give their second child. She enquired of Jacob what he thought, and he answered:

"Lo, he is the son of the one and true wife, and he shall be called Benjamin."

"No," said she, "be not angry, for my thought is better, and Ben-oni shall his new life be called. So shalt thou name the new lord whom I bring thee, and he shall be in memory of Mami, who made him beautiful in thine and in her image."

Jacob's skill in far-flung spiritual associations made him understand her almost without pausing to reflect. Mami, or the wise Ma-ma was a folk-name for Ishtar, mother of the gods and shaper of men, of whom it was said that she made the male and the female babe lovely after her image; Rachel in her mother-wit and weakness mingled the person of the divine creatress and her own motherhood, the more readily that Joseph oftentimes called her Mami. But for the initiated, whose thought took the right way, Ben-oni meant Son of the Dead. Yet she no longer knew that she had betrayed herself, already, and took this way to make Jacob understand the truth in time, that he might not feel too sore a shock and lose his reason.

"Benjamin, Benjamin," he wept and said. "Not Ben-oni." And then it was that he directed upwards into the silvery light of those worlds above their heads, almost as a confession that he understood, his question: "Lord, what dost Thou?"

To such questions there is no answer. Yet it is the glory of the human spirit that in this silence it does not depart from God, but rather learns to grasp the majesty of the ungraspable and to thrive thereon. Beside him the Chaldean women and slaves chanted their litanies and invocations, thinking to bind to human wishes the unreasoning powers. But Jacob had never yet so clearly understood as in this hour, why all that was false, and why Abram had left Ur to escape it. The vision vouchsafed him into this immensity was full of horror but also of power; his labour upon the godhead, which always betrayed itself in his care-worn mien, made in this awful night a progress not unconnected with Rachel's agonies. And quite in the spirit of her love it was, that Jacob, her husband, should draw spiritual advantage from her dying.

The child came into the world towards the end of the last night watch, when the heavens were palely brightening with the dawn. The old woman had to wrench it by force from the poor womb, for it was choking. Rachel could shriek no more, she had fainted. Much blood came, such a loss that the pulse in her wrist throbbed no longer, but flickered thinly. She lived another hour. But she saw the living child, and smiled. When they brought her Joseph, she did not know him.

The last time she opened her eyes was when the east had begun to redden and the morning shone in her face. She looked up in Jacob's face that bent over her, her lids contracted a little and she said indistinctly:

"Ah, behold, a stranger! Why, then, should I let thee kiss me? Is it because thou art the cousin from afar off and we are both the children of one forefather? Then kiss me . . . and the shepherds by the well rejoice, saying '*Lu, lu, lu!*'"

He kissed her, trembling, for the last time. She said again:

"Lo, thou rollest away the stone for me, Jacob, my lover, with the strength of thy man's arms. Roll it now away from the grave, and lay therein the child of Laban, for I leave thee to go hence. How all burdens have been taken from me, childbearing, lifebearing, and it is the night. Jacob, my husband, forgive

me that I was unfruitful and brought thee but two sons, but yet two, Jehosiph, the blessed, and the little one, the son of death. And ah, I am sore to go from them. And from thee too, Jacob, I am sore to part, for we were the right ones for each other. And now thou must muse alone and learn without Rachel who God is. Learn, then, and farewell. And forgive too," she breathed, "that I stole the teraphim." Then death passed over her countenance and put out its light.

The humming of the exorcists ceased at a sign from Jacob's hand. They all fell upon their faces. But he sat, her head still in his arms, and his tears fell silently and unquenchably upon her breast. After a while they asked him if they should not now make a bier and carry the dead to Beth-Lahma or Hebron to bury her.

"No," he said, "here hath it begun, here it shall end. Where He hath done it, there shall she lie. Dig a grave and hollow it out by the wall. Take fine linen from the pack to shroud her, and choose a stone, at once for the grave and to her memory. Then Israel will go onwards, without Rachel and with the child."

While they dug, the women loosed their hair and bared their breasts, and mixed dust with water to defile themselves for the mourning, and sang to the music of the flute the lament, Woe for our sister, smiting their foreheads and striking their breasts. But Jacob held Rachel's head until they took her from him.

When the earth had closed above the beloved, on the spot where God had taken her, by the wayside, Israel passed on, and made a stage at Migdal Eder, an ancient tower. There Reuben sinned with Bilhah, the concubine, and was cursed.

In the Pit

. . . the abyss into which the true son descends.

[*Young Joseph* is the second volume of *Joseph and His Brothers*. The young Joseph is seventeen as the narrative opens, and his beauty is godlike. Preternaturally charming and perceptive, though not without the disturbing suggestion of the feminine — Joseph is physically the image of his mother — the quickness of his intellect borders on the magical. (His brothers are illiterates.) But aside from his beauty and the shining brightness of his entire presence — too much for some to endure — Joseph has one terrible flaw: his assumption that “everybody loved him more than themselves.” Thus his willingness to accept the special favors of his doting father and the obviously subordinate position of his brothers, his generosity in relating and interpreting his unique dreams, his interest in the *possibility* of adulation by all whom he encountered. Though Jacob has not yet blessed his sons, Joseph has teased his father into giving him Rachel’s wedding veil, the *ketonet*, which with stunning audacity Mann makes “the coat of many colors.” This suggests to the brothers that Joseph now possesses, in addition to all his other unique attributes, his father’s blessing. The brothers depart in anger from Jacob’s household and set up camp in Shechem. To test Joseph’s manliness, Jacob sends him to the brothers to learn what they are doing and report back to Jacob. It is at this point that the following episode begins. I have telescoped two chapters here and made a few brief cuts in the narrative.]

Now it happened that Asher, Zilpah’s son, with curiosity unquenched even by affliction, peered out over his knees so that his eyes roved across the plain. And afar off in the morning light he saw something glitter like a flash of silver, which disappeared and came again, sometimes in a single flash, sometimes two or more close together.

Asher jogged his brother Gad as they sat next each other, pointed out the will-o’-the-wisp, and asked him what it meant. They shaded their eyes to look and gestured their surprise; the

others saw and heard, and those who sat with their backs to the plain turned round to gaze, following the direction of Asher's eyes; until at last all the brothers had lifted their heads and peered out together at a shimmering figure which was moving toward them.

"One cometh, all shining," Judah spoke. But after they had waited awhile for the figure to come nearer, Dan answered:

"It is not a man, it is a boy."

And with one accord their sunburnt faces all went ashen as Reuben's had done a little time before, and their hearts beat with a wild and rapid rhythm, like drums, so that a hollow concerted drumming arose in the breathless stillness.

Joseph came on across the plain, directly toward them, in his coat of many colours, and his garland resting on his veiled head.

They did not believe it. They sat with their thumbs in their cheeks, fingers before their mouths, elbows on their knees, and stared out over their fists with starting eyes at the approaching illusion. They hoped they were dreaming, yet feared to find it so. Some of them, even, in a confusion of fear and hope, refused to believe their eyes when the oncoming figure smiled and spoke, and there was no more doubt.

"Yea, verily, and greetings to you all," he said in his very voice, and came close up to them. "It is indeed I. I am come for our father's sake on Hulda, the she-ass, to look after things with you and to —" he stopped, disconcerted. They sat without word or stir and stared, a sinister group, like men bewitched. But as they so sat — although there was no sunrise and no sunset which might have painted their faces, yet these grew red as the writhen trunks of the trees at their backs, red as the desert, dark red as the star in the sky, and their eyes looked as though blood would spurt out. He stepped back. There arose and swelled a thunderous roar, that bull's roar of the twins, which made one's inwards to quake; and with a long-drawn shriek as from tortured gullets, a furiously exultant yell of rage and hate and sudden release, they all ten sprang up as one man and flung themselves savagely upon him.

They fell upon him as the pack of hungry wolves falls upon the prey; their blood-blinded lust knew no pause or consideration, it was as though they would tear him into fourteen pieces

at least. Rending, tearing apart, tearing off—upon that they were bent, to their very marrow. “Down, down, down!” they panted with one voice; it was the *ketonet* they meant, the picture-robe, the veil. It must come off, and that was not so easy, for it was wound about him and fastened at head and shoulder; and they were too many for the deed. They got in each other’s way; one thrust another away from the victim as he flew and fell and bounded among them. The blows meant for him showered upon themselves—though he indeed received a plenty as well. His nose bled almost at once, and one eye was closed with a great blue weal.

He reeled half-dazed, with his head drawn down between his shoulders, and his elbows spread against the hail-storm of brutality, descending out of a blue sky, which horribly seemed not to care where it struck, but beat down upon him, cutting into very little pieces his trust, his whole notion of the world, his conviction that everybody must love him more than themselves, as though it were a law of nature.

To him the most horrible and incredible thing of all was what happened to the *ketonet*. That was worse, crueller, even, than all this howling horror about him. Desperately he tried to protect the garment and keep the remnants and ruins of it still upon him. Several times he cried out: “My coat! My coat!” and even after he stood naked, still begged them like a girl to spare it. Yes, he was naked, for the violence of the brothers’ onslaught not only carried off the veil, but shift, loincloth, and myrtle wreath lay in tatters beside it on the moss; while blows rained down upon his naked flesh and he sought as best he could to ward them off with his arms. “Bow down, bow down! Take that for thy dreams!”

HIS soul was anguished to remain alone in the grave; for some time he wailed after the brothers and implored them not to leave him. Yet he scarcely knew what he cried out; his actual thoughts were not with these mechanical and superficial prayers and lamentations but far below them, while lower down again were others yet more real, like their undertones and ground-basses, so that the whole was like a moving music, perpendicularly composed, which his spirit was occupied in conducting on all three levels. This preoccupation was what caused him to

commit the blunder of telling the brethren that he had only told them comparatively modest dreams, considering those others which he had also dreamed. No one in his right senses could even for a moment think that the remark was calculated to soften their hearts; but an absent and preoccupied mind might have done so, and thus was it with Joseph.

Much had gone on within him, even since that astonishing and horrible moment when the brethren fell upon him like wolves and he had looked into their faces distorted by fury and hate, out of the eye which they had not closed at once with their fists. Their faces had been very near to him while they with nails and teeth tore the picture-robe from his body — frightfully near; and the hatred which he had read therein had been the greatest torture and the main cause of the horror he felt at the onslaught. Certainly he had quaked with fear and wept for pain under their blows; but fear and pain were quite permeated with the pity he felt for the torturing hatred which he read in the mask-like faces, dripping with sweat, that rose and fell and were thrust into his own. But pity for a pain the source of which we must recognize to be ourselves comes close to being remorse. Joseph had been so rudely shaken that his eyes were opened and he saw what he had done — and that he had done it. While he was flung hither and thither among their raging fists, while his robe was torn off, while he lay bound, and during his penitential journey to the well-house, amid all his daze of horror his thoughts had never once stood still. They had not paused upon the frightful present, but sped back over a past in which all this, hidden to his blissful self-conceit though partly and presumptuously known to it, had been preparing itself the while.

My God, the brothers! To what had he brought them? For he did understand that he had brought them to this: through manifold and great mistakes which he had committed in the assumption that everybody loved him more than themselves — this assumption which he believed and yet did not actually quite believe, but according to which he had always acted and which had brought him — as he now clearly and distinctly recognized — to the pit. In the brothers' distorted and sweating masks he had read clearly with his one eye that the premise had gone beyond human power and over a long period had strained

their souls and given them great suffering, until now at last the final issue had been reached in this end, so frightful for him and doubtless for them too.

Alas, poor brothers! What must they have borne before in desperation they laid hold on the father's lamb and actually threw it into the pit! Into what a state had they thereby brought themselves — to say nothing of his own, which was hopeless, as he shudderingly confessed himself. It was not credible that he would hold his tongue if he were restored to his father. He could never make them believe it, he could not believe it. And so they must leave him in the grave to perish there; there was nothing else for it. This he saw; yet wonderful to say, horror at his own impending fate left him room in his soul for pity for his murderers.

He had an agony of leisure in which to weep, to feel anguish, remorse, and pity; and despairing of his life, yet in his inmost being to believe in the wise and healing future purposes of God. For, frightful as it is to think of it, he was to remain three days in the pit, three days and nights in his bonds, naked and exposed, in dirt and earth mould, among crawling worms, without bite or sup, without consolation or any reasonable hope of reaching the light again.

But his thoughts worked on and on, the body almost forgotten. It was as though, in the piece of music which we have imagined them to represent, those undertones and basses at the bottom came out stronger and stronger, thanks to that dreamy weakness of his, until at last they almost drowned out the overtones. So long as the brethren were near, the fear of death had been apparent, as expressed in his urgent entreaties and wailings. But now they were gone and the cries had died away, why was it that Joseph did not shout in hopes of a chance rescue? Because he quite forgot to, absorbed as he was in far other trains of thought, having to do with his abrupt downfall, with the past and its errors, perhaps ordained by God, but not on that account less heavy and grievous.

The garment which the brothers had torn off his body — partly with their teeth, shocking to say — played a prominent rôle in his reflections. That he ought not to have spread himself in it before them, nor made his ownership visible to their eyes; above all things that he ought not to have appeared before

them in it here and now came over him so forcibly that he could have beat himself on the head but for his bonds. He did so in spirit; but even so he had to confess to himself the futility and curious hypocrisy of the gesture; for now he saw that he had always understood the whole thing and yet had so behaved. With amazement he contemplated the riddle of self-destructive arrogance presented to him by his own extraordinary behaviour. His wits could not cope with the riddle successfully — nor can anyone's. Perhaps because so much of the incalculable is implicit therein, so much that is contrary to reason and even perhaps holy. How he had trembled lest Jacob discover the *ketonet* in the bag — trembled, that is, before his own salvation! He had deceived his father, taken advantage of the old man's failing memory, and packed the *ketonet*; but not because he had disagreed with the father as to the effect which the sight of the veil would have upon the brothers. He had understood perfectly and had packed it none the less. How could he have done so? Again, since he had not forgotten to take care for his own destruction, why had Jacob forgotten to prevent it? Another puzzle. Joseph's desire to smuggle the coat could not have been stronger than the father's loving concern that he should leave it at home. Why had not love and anxiety been strong enough to remind the old man and so to foil Joseph's plan? Joseph had succeeded in beguiling away the rich garment from Jacob's tent; it was partly the effect of the game, partly because Jacob wanted the child to have the robe, quite as much as the latter desired it. The consequences followed promptly. Together they had brought the lamb to the pit, and now Jacob would be struck to earth.

But after that he might well bethink him of the mistakes of the past, common to them all — just as Joseph was now doing. The boy was honest with himself: he admitted that he had sworn himself when he said he would say nothing to Jacob if the brothers released him. The promise had been born of fear; Joseph knew that if the old state of things were restored — which with some part of his being he ardently desired — he must unavoidably tell all, and the brethren would suffer the consequences. Restoration was out of the question; but even if it were not, he was in a way at one with the brethren in not wishing for it. He could almost have returned the kiss which

Dan had wanted to throw to him in the pit, so much did he feel that for the first time he was really among them as their brother and might hear all that they said; might even hear that about the blood of the kid which should pass for his blood; it did not matter, since he was as good as dead and buried already.

A strong impression had been made upon Joseph by what Dan had said: that every word they uttered was like a nail in his coffin, and that it was good to utter them, since each one bound him more firmly to the lower world and made of him more and more a ghost before whom one shudders. Joseph saw in such words the reversal and negation of the rôle which he had played so far in life, that of needing to heed nobody because all the world loved him more than they did themselves. For it was come to this, that no one heeded him at all! The thought conditioned those undertones and basses of his composition, and the weaker he became, the more did they sonorously predominate over the overtones.

But they had begun to play even earlier; at the moment when the undreamed-of became reality; when his provocative conduct had called down punishment and he was tossed to and fro like a toy amongst the brethren and they had torn the picture-robe with their nails and teeth. From that moment on, then, they had been vocal; in the midst of that hail of horrifying blows his ear had in good part hearkened to them. It would be wrong to suppose that under such deadly serious circumstances Joseph had stopped playing and dreaming — if one may still speak of his activity as playing and dreaming, in this connection. He was a true son of Jacob, the man of thoughts and dreams and mystical lore, who always understood what happened to him, who in all earthly events looked up to the stars and always linked his life to God's. Granted that Joseph's way of dignifying his life by attaching it to the higher law and reality was not the same as Jacob's, less spiritual, more shrewdly calculating; yet he seriously held that a life and activity without the hall-mark of higher reality, which does not base upon the traditionally sacred and support itself thereupon, nor is able to mirror itself in anything heavenly and recognize itself therein, is no life or activity at all. He was convinced that nothing in the lower world would know how to happen or be thought of without its starry prototype and counterpart; and the great

certainly guiding his life was belief in the unity of the dual, in the fact of the revolving sphere, the exchangeability of above and below, one turning into the other, and gods becoming men and men gods. Not for nothing was he the pupil of old Eliezer, who knew how to say "I" in such an ample way that Joseph's eyes grew dim with musing as he beheld him. The transparency of being, the characteristic recurrence of the prototype — this fundamental creed was in his flesh and blood too, and all spiritual dignity and significance seemed to him bound up with awareness of it. That was as it should be. What was after all not quite as it should be, but seemed more like a degenerate deviation from the significant and admirable type, was Joseph's inclination to draw advantage from the general prepossession in his favour and consciously to impose himself upon those about him.

From the first moment on he was aware of all this. Incredible as it may seem, in the thick of the turmoil, in the acutest moment of fear and danger of death, he had kept his mental eye open to realities. Not that fear and danger grew less thereby; but he actually experienced a sort of joy as well; the pleasure of enlightenment, almost like the relief which laughter brings, had illuminated the dark terror in his soul.

"My coat!" he had cried out in the anguish of his concern; "tear it not, I pray you." Yes, they had rent it in pieces and torn it off him, that was his mother's robe and that belonged also to her son, so that they wore it by turns and became one, and god and goddess by its means. Mercilessly had the brethren unveiled him. As love unveils the bride in the bedchamber, thus had their fury done to him, and they had known him naked, so that his frame quivered with the deathly shame. In his mind thoughts of unveiling and of death dwelt close together — how could he then have helped holding the rags of the garment round him in his fright, begging them to tear it not? Yet no more could he have helped being filled with the joy of understanding, coming to him, through association of thought, through the conviction of repetition and realization. No danger of the flesh and the soul could prevent the concentration of his spirit upon the wealth of allusion by which the event proclaimed itself as higher reality, as a transparency of the ancient pattern, as the uppermost turning undermost; in short, as writ-

ten in the stars. And his concentration was very natural, as the allusions all had to do with being and selfhood, with the vista of his ego which he had opened to Reuben a little time ago to the latter's amaze and which now was growing brighter and brighter. He had wept and wailed when big Reuben had given his voice that they should throw him into the pit; yet at the same time his reason had laughed as at a joke, the word used was so laden with allusions: "*Bor*" the brothers had said. And the monosyllable was capable of various interpretations. It meant not only well, but prison; not only prison, but the underworld, the kingdom of the dead; so that prison and the underworld were one and the same thought, one being only a word for the other. Again, the well, in its property as entrance to the underworld, likewise the round stone which covered it, signified death; for the stone covered the round opening as the shadow covers the dark moon. In Joseph's mind the primeval prototype of the death of the planet peeped through the present event: the dead moon, which is invisible for three days until its new birth, means the death of the gods of light, who must for a time descend to the underworld. When the horror happened and the brothers hoisted him onto the edge of the well and on the margin of the pit, so that he must descend below the daylight with all the caution he could muster—then his quick mind had clearly understood the allegory of the star which one evening is a woman and in the morning a man and which sinks into the well of the abyss as evening star.

It was the abyss into which the true son descends, he who is one with the mother and wears the robe by turns with her. It was the nether-earthly sheepfold, Etura, the kingdom of the dead, where the son becomes the lord, the shepherd, the sacrifice, the mangled god. Mangled? They had torn only his lips and his skin here and there, but the robe they had torn off and rent with nails and teeth, those red murderers and conspirators, his brothers, and they would dip it in the blood of a kid, which should pass for his blood, and they would bring it before the father. God demanded from the father the sacrifice of the son, for the soft-hearted one, who shuddering had confessed that he "could not do it." Poor man, he would have to do it, and it was like God that He paid little heed to what man thinks he can do.

Here Joseph wept in his transparent misery, presided over by

his understanding. He wept over poor Jacob, who would have to summon his endurance, and over the brethren's confidence in his death. He wept for weakness and giddiness from the exhalations of the well; but the more lamentable his situation became in the course of the seventy-two hours which he spent here below, the more clearly the undertones of his thoughts came out, the more deceptively his present mirrored itself in its heavenly prototype; so that by the end he no longer distinguished the heavenly from the earthly at all and in the dreamy self-satisfaction of death saw only the unity of the double. We may with justice regard that as a device of nature to tide him over the unbearable. For the natural hope, to which life clings up to the last, needs a reasonable justification; and Joseph found it in this identification. Indeed it extended beyond his life, his hope that he would finally not perish but somehow be saved out of the pit. For, literally speaking, he gave himself up for dead. There was the brethren's confidence, there was the bloody robe, which Jacob should receive. The pit was deep; and return to his former life was inconceivable—a thought as monstrous as that the evening star might return out of the abyss wherein it was sunk, and the shadow be withdrawn from the dark moon, that it should again be full. But the conception of the death of the planet, the darkening and setting of the sun, whose habitation becomes the lower world, included likewise the idea of reappearance, new light, resurrection. And therein Joseph's natural hope that he might live justified itself by faith. It was not a hope that he might return out of the grave into his former life; yet by its means the grave was defeated. Joseph cherished it not only for itself and for its own sake but for the poor old man at home, whom he had brought down into the pit together with himself and who would be stricken to the earth. It would probably be after the son's death that Jacob would receive the bloody robe. But if only the father could have faith beyond death according to the ancient hope, then, thought Joseph in the grave, the blood of the beast would be taken as once it had been, for the blood of the son.

Joseph at the Pyramids

It had been a different and higher bond that God the Lord had concluded with the fathers, likewise out of need, yet mutual need: that they should save one another out of the sands of the desert, and become holy the one in the other.

[Rescued from the pit by travelling merchants, Joseph is now on the "journey downwards" into the land of those who worship the dead, the "monkey-land of Egypt." The brothers, one recalls, had repented of their attack on Joseph and had decided to draw him from the pit and sell him to the Ishmaelites. When they discovered him gone they dipped the torn *ketonet* in the blood of a male goat and took the garment back to Jacob, who accepted it as evidence that Joseph had been mangled and devoured by a wild beast.

The following episode is drawn from the early pages of *Joseph in Egypt*, the third volume of the novels. Joseph's meditations at the base of the sphinx, his final exclamation at the close of the chapter, and the mythical-symbolical significance of the sphinx itself are especially relevant to the selections that immediately follow this one.]

THE NILE rolled its slow course along between flat reedy banks; where many a palm tree still stood half-submerged and mirrored its trunk in the subsiding flood. There were plots of land in the blessing-zone between desert and desert where the corn and barley were already green; on others cattle and sheep were being driven by white-aproned brown bearers across the level land, that they might tread the seed into the soft moist earth. Vultures and white falcons peered and hovered under a clearing, sunny sky; they swooped down toward villages half-hidden by towering date-palms with crowns of fan-shaped leaves. There were many such settlements along the irrigation canals; their dung-roofed dwellings had walls made out of Nile mud and buttressed like pylons. And everything bore the stamp of the characteristic, all-pervading spirit of the land of

Egypt: its forms and its gods conditioned the picture of men and things. Heretofore, and in his own country, Joseph had only seen it in single manifestations, as for instance some characteristic building. Here it confronted him in all its typicality and in great and small.

At the village landing-places naked children were playing among farm-yard fowl; shelters made of poles and withies stood along the bank, and people returning from their necessary occasions came poling along the canal and landed from their high-backed osier barks. The river, dotted with sails, divided the land into two parts from north to south; but everywhere the fertilizing watercourses ran east and west and made it into islands like oases of fan-shaped green. You walked on the road as on a causeway among ditches, reservoirs, and groves. Thus the Ishmaelites passed on southwards, amid all the people of the land, riding on asses, driving loaded wagons drawn by oxen and donkeys, or going on foot, apron-wearers carrying ducks and fish on yokes to market. A lean, reddish, flat-bellied folk, square-shouldered, inoffensive in bearing, ready to laugh. They had thin-boned faces with projecting jaws; little noses broad at the end, and childish cheeks; a rush blossom in their mouths, behind one ear, or stuck in the much-washed apron, which had a diagonal hem and was higher back than front. Their hair fell smooth over the brow and was cut off straight under the ear-lobes. Joseph liked these wayfarers. Considering what they were — people of Sheol and the land of the dead — they were pleasant to look at, and they laughed as they shouted greetings to the Shabirite dromedary-riders, for anything foreign to them was a joke. Joseph tried his tongue on their speech by himself and trained himself by listening, that he might soon be able to talk readily with them in their own idiom.

The land of Egypt was narrow at this point, the strip of fertility small. To the east, on their left, the arid Arabian ranges ran close by, matched by the sandhills of Libya on the west, their deathly desolation masked in purple loveliness as the sun sank behind them. But at the edge of the desert, in front of this chain and near the greening fields, the travellers saw straight ahead of them a symmetrical and very singular elevation, composed of triangular surfaces, whose huge planes met in sharp corners and ran together to a point at the top. These were

mountains not created by nature but made by the hand of man; they were the world-famous erections — the old man pointed them out to Joseph as they went — the monuments of Khufu, Khefren, and other kings of the early time, built through decades by the sweat of hundreds of thousands of slaves coughing under the lash; built out of granite blocks weighing millions of tons which they dug in the Arabian quarries and dragged to the river, ferried over, and, groaning, sledged to the border of Libya, where they hoisted them with some kind of incredible lifting apparatus and piled them into pointed mountains. They fell and died, their tongues hanging out with their superhuman effort on the blazing desert — all in order that Khufu, the king and god, might lie far beneath them, shut off by a tiny chamber from the perpetual weight of millions of tons of heavy stone, a little twig of mimosa on his heart.

It was no work for human beings that the children of Kemt had there performed. And yet it was the work of the same little folk who trotted and poled along the causeways; the work of their bleeding hands, lean muscles, and panting lungs — won from the human, if surpassing the human, because Khufu was a god-king, the son of the sun. But the sun which struck down and consumed the builders might be satisfied with the superhuman human achievement — Ra-hotep, the satisfied sun. For in their abstract form they represented him, they were his pictographic symbols; these great piles of death and resurrection stood there sun-monument and sun-tomb at once; and their vast triangular surfaces, polished and glittering from base to apex, lay piously adjusted to the four quarters of the heavens.

Joseph looked up wide-eyed at these three-dimensional tomb-mountains, heaped up by slave-labour in the Egyptian house of bondage so misprized by Jacob. As he looked he listened to the old man, who expended himself in tales of King Khufu. Even today sinister tales of that superhuman master builder were on the lips of the people. These thousand years and more the folk of Kemt had preserved a grudge against the memory of that evil-doer who had got from them the impossible for that he had been a bad and self-seeking god and closed all the temples that no one should steal time from him with sacrifices. And he had kept all the people harnessed in toil for the building of his marvellous tomb and for thirty years had not granted even one

little hour for their own life. Ten years, that is, had they to drag and chisel and on top of that build for twice ten, expending every ounce of strength they had and more besides. For reckoning all their strength together it would not have been quite enough to build the pyramid. The necessary remainder had come to them from the divinity of King Khufu, but they had not been glad. The building had cost great treasures; and when the treasure of that majestic godhead had been exhausted, he exposed his own daughter in the palace and gave of her body to every man who paid the price. By such means he replenished his treasury.

So went the legends, the old man said. It is quite possible that they were for the most part fairy-tales and falsehoods, which were told these thousands of years after Khufu's death. But so much was clear, that the people were even now more terrified than grateful to him for wringing out of them their utmost and more, and insisting on the impossible.

As our travellers came nearer, the peaks stood up separate in the sand, and they saw that the surfaces of the triangles were damaged, their polished planes had begun to crumble. Desolation reigned between the giant tombs, as each by itself, and all too massive for time to have done more than nibble at their surfaces, they stood there on the shelving rubble and sand of the desert plain. They alone had come off victorious in the frightful struggle with time, which had long since destroyed and buried the splendours with which piety had once filled the spaces between their mammoth forms. Temples of the dead had once leaned against their sides, where services in honour of those dead in the sun had been set up "for ever"; covered passages thick with pictures had once led thence and broad-based gates on the eastern side near the fertile zone had once formed the entrance to the closed passages which led into the enchanted kingdom of immortality. All of this Joseph in his day saw no more and did not even know that not seeing was actually a no-more-seeing, a beholding of destruction. He came on them early of course by comparison with his relation to us. But from another point of view he was late and green indeed; his gaze encountered this great rubbish-heap of death, this bald survival of a mathematic of giants, as one's foot will stub against a pile of rubble. Astonishment and awe did move him,

of course, at sight of these triangular domes; but the frightful endurance which made them, forsaken of their time, stand here, survivals into God's present day, gave them among their other aspects something awesome and accursed in his eyes; he thought of the tower.

Then there was that riddle in the head-cloth, Hor-imakhet, the great sphinx, which lay somewhere hereabouts residual, flat on the sands which were drifted over so as almost to cover it. Pharaoh's predecessor, Thutmose IV, had rescued it out of them, obedient to the promise-dream which he dreamed when he took his midday nap. That was not so long ago; but the sand was already mounting again about the enormous creature, which had lain there so long that no man could say when and how it had come out of the rock — drifts of sand slanted up to its breast and hid one of the paws. The other, still free, was the size of three houses. At the breast of this mountain the son of the king, like a doll compared to the immense god-beast, had lain asleep while his servants at some distance guarded his hunting-wagon. And high above the manikin rose the inscrutable head, with the stiff neckcloth, the immortal brow, the eroded nose which lent it a somewhat roguish air, the rocky vault of its upper lip, the wide mouth which seemed to be shaping a sort of calm and primitive and sensual smile. The clear, wide-open, intelligent eyes, intoxicated from deep draughts of time, gazed eastwards as they had ever done.

And thus it lay there now, the unpreconceivable Chimera, in a present whose distance and difference from times of yore were doubtless negligible in its eyes; and gazed steadfastly, sensually, unchangeably away eastwards above the heads of Joseph and his owners. An inscribed tablet more than a man's height leaned against its breast, and the Minæans read it with refreshment and strengthening of the heart. For this recent stone afforded a firm basis of time; it was like a narrow platform which gave a foothold above the abyss; it was the commemorative tablet which Pharaoh Thutmose had erected here in memory of his dream and the moving of the sand. The old man read the text and the pronouncement to his people: how the prince, lying in the shadow of the monster, was overcome by sleep at the hour when the sun was at its height and saw in his dream the majesty of this glorious god, his father, Har-

makhis-Khepere-Atum-Re, who spoke fatherly to him and called him his dear son. "It is already a long time in years," he said, "that my countenance is directed upon thee and my heart the same. I will give thee, Thutmose, the royal sovereignty, the crowns of the two lands shalt thou wear upon the throne of Geb, and to thee shall the earth after its length and breadth belong with all that the radiant eye of the all-lord shineth upon. The treasure of Egypt and the great tribute of the people shall be thine. But meanwhile the sands of the desert where I lie weigh heavy upon me, all worthy of adoration as I stand. My justified wish groweth out of this weight. I doubt not that thou wilt accede to it as soon as thou canst. For I know thou art my son and my deliverer. But I will be with thee." When Thutmose awoke—so the story went—he still knew the words of the god and kept them in mind until the hour of his elevation. And in that very hour his command went forth that they should at once remove the sand which rested heavy on Harmakhis, the great sphinx, at Mempi in the desert.

Thus the tale. And Joseph, who listened as the old man his master read it, took care to add not even one little word. For he heeded the old man's warning to hold his tongue in this land of Egypt, and wished to show that in case of need one could conceal even such thoughts as he had. But in secret he was vexed on Jacob's account at this dream of the promise, and in his vexation found it arid and meagre. Pharaoh, so he thought, made altogether too much of his tablet. What after all had he been promised? Nothing more than that which had been his destiny from birth; that at a certain hour he would become king and reign over the two lands. This definite prospect the god had confirmed to him, in case, that is, Pharaoh rescued his image from the sands that threatened it. And here one saw the folly of making to oneself an image. The image fell into danger from the sand, and the god into such a pass as to implore: "Save me, my son!" And to enter into a bond wherein he promised in exchange for a petty benefaction something that would most likely happen anyhow. Joseph found that offensive. It had been a different and higher bond that God the Lord had concluded with the fathers, likewise out of need, yet mutual need: that they should save each other out

of the sands of the desert and become holy the one in the other. In any case, the king's son had become king at his hour, but the desert sand had already encroached again upon the image to a considerable extent. For such passing relief probably only a redundant return-gift was in place, thought Joseph. He expressed his thought to Kedema, the old man's son, when they were alone; and Kedema was amazed at such a critical spirit.

But let Joseph carp as he would and mock out of respect to Jacob, yet the sight of the sphinx made on him in one way or another more impression than all he had hitherto seen in the land of Egypt. It set his young blood in an unrest, against which mockery did not avail and which did not let him sleep. Night had fallen while they lingered by these great things of the desert; and so they set up their tents that they might sleep and go on to Mempi in the morning. But Joseph, who had already lain down in the hut with Kedema, his bedfellow, strolled out once more under the stars. He heard in the distance the jackals howling as he approached the giant idol, to look at it quite by himself, without witnesses, in the brightness of the night and question its uncanny vastness.

For uncanny it was, that monster of old time, in its regal rock head-dress, and uncanny not only for its size or even for the darkness of its origins. How did the riddle run? Ah, it ran not at all, it lay there, or crouched, consisting but in the silence, that rapt-drunken silence in which the monster gazed out with its wide wild eyes above the questioning and questioned. And its want of nose had an effect as when a man sets his cap crooked over one ear. Yes, if this had been a riddle like the good old man's about his neighbour Dagantakala's plot of land — then, however the numbers were hidden and concealed, one might have shifted the unknown quantity hither and thither and weighed the proportions so as not only to find the answer but to enjoy the game and the arrogant at one's own skill. But this riddle was nothing but silence, and its was the arrogance, to judge from its nose; and if it had a human head it was nothing for such as he, let him be ever so clear-headed.

To begin with: what sex was it, male or female? The people called it Hor in the Mountain of Light and took it for an image of the sun lord, as Thutmose had done not long before. But

that was a modern interpretation, it had not always obtained, and even if it were the sun lord who manifested himself in the recumbent figure — that proved nothing as to its sex. As it lay there, one could not tell. Suppose it got up, would it then have majestic dangling testicles like Merwer at On — or would it reveal itself as female, as a lion virgin? There was no answer. For if at some time or other it had produced itself forth out of the rock, it had been as an artist makes a lying picture, or actually not makes but represents it, so that what was not visible was not there; and let a hundred masons come with hammer and chisel to question the monster of its sex, there would be no answer still.

It was a sphinx, in other words a mystery and a riddle — and certainly a savage one, with lion's paws, thirsting after young blood, dangerous to the child of God and a snare to the descendants of the promise. Alas for the tablet of the king's son! At this rocky breast, between the claws of the dragon-woman, one dreamed no promise-dreams — or at least very meagre ones came to pass. It had nothing to do with promise; wide-eyed and cruel, with time-gnawn nose, fixed in vacant immobility, it gazed across at its river, and its menacing riddle was not of such a kind. It endured drunkenly on into the future, but that future was wild and dead for that it was mere endurance and false eternity, bare of expectancy.

Joseph stood there and tried his heart upon the voluptuously smiling majesty of that endurance. He stood quite close . . . would not the monster lift its paw from the sand and snatch the youth to its breast? He armed his heart and thought of Jacob. Curiosity is a shallow-rooted weed; it is but youth triumphing in freedom. Eye to eye with the forbidden, one knows the sonhood of the spirit and holds with the father.

Joseph stood long under the stars before the giant riddle, leaning on one leg, his elbow in one hand, his chin in the other. When he lay again with Kedema in the hut, he dreamed of the sphinx, that it said to him: "I love thee. Come to me and name me thy name, of whatever sex I am!" But he answered: "How shall I commit such a deed and sin against God?"

The Temptation of Joseph

How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?

[Described by Mann as the "most novel-like part" and "unquestionably the artistic zenith of the work," *Joseph in Egypt* is the longest volume in his Joseph story. Twenty verses of the thirty-ninth chapter of *Genesis* are expanded by Mann into nearly seven hundred and fifty pages. *Joseph in Egypt* is also the volume in which one finds the largest number of invented characters, the most lavish use of historical realism, and — to reverse the order of Mann's phrasing — the most elaborate pattern of a "psychology of the myth, by means of a mythical psychology." In *Joseph in Egypt* Mann dramatizes what is probably the most immediately "human" antithesis in the dialectical complex of the larger work, the individual and physical conflict of flesh and spirit that resides in the sexual life of humanity. For Joseph, the conflict of flesh and spirit is for the time resolved, but not without great cost (he was, as we know, thrown "in the pit" for a second time) and not without his being the instrument of the spiritual death of Mut-em-enet, Potiphar's wife, who "died" in order that Joseph might live and find God.

Throughout nearly all of Mann's imaginative work there appear many instances of his absorption in the concept of romanticism that links love and death and, in its most extreme form, regards sex as the arch-type of evil. The romantic linkage, dramatized in Mut's words to Joseph, "we may die together and go down into the darkness of blissful despair," is here rejected by Mann, who "gives" Joseph "seven reasons" for clinging to his chastity. The first of these is his betrothal to the God of Joseph's fathers, "a God of the spirit — at least that was the goal of His evolution, for the sake of which He made a bond with men." Joseph understands and remembers that "Never since He united with theirs His will to salvation had He anything to do with death and the nether world or with any madness rooted in the dark bottom of fruitfulness." (I cannot here suggest Joseph's other "reasons" for chastity; they are of course rooted in the first.)

In working out the dramatization of the conflict between flesh and spirit which occupies so large a portion of the *Joseph* novels,

Mann has established a complex relationship of "symbolic" characters. Joseph, as we may remember from the Biblical narrative, was sold as a slave into the household of Potiphar. Mann's Potiphar, or "Petepre," as he is more often called in the narrative, is the sexless "husband" of Mut-em-enet. Members of Potiphar's elaborate household, of which Joseph becomes chief steward, are Potiphar's parents, and the dwarfs Gottliebchen and Dudu. The good Gottliebchen befriends and supports Joseph. The evil Dudu devotes himself to Joseph's downfall, principally by fostering the relationship between Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Earlier the former chief steward, Mont-kaw, had been the instrument of Joseph's rise in the house of Potiphar. Both Mont-kaw (who died that Joseph might succeed him) and Potiphar have become "father images" to Joseph. The memory of his real father, Jacob, and of his spiritual father, Mont-Kaw, and his obligation to his moral and temporal "father," Potiphar, are related, in Joseph's mind, to the Father of all, God.

The central figure of the conflict is Mut-em-enet, who before her encounter with Joseph was chaste in flesh and spirit. She was "a saint," a "moon-nun of high social position," and her life as the "husbandless wife" of the emasculated Potiphar had formerly been devoted to her religious and social duties. Mann's conception is that *because* of the intensity and nobility of her spirit Mut was "capable" of colossal spiritual downfall. Her final words of invitation to Joseph are not "a lewd proposal from a woman who made it quite naturally and at small cost to herself," but are instead "the final outcry of her utter agony of spirit and flesh." Her repulsion by Joseph in the episode that immediately follows (she calls him by his Egyptian name, "Osarsiph") leads to her final abandonment to the darkness of love. She goes to a sorceress of black magic who conjures up the arch-bitch of physical possession. In a frightful witch-ceremony Mut debases herself utterly and forswears her claims to Joseph's spirit in order that she may have "a soulless bliss with his sweet body." Some days later, when all the city of Wese celebrates with pageantry and revel the New Year's Day of Amun, Mut waits alone in Potiphar's great house for Joseph's return. The second of the following group of selections from Mann's narrative of Joseph and Potiphar's wife begins with Joseph's return from the New Year's celebration to Potiphar's "empty house." The third selection, "The Father's Face," follows immediately in the text of the novel. To these three selections I have given the title "The Temptation of Joseph."]

I. THE PAINFUL TONGUE

(Play and Epilogue)

THERE CAME that night in the third year, when Mut-em-inet, Potiphar's wife, bit her tongue, because it so overpoweringly craved to say to her husband's young steward that which she had already written to him in a rebus; while at the same time her pride and shame would have prevented her tongue from speaking and from offering to the slave her blood that he might stanch its flow. The conflict lay in her rôle as mistress. On the one hand it was frightful to her so to speak and to offer him her flesh and blood in exchange for his own; while on the other it was her fitting part to behave as the male and, so to speak, as the bearded active principle in love. Thus it was she bit her tongue by night, above and below, so that it was nearly bitten through, and next day she lisped from the wound, like a little child.

For some days after the sending of the letter she would not see Joseph, but denied him her countenance because she could not look into his, after challenging him in writing to try a fall. But just this renunciation of his presence it was that made her ripe to utter with her own lips what she had said in magic writing. The longing for his presence took the form of the longing to utter the words which it was forbidden to him, the slave of love, to speak. For if she were ever to learn whether he spoke from his soul, there was nothing left but for her, the mistress, to speak and to offer him her flesh and blood in the fervent hope that she responded to his own desire and took the words from his lips. Her rôle as mistress condemned her to shamelessness, for which she had already punished herself at night, by biting her tongue; so that now she might take leave to say what she must say, as well as she could after the punishment, lisping like a child—which was also a refuge, since it gave an air of helplessness and innocence to the shamelessness and turned into pathos what would else have been gross.

She had summoned Joseph through Dudu to a business session and a game afterwards, and she received him in the hall with the image of Atum, about an hour after the meal, when

Joseph would have finished reading to Potiphar. She came to him from her bedchamber; and at she approached he made the observation, for the first time, or for the first time consciously, that she was greatly changed. I also have until this hour refrained from notice of the change which had taken place since the beginning of her passion — and also as a result of it.

It was a peculiar change, in characterizing and describing which I run the risk of being either offensive or misunderstood. To Joseph, when he at last perceived it, it afforded much food for wonderment and profound reflection. For life lies deep, not only in the spirit but in the flesh. It was not that Mut had aged in this time; her love would have prevented that. Had she grown more beautiful? Yes, and no — but on the whole no. Even decidedly no, if by beauty we mean the utterly admirable and satisfyingly complete, a splendid image, something glorious to enfold in one's arms, yet afterwards claiming no place in our thoughts because it appeals to our most clarified sense, the eye, and not the mouth or the hand — in so far as it appeals to anything at all. For however richly sensuous, beauty has about it something abstract and spiritual; it asserts its independence and the priority of the idea before the manifestation; it is not the product and tool of sex, but rather sex is its stuff and instrument. Feminine beauty — that may be beauty embodied in the feminine, the feminine as beauty's means of expression. But if the relation between spirit and matter is reversed, so that one speaks of beautiful femininity rather than of feminine beauty, because the feminine has become the premise and primary idea, and the beauty its attribute instead of the reverse — what then? What if sex, I would ask, deals with beauty as its material, embodying itself in it, so that beauty serves and is functional as a means of expressing the feminine? It is clear that the result is a quite different kind of beauty from that which I spoke of above — a suspect, an uncanny kind, which may even approach the ugly and wield for evil the power over the emotions which it is the gift of beauty to wield; by virtue, that is, of sex, which has usurped beauty's place and takes its name. Then it is no longer a spiritual beauty revealed in the feminine, but a beauty in which the feminine reveals itself, an eruption of sex, the beauty of a witch.

The word I have used, startling as it is, is indispensable to a

description of the change which had taken place during the year in Mut's physical being. It was a change pathetic and disturbing at once, evil and apparent, a witchlike metamorphosis. We must not imagine a hag, we must reject such an idea — though perhaps a faint suggestion of something like it might enter in. A witch is certainly not of necessity haglike. And yet in the most charming witch one might descry a trace — it does belong to the picture in our minds. Mut's new body was that of a witch, informed by love and sex, and thus remotely haglike, though the only manifestation was a combined development of leanness and voluptuousity. A proper example of a hag was for instance black Tabubu, who presided over the mysteries of the make-up and had breasts like wineskins. Mut's own breasts, once so tender and maidenly, had, thanks to her suffering, developed in voluptuous splendour; standing out like great fruits of love and suggesting the haglike only by comparison with the thinness, the emaciation of the fragile shoulder-blades. The shoulders themselves looked too narrow, fragile, even childishly touching, and the arms had lost much of their roundness, they were wellnigh thin. On the other hand the thighs had developed, one might almost say, illicitly, by comparison with the upper extremities; they were large and vigorous, and gave the impression that they gripped a broomstick between them, over which the creature bent, with shrunken back and swelling breasts, and rode to the mountains. The fancy not only lay to hand, it fairly urged itself upon the observer. And the face helped it out, with its frame of black curls — that saddle-nosed, shadow-cheeked face, so long the theatre of a conflict to which only now the right name can be given, since only now did it arrive at its climax: the quite witchlike contradiction between the stern, the threatening and sinister expression of the eyes and the sinuous audacity of the deep-cornered mouth. This distressing contrast, now at its height, lent the face a morbid, mask-like tension, intensified, probably, by the burning smart of the bitten tongue. But among the reasons why she had bitten it was probably this: that she knew she would be obliged to lisp like an innocent child and that the childlikeness of her lisping would perhaps disguise and palliate the witch-aspect of her new body, of which she was but too well aware.

We may guess the distress which the cause of all these changes felt at the sight of them. Now for the first time he began to realize how lightly he had behaved in paying no heed to the prayers of his pure-minded little friend and, instead of avoiding the mistress, let it come to this, that his swan maiden was transformed witch. The folly of his pedagogic scheme struck him; for the first time he had a glimmer of the fact that his behaviour in the affair of his second life was not less culpable than his conduct toward the brethren. This insight, which was to ripen from a misgiving to a conviction, explains much that happened later.

At first his bad conscience and his distressful unease over the transformation of his mistress into a hag for love hid itself behind the special reverence, yes, veneration, of his tone and manner. Wisely or unwisely he proceeded as on all other occasions with his idiotic plan of pedagogic treatment; showed his rolls of accounts and spoke of the supplies and consumption of various commodities for the house of women, the dismissing of certain servants, and the appointing of others. Thus he did not at once notice the injury to her tongue; for she only listened to him nervously and said almost nothing. But when they sat down to play their game, at the beautifully carved board, she on her couch of ebony and ivory, he on an ox-legged tabouret; sorted the pieces shaped like couchant lions, and agreed upon the play, he could no longer fail, with mounting anxiety, to note that she lisped. When he had listened a few times and confirmed his perception he ventured to ask:

"What do I hear, my lady? It seems you have some difficulty in your speech?"

And he was forced to hear that the lady had "painth" in her tongue; she had hurt herthelf in the night and bitten her tongue, the thteward mutht pay no heed.

So she spoke—I reproduce the childish accents in our tongue instead of hers, but with no great difference in the effect. Joseph, profoundly shocked, lifted his hands from the board and wished not to play until she had tended her wound and taken balsam in her mouth, which Khun-Anpu, the barber-surgeon, must straightway be summoned to prepare. But she would not hear of it; she lightly reproached him that he wished to avoid the game, which at the beginning stood unfavourably

for him and it looked as though he would be pushed into the water. Therefore he would save himself by breaking up the game and seeking for the apothecary. In short, she held him to his seat, lisping and babbling like a child, for unvoluntarily she suited her words to the helplessness of her tongue and spoke like a small girl, seeking to give her strained and suffering face an expression of infantine charm. I will not try to imitate her as she went on talking about puthing hith piethes into the water; for I would not seem to mock at her, who had death at her heart and was in act to throw away every vestige of pride and spiritual honour, in the overpowering urge to appease the honour of her flesh and see fulfilled the dream of healing which she had dreamed.

He too, who had awaked this urge in her, he too felt death at his heart—and only too justly. He did not dare to look up from the board, and he bit his lip, for his conscience spoke against him. Yet he played carefully; it would be hard to say whether reason controlled him or he his reason. She too took her pieces, lifted and moved them, but so absently that she was soon in a corner with no way out, was hopelessly beaten without seeing it at all, but went on playing until she was recalled by the fact that he no longer moved, when she looked down with a nervous smile upon the confusion of her hopes. He in his delusion thought that by speaking sensibly and courteously he could mend the disordered situation and set it to rights, so he said discreetly: "We must try again, now or some other time, for the game went wrong, very likely because I made an awkward opening, and you see that we can get no further, you have checkmated me and I you, so that nobody has won or lost, for we have both done both."

He hesitated and his voice was toneless, he spoke on only because he had begun, for he could no longer hope to save the situation by speaking of it. Even as he spoke, the worst had happened: she had broken down, laying her head and face on his arm that rested on the edge of the board. Her hair, with its gold and silver powder, upset the couching lions, and her hot breath brushed his arm as she feverishly lisped and stammered. Out of respect for her pain I refrain from reproducing the childish, sickly sounds, but their sense and nonsense ran somewhat like this:

"Yes, yes, we can go no further, the play is played out, there is only a downfall for us both, Osarsiph, my beautiful god from afar, my swan and bull, my highly and hotly and eternally beloved; so we may die together and go down into the darkness of blissful despair! Tell me, speak to me, and freely, since you cannot see my face, because it lies upon your arm, at last upon your arm and my lost lips touch your flesh and blood as I implore you: tell me, not seeing my eyes, if you have had my letter I wrote before I bit my tongue to prevent myself from saying what I wrote and what I even so must say, because I am the mistress and it lies with me to speak the word you may not speak and may not embolden yourself to utter though the reason has long since become no reason. But I know not whether you would gladly say it, which is the sum of my anguish; for if I knew that you would burn to say it if you could, then I would take the words from your lips and blissfully utter them as your mistress, even though lisping and stammering, with my face hidden on your arm. Say if you had my letter from the dwarf, as I wrote, and did you read it? Were you glad to see my hand, so that all your blood rose in a wave to beat on your soul's shore? Do you love me, Osarsiph, my god in a slave's form, my sublime falcon, as I have loved you, for so long, so long, in bliss and torment, and does your blood burn for mine as mine for yours, so that I had to write the letter, after long struggle; ensnared by the golden bronze of your shoulders and the love all bear you, but above all by the god-like glance, beneath which my body has changed and my breasts become like fruits of love? *Sleep — with me!* Give me, give me your youth and splendour and I will give you bliss undreamed of, for I know what I speak! Let us put our heads and our feet together for our delight, that we may together die of our mutual bliss, for no longer can I bear it that we live together as two!"

Thus the woman spoke, in her abandonment. I have not imitated the actual sound of her plea and the lisping of her cloven tongue, for every syllable cut her like a knife, yet she lisped it all in one breath against his arm — for women can bear great pain. But so much must be clearly envisaged and settled: that the word of mistaking, the incisive phrase which has been handed down, did not issue from the sound lips of a

grown person, but was thrust through and through by pain and spoken as a child speaks: "Thleep — with me!" she said. For this was the purpose of the mangling of her tongue.

And Joseph? He sat and ran over his seven reasons in his mind, conning them forwards and back. I would not assert that his blood did not rise in a wave to beat on the shore of his soul. But it met the wall of his seven reasons and they held firm. To his credit be it said, that he did not turn harshly against her or treat the witch with contempt because she tempted him to destroy himself with God; but was mild and gentle and sought in all honour to console her, despite the danger to himself which, as anyone can see, lay in such a course. For where, once begun, would the consolations end? He did not even pull away his arm, regardless of the humid heat of her breath as she lisped and the touch of her lips, but left it where it was while she lisped herself out, and even a little longer, while he replied:

"What do you, my mistress, with your face hidden on my arm, and what are you saying in the fever of your wound? Come to yourself, I implore you; for you forget yourself and me! For consider: your room is open, and we might be seen, by a dwarf or by some ordinary man, who would spy where you have your head — forgive me, for if you permit I must now take my arm away and see if outside —"

He did as he said. She, too, lifted herself, but with violence, from the place where his arm no longer was, and stood stiffly erect, with flashing eyes and suddenly ringing voice, crying out words which should have taught him with whom he had to deal and what he might expect from her who but now had been crushed and imploring, and now seemed to lift her claws like a lioness. For the moment she did not even lisp; for when she bore the pain she could force her tongue, and she cried out with great distinctness:

"Leave the hall open that the whole world may look in upon me and you, whom I love! Are you afeared? I fear neither gods nor dwarfs nor men that they see me with you and spy upon our meeting. Let them come, let them come in hosts to see us! I will fling to them like trash my modesty and shame, for they are naught to me but trash and trumpery compared with what is between us and the world-forgotten need of my soul!

Am I afear'd? I alone am frightful in my love. Isis am I, and upon him who sees us would I cast a look from my eyes so frightful that he would pale in death upon the spot."

Thus Mut the lioness, unmindful of her wound and the stabbing pain in every word. But he drew the curtains across between the pillars and said:

"Let me then be careful for you, since it is given me to foresee what might happen were we spied upon. For that must be sacred to me which you would fling at the world's feet, which is not worthy of it, not even worthy to die of the scorn of your look."

But when after drawing the curtain he came back to her in the shadow of the room she was no longer a lioness but a lisping child, yet with the wiliness of the serpent too, for she turned round upon him his words and stammered sweetly:

"Have you shut us in, wicked one, enfolding us in shadow against the world, that it may no more protect me against your harshness? Ah, Osarsiph, how cruel you are, that you have so namelessly bewitched me and changed my body and soul, that I know myself no more! What would your mother say if she knew how you bewitch human beings and make them so that they know themselves no more? Were son of mine so lovely and so evil, and I might see him in you, my lovely, evil son, my sun-youth, whom I bore and who at midday puts head and feet together with his mother to beget himself upon her anew! Osarsiph, do you love me upon earth as in heaven? Have I painted your soul when I painted the letter I sent you, and did your inwards quake as you read, as I too shuddered to my innermost soul with unquenchable shame and desire as I wrote? When you dupe me with your mouth, calling me the sovereign of your head and your heart — what does that mean? Do you say it because it is fitting, or in fervent sincerity? Confess to me here in the shadow! After so many nights of torturing doubt, when I lay alone, lay without you, and my blood cried out helplessly, you must heal me, my saviour, and redeem me, confessing that you spoke the lying language of beauty but to tell me the truth of your love!"

Joseph: "Not so, great lady. . . . But yes, as you say — yet spare yourself, if I must believe you look on me with favour; spare yourself and me, I implore, for it pierces my heart to hear

you force your injured tongue to shape your words, instead of cooling it with balsam. To shape cruel words! How could I not love you, you, my mistress? Upon my bended knees I love you; upon my bended knees I beg you not to pry into the nature of that love, its humbleness and fervour, its reverence and sweetness, but graciously let it rest in its component parts which make up a delicate and precious whole, undeserving of untwisting and unravelling in pitiless curiosity. No, bear with me still and let me tell you. . . . Gladly you hearkened when I spoke before you in many matters — hear me then in this. For a good servant loves his master, if he be noble, for so is it ordained. But when the master becomes mistress and a lovely woman, then there comes a great sweetness and adoring fervour into the love and permeates it — it is humility and sweetness, which are adoring tenderness, ardour, and inward imprecation against the cruel one who would approach it too closely with prying touch and angry glance — for that cannot come to good. When I call you sovereign of my head and heart, surely it is for the form's sake and fitting. But how sweet that it is fitting so to speak — there lies a mystery which must be veiled in delicate silence. Is it then gracious or wise to break the silence and ask my meaning, leaving me in my answer a choice between a lie and a sin? That is a false and cruel choice, I can none of it. And I beg you on my knees that you will show kindness and mercy to the life of the heart!"

The woman: "O Osarsiph, you are frightful in your speaking beauty, which makes you appear godlike before men so that they serve you, yet the art of your speaking drives me to despair. That is a terrible deity, your art, child of intelligence and beauty; a mortal spell for the unhappily loving heart. You chide me for speaking, yet you speak in eloquent chiding, and say that beauty must be silent and not speak; that there must be silence about beauty as about the holy grave at Abdu, for love shall be silent like death, yes, in silence they are like each other and speaking wounds them. You demand that I show kindness and mercy to the life of the heart, and would seem to be on its side against my unravelling curiosity. But that is to turn the world upside down; for it is I who in my sore need fight for the life of the heart when I am driven to examine it. What else shall I do, beloved, and how help myself? I am mis-

treasure to you, my lord and saviour, for whom I yearn, and I cannot spare your heart nor let your love rest in peace for pity of it. I must be cruel, I must lay siege to it as the bearded man lays siege to the tender maiden who does not know herself, and must wrest fervour from her humility and desire from her meekness, that she may be bold and able to grasp the thought that you sleep close beside me, for therein lies all the salvation of the world that you do so with me; it is a question of bliss or the torment of hell. It has become for me the torment of hell that our limbs are separate, yours there and mine here; and if you only speak of your knees I am seized with unspeakable jealousy of them, that they are yours and not also mine, and they must be near to me, that you sleep with me or I perish and am destroyed!"

Joseph: "Dear child, that cannot be, let your servant implore you to consider and not cling fixedly to this idea, for it is born of evil. You put an exaggerated, a morbid value upon the idea that dust must lie close to dust; it would be lovely for a moment, but that it would outweigh the evil consequences and all the remorse coming after could be true only in your fevered dream. Lo, it is not good and could never come to good that you should lay siege to me as the bearded man and woo me as your mistress for the satisfaction of my love. There is an abomination in it, it is unfitting to our days. For I am not slave enough for that, and I can myself conceive the idea — only too well, I assure you; yet may we not bring it to pass, for more than one reason, many more than one, a great number of them, like the constellation in the image of the bull. I beg you to understand that I may not set my teeth in the lovely apple which you offer me, that we should eat transgression and lose all. Therefore I speak and am not silent, take it kindly of me, my child, for since I may not be silent with you I must speak and choose consoling words, for your consolation, dearest mistress, lies close to my heart."

The woman: "Too late, Osarsiph; too late for you and for us both. You cannot retreat, nor I, for we are mingled. Have you not drawn the curtains and shut us in together in shadow apart from the world, so that we are paired together? Do you not already say 'we' and 'us' — 'we might be seen,' drawing yourself and me together in sweet union in this precious word, the

figure of all the bliss I offer you, which is already comprehended in it so that the act has no new element after we have said 'we,' for we have a secret together against all the world and are two together with it apart from the world, and naught remains but to — ”

Joseph: “No, but hear me, my child, that is not true, and you do violence to truth, so that I must resist! It was your self-forgetfulness forced me to draw the curtain, for your honour's sake, that it might not be seen from the court where your head was lying. And now you will so turn it that naught is any matter and the act already done because we have a secret and must shut ourselves in with it! That is not true, for I have no secret, I would but protect yours; and only in this sense can there be talk of we and us, and nothing has happened nor can, for a whole constellation of reasons.”

The woman: “Osarsiph, sweet liar! You will deny our union and our secret, when you have but now confessed that you could but too well understand my wooing, since it lay all too near to your heart? Is that, wicked one, to have no secret together from the world? Do you then not think of me as I think of you? But how would you think of me and of lying with me if you could once imagine the pleasure that awaits you, my golden sun-boy, in the arms of your heavenly goddess! Let me tell you and promise you in your ear, shut away from all the world, in shadowy depths, what awaits you! For I have never loved, never received a man into my body, have never given even the smallest part of the treasure of my love; it is all treasured up for you, and you shall be so extravagantly rich with it as you could never dream! Harken to what I whisper: for you, Osarsiph, my body has changed and been transformed to a vessel of love from tip to toe; when you come to me and yield me the glory of your youth, you will not believe that you lie next a human woman, but will satisfy the lust of a god with mother, wife, and sister, for lo, I am she! I am the oil that craves your salt that the lamp may burn bright in the feast of night! I am the meadow that thirsts after you and the flood of your manhood's water, bull of your mother, that you swell above her and over her in espousing me, before you leave me, beautiful god, and forget your lotus wreath beside me in the moist earth! Hear, hear now what I whisper. For with every word I draw

you deeper into the mystery which we share, and you can no longer withdraw, for we are in the thick of it together, so that there can be no reason in withholding what I ask."

Joseph: "Yes, dearest child — forgive me that I call you so, since we are so far, certainly, in a secret together that I had to draw the curtain because of your distraction; but it has its good sense, and sevenfold, that I must refuse your honeyed suggestion; for it is marshy ground upon which you would lure me, where nothing grows but wild grass, no corn; and would make of me an adulterous ass, of yourself a roving bitch. Then how shall I not protect you against yourself, and myself against the vile transformation? Consider how it would be with us if we were seized of our crime and it fell upon our heads? Shall I let it come to this, that they strangle you and throw your body to the dogs, or cut off your nose? One cannot think of it. But the ass's share would be uncounted beatings, a thousand blows for his senseless lechery, if he were not thrown to the crocodiles. These corrections threaten us if our deed take possession of our souls."

The woman: "O cowardly boy, if you but let yourself dream of the bliss that awaits you by my side, you would think no further, but laugh at punishment, for whoever meted it out it could not measure to the height of our joy!"

"Yet behold," he said, "dear friend, how madness reduces you for a time below the level of the human! For its advantage and special property it is to think beyond the moment and consider what comes after. Nor would I fear at all —"

They were standing close together in the darkened room, speaking softly but urgently like people who debate something of great moment, with lifted brows, faces flushed with excitement.

"Nor would I fear at all," he was saying, "the punishment for you and me, that were the least of it. But I fear Petepre, our master, himself, not his punishments, as one fears God, not on account of the evil He can visit on one, but Himself, in the fear of God. From him have I all my light, and what I am here in house and land I owe to him. How should I then dare to tread before him and look into his mild eyes, though I had no punishment to fear, after I had lain with you? Hearken, Eni, and in God's name recall your understanding for that which I

would say, for my words will stand, and when our story comes into the mouths of the people, so will it sound. For all that happens can become history and literature, and it may easily be that we are the stuff of history. Therefore have a care for yourself and take pity upon your story, that you do not become a warning in it and the mother of sin. Much could I say, and give words to many involved matters, to resist your desire and mine own; but for the people's mouth, should it come to be put into it, will I say the simplest and most pertinent thing, which every child can understand, thus: *My master hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back anything from me but thee, because thou art his wife. How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?* These are the words which I say to you for all the future, against the desire which we have for each other. For we are not alone in the world, to enjoy the flesh the one of the other, for there is also Petepre, our great master, in his loneliness, against whom we may not act, instead of doing loyal service to his soul, nor affront him with such an act, which could bring to shame his sensitive dignity and break the bond of loyalty. He stands in the way of our bliss, and that is an end."

"Osarsiph," she whispered close behind him, and girded herself up to make a proposal. "Osarsiph, my beloved, who are long since joined with me in a mystery, hearken and understand your Eni aright. I could — I could . . ."

This was the moment which revealed why and to what end Mut-em-enet had bitten her tongue; and what were the long-since-ready words for which she had prepared it that it might utter them in the most beguiling, helpless, and pathetic guise. Not only the words of the offer — that came first but not last; for the final and actual ones, for which she had taught her tongue to lisp like a child, were meant for the proposal she now made, laying on his shoulder the lovely masterpiece that was her hand, blue-veined and decked with precious stones, and nestling her cheek to it as she said, sweetly, with pouting lips:

"But I might kill him."

He started back. The prettiness of it was too much for him, he would never have thought of it nor expected it of her, even

after he had seen her lift her lioness paws and heard her hoarse breath: "Frightful am I alone!"

She nestled to him as he shrank away. "We could kill him and put him out of the way, what ith there to that, my falcon? It ith nothing. Tabubu could brew me in a twinkling a clear decoction of crystalline deposit of mysterious powers; I would give it you in your hand to shake into the wine he drinks to warm his flesh, but when he drinks he would grow cold by degrees and no one perceive anything, thanks to the skill of the Negro lands in brewing such potions; and he embarks for the West and is out of the world and can no longer stand in the way of our bliss. Let me only do this, beloved, and revolt not against so simple a measure. For is not his flesh dead already while he lives, is it of any use but to flourish and increase to no end? How I hate his lazy flesh, since my love for you has lacerated my heart and made my own flesh to a vessel of love — I cannot say, I can only shriek it. So, sweet Osarsiph, let us make him cold, for it is a little thing. Or is it something to you, to knock down a fungus with a stick, some foul tindery mushroom or puff-ball? That is nothing to do, to do away with such. But when he is in his grave and the house empty of him, then are we free and alone, blissful vessels of love, unbound to consequences, and may embrace each other, fearless, mouth on mouth. For you are right, my divine boy, to say that he stands in the way of our joy and we may do naught to him — you are right in your misgiving. But just therefore must you see that we must make him cold and send him out of the world, that the misgiving may be satisfied and we do him no more harm in our embracing. Do you understand, my little one? Picture to yourself our raptures and how it will be when the mushroom is struck down and put out of the way and we are alone in the house, and you, in all your youth, are its master. You the master, because I am the mistress, for he who sleeps with the mistress is the master. And we shall drink of bliss by night, and in the day rest beside each other on purple cushions and breathe incense of nard, while garlanded girls and youths posture before us and play on their lutes, while we lie and dream of the night that was and the night that will be. For I will hand you the cup, where we shall drink from one and the same place, with our lips on its golden rim, and as we drink, our eyes will

meet in the thought of the delight which we had the past night and that which we plan for this night, and we put our feet together — ”

“Hearken now, Mut in the valley of desolation,” said he. “For I must conjure you — that is an expression, but I mean it literally, I must conjure you in all truth, or rather the demon that speaks out of you and by whom you are clearly possessed, for so it must be. Little pity have you for your legend, I must say; for you give yourself the name of mother of sin, for all future times. But remember that we are perhaps, yes, very likely, in a saga; then pull yourself together! For I too, as you can see, must do the same against your urging of delights, though it is easier for me because of my horror at your mad proposal to murder Petepre, my master and your husband. That is a frightful thing. It lacks only that you tell me that we are together also in this secret because you have imparted to me your thought, and that it is now mine. But it is my case and concern that it shall remain but a thought and that we shall make no such history as that! Dear Mut! I have no liking to your proposal that we love here together thus in your house after we have done away with its master. When I think how I should live, in the house of murder with you, as the slave to your love, and derive my mastership from that, I feel self-contempt! Shall I not wear a woman’s garment from Byssus and you command me every night for your lust, a master seduced to murder his father that he might sleep with his mother? For just so would it be with me: Potiphar, my lord, is to me like a father; were I to live with you in the house of murder it would be as though I lived with my mother. Therefore, dear, good child, I conjure you, in all friendliness, console yourself and incite me not to such an evil deed!”

“Fool! Fool and child!” she answered in her ringing tones. “How like a foolish boy you answer in your fear, which as your mistress in love I must break down! With his mother each man sleeps — the woman is the mother of the world, her son is her husband, and every man begets upon his mother — do you not know, must I teach you these simple things? Isis am I, the Great Mother, and wear the vulture hood, and you shall name me your name, sweet son, in the sacred sweetness of the begetting night — ”

"No, no, not so!" he cried. "It is not as you say, I must correct you. The Father of the world is no mother's son, nor is he the Lord by a lady's grace. To Him I belong, before Him I walk, the son of my father, and once for all I tell you I will not so sin against God the Lord, to whom I belong, to shame my father and murder him and pair with my mother like a shameless hippopotamus. — Now, my child, I must go. Dear mistress, I beg your leave. I will not forsake you in your distraction, surely not. I will console you with words and speak to you kindly as I can, for that I owe you. But now must I take my leave and go to look after my master's house."

He left her. She cried after him:

"Do you think to escape me? Do you think we shall escape each other? I know, I know already of your zealot god to whom you are sealed and whose wreath you wear. But I fear no stranger god and I will tear your wreath, of whatever it is made, and give you to wear a wreath of ivy and vine for the mother-feast of our love! Stay, beloved! Stay, loveliest of the lovely! Stay, Osarsiph, stay!" And she fell down and wept.

II. THE EMPTY HOUSE

THE WOMAN who remained there alone, who in this drama plays the part of the mother of sin, was ardently confiding in the feast-hour for a glowing realization of her hopes. Certainly she no less than Jacob's son was resolved to stake all on the issue; certainly she had every reason to await the bitter-blissful triumph of her passion, the hour of sweet and sinister fulfilment, when she should enfold her beloved in her arms. Were her hopes not confirmed from above and from below? She was empowered by the highest spiritual authority in the kingdom, the honour and sun-power of Amun were pledged to her support; but no less was she upheld by the powers of darkness, which by virtue of infernal magic she, daughter of a nome prince, had debased herself to conjure and to bind — though in her breast still lingered hope that she might evade the humiliating conditions they imposed. For in her shrewd feminine mind she thought that after all love made no such clear distinction between body and soul; that by the sweet embraces of

the flesh she would succeed in wooing the soul of her beloved as well, and in uniting lust with bliss.

Her eyes looked unnaturally large and quite as unnaturally bright, for she had applied quantities of black antimony to brows and lashes with her ivory pencil; and they looked out from it with a sinister look as of one possessed. And her mouth, as always, had no truck with her eyes: it was a sinuous, smiling, assured, and triumphant mouth. But her lips moved constantly in a slight sucking, chewing motion, for she was eating little balls of crushed incense mixed with honey, to sweeten her breath. She wore a garment of the thinnest royal linen, which revealed all her love-bewitched contours; from its folds, and from her hair, came a fragrance of fine cypress perfume. She was in the room reserved for her use in the master's house; on one side it adjoined the vestibule with the seven doors and the constellated pavement; on the other Petepre's northern pillared hall, where Joseph performed his reading service. Mut's door into the northern hall was open, likewise one of the doors thence into the banqueting-hall. Confident, expectant, she moved about in these rooms, solitary in the house save for the two exalted parents awaiting their end in the upper storey. Eni, their daughter-in-law, as she went to and for, gave them a thought, and cast a glance upwards toward the painted ceiling from her jewelled, sinister, glittering eyes. Often she retired from the hall and banqueting-room into the twilight of her private chamber, where the light fell from above through openwork stone panels. There she lay down, outstretched upon her diorite couch, and buried her face in the pillows. Cinnamon wood and myrrh burned in the incense stands, and their fragrant vapour curled out through the open doors into the dining- and banquet-halls.

So much for Mut, the enchantress.

To return to the departed son of Jacob: he came back, as we know, before any of the other members of the household. He had spent a quite different day from Mut's: in sunlight and noise, in the lively hubbub of the pagan feast. Behind his lashes he still saw pictures of the magnificent processions, the masques, the bustling crowds. His Rachel-nose still smelled the burnt-sacrifices, the flowers, the emanations from all these hordes of human beings hot with hopping on one foot and

excited with so much sensual gratification. His ears were still full of the sound of drums and horns, rhythmical hand-clapping, and the shouts of men intoxicated with hopeful fervour. He had eaten and drunk; without exaggerating his condition, I may say that he was in the frame of mind of a young man who is disposed to see in a threatened danger less a danger than an opportunity. He had a blue lotus-wreath on his head and a single blossom in his mouth. He twirled his fly-fan of white horsehair round on his wrist and sang as he went: "Blithe the servant, free from care, the master's eye is everywhere!" He actually thought that this was a line from some treasure of folk-wisdom, and that he had made up only the tune. So, as the day wore to its end, he reached his master's house, opened the gate of cast bronze, crossed the constellated pavement of the vestibule, and entered the beautiful banqueting-hall, where all was laid ready, in the most elegant refinement, for Petepre's party.

He had come home, Joseph, the young steward, to see that all was complete, and whether or no Khamat, scribe of the buffet, was deserving of a reproof. He moved about the pillared hall, among the chairs and little tables, the jars of wine in their holders, the buffets laden with pyramids of fruit and cakes. He looked to the lamps, the table of wreaths, floral necklaces, and unguent boxes; and rearranged the sideboard, making the little golden beakers ring. He had spent awhile in these masterly retouchings, and made the beakers ring once or twice, when he started; for he heard a voice, a singing, ringing voice, calling him from some distance; calling the name which he had taken in this land:

"Osarsiph!"

In all his life he never forgot that moment, when in the empty house the sound of his name struck on his ear. He stood with his fan under his arm and two golden beakers in his hands. He was inspecting their polish and certainly he had made them ring as he held them; he listened, thinking he had not heard aright. Yet he must have been mistaken, for he stood thus a long time listening, the two beakers in his hand, and there was no sound for a long time. But at last it came again, that singing voice echoed through the rooms:

"Osarsiph!"

"Here am I," he answered. His voice failed him for hoarseness; he cleared his throat and said again:

"I hear."

Again there was a pause, and he waited motionless. Then it came, singing and ringing:

"Is it you, Osarsiph, whom I hear in the hall, and have you come home alone to the empty house?"

"As you say, mistress," he replied, setting back the beakers in their place and going through the open door into Petepre's northern hall, to speak into the adjoining room.

"Yes, I am here, to see that things are in train in the house. 'Much oversight to put all right' — you know the proverb, and since my master has set me over the house and knows no care save for the bread he eats, for he has put all into my hands, keeping naught back, and will literally be no greater than I in this house — I have given the servants a little extra time to enjoy themselves, but thought best to resign the latter end of the day's pleasures and come home betimes. 'Harsh with thyself, to others merciful' — as you know must be the rule. But I will not praise myself before you, and I am but little ahead of them, they may come at any moment, and Petepre too, the unique friend of the god, your husband and my noble master —"

The voice came ringing out of the twilight chamber: "And seeing after all that is in the house, will you not also, Osarsiph, see after me? Have you not heard that I remained alone and that I suffer? Cross over the threshold and come to me!"

"Gladly would I," Joseph replied, "and would cross the threshold and visit you, but there are many things here in the hall to attend to, and much still to arrange which needs me to cast my eye —"

But the voice sounded again:

"Come in to me. The mistress commands it."

And Joseph crossed the threshold and went in to her.

III. THE FATHER'S FACE

HERE our story loses its tongue. I mean our present version and repetition in the feast does so; for in the original, as it hap-

pened and told itself, it by no means lost its tongue; it went on, there in the twilight room, in an agitated exchange, a dialogue in the sense that both parties talked at once. I prefer, however, to draw over the scene the veil of delicacy and human feeling. For in that long-ago time it went on without witnesses, whereas here and today it is performed before a large audience — a decisive difference, as no one can deny, where a question of tact is involved. Joseph, particularly, was not silent; he could not be silent, but talked very volubly, almost breathlessly, bringing to bear all his wit and charm against the woman's desire, in the attempt to talk her out of it. But just here lies the reason why our story loses its tongue. For he became involved in a contradiction, or rather a contradiction presented itself, as he talked, most painfully affecting and troubling to human feeling: the contradiction between body and soul. Yes, as the woman, in words or by her silence, answered to what he said, his flesh stood up against his spirit, and in the midst of his most fluent and eloquent speech he became an ass. And what a shattering contradiction that is, what restraint it demands from the narrator: when eloquent wisdom is given the lie by the flesh and is manifest an ass!

He fled — for we know that he succeeded in flying — in the state and condition of the dead god; to the woman an aggravated occasion for despair and the raging fury of frustration. Her desire had discovered in him a manly readiness; and the forsaken woman alternately tore at and caressed the garment which he left in her hands — for we know that he left his garment behind him — in paroxysms of frantic agony, with loud outcries of exultation and anguish. The Egyptian woman's cry, repeated over and over again was: "*Me'eni nachtef!* I have seen his strength!"

Something enabled Joseph, in that uttermost extremity, to tear himself away and flee: that something was his father's face. He saw his father's face — all the more detailed versions say so, and we may take it for the truth. It is so: when, despite all his skill of tongues he was almost lost, the face of his father appeared to him. Jacob's image? Yes, certainly, Jacob's image. Not an image of settled and personal lineaments which he saw somewhere in the room. Rather he saw it in his mind and with his mind's eye: an image of memory and admonition, the

father's in a broad and general sense. For in it Jacob's features mingled with Potiphar's fatherly traits, there was something of the modest departed, Mont-kaw, and over and above all these were other, mightier traits. Out of bright, brown father-eyes with soft tear-sacs beneath them, it peered at Joseph in tender concern.

This it was which saved him. Or rather, he saved himself — for I would speak in the light of reason and give credit where it is due, not to any spirit manifestation. He saved himself, in that his spirit evoked the warning image. In a situation only to be described as far gone, with defeat very nigh, he tore himself away — to the woman's intolerable anguish, as we must, in justly divided sympathy, admit — and it was fortunate that his physical agility equalled his glibness of speech; for he was able, one, two, three, to twist himself out of his jacket — the “garment,” his outer raiment — at which she clutched in the abandon of her love, and to escape, in not very stewardlike array, to the hall, the banqueting-room, the vestibule.

Behind him, in her thwarted love she raved, half in raptures — “*Me'eni nachtefl!*” — but yet betrayed beyond bearing. She did frightful things with the garment still warm with his body, which she held in her hands, the precious hated object: covered it with kisses, drenched it with tears, tore it with her teeth, trod it underfoot — dealt with it, in short, much as the brethren had dealt with the veil of the son at Dothan in the vale. “Beloved!” she cried. “Whither do you go from me? Stay! O blissful boy! O shameless slave! Curses upon you! Death! Treachery! Violence! Seize the miscreant! He has slain my honour — help, help! Help for the mistress! A fiend has attacked me!”

There we have it. Her thoughts — if we may speak of thoughts where there was nothing but a whirlwind of rage and tears — had brought her to the accusation with which she had more than once threatened Joseph in the fury of her desire, when she raised her lioness claws against him: the murderous accusation that he had monstrously forgotten himself toward her, his mistress. The wild recollection rose in the woman's mind, she flung herself on it, shrieked it with all her strength — as one hopes, by sheer voice-power, to lend truth to the untrue — and our justifiable sympathy must make us rejoice that

the insulted woman found this outlet to her anguish, that she could give it an expression, false, of course, yet matching it in horror, which was calculated to enflame all who heard, turn them into allies of her insulted state and make them pant to avenge it. Her yells resounded.

There were already people in the vestibule. The sun was setting, and most of Petepre's household had returned to house and courtyard. So it was good that the fugitive had a little time and space to collect himself before he emerged. The servants stood rooted to the ground with horror, hearing their mistress's cries; and though the young steward came at a measured pace out of the banqueting-hall and passed with composed mien among them, it was as good as impossible not to connect the impaired state of his clothing with the shrieks that issued from the inner room. Joseph would have liked to gain his room, the special room of trust, to put himself to rights. But as there were servants in the way, and a craving to get out of doors took the upper hand, he crossed over to and through the open bronze door to the courtyard, which was full of the bustle of home-coming. Several litters were drawing up before the harem, containing the secondary wives; the chattering little creatures, under supervision of Nubian eunuchs and scribes of the house of the secluded, had been vouchsafed their glimpse of the feast and were now being returned to their gilded cage.

Whither should the fugitive flee with his black eye? Out through the gateway by which he once had entered? And thence? That he himself did not know, and was glad that he still had space before him in the courtyard and might move as though he were bound somewhither. Then he felt his clothing twitched; and Bes-em-heb, the little dwarf, piped up at him, his face all crumpled with his grief: "Ravaged the field — burnt by the bull — oh, ashes, ashes! Osarsiph, Osarsiph!" They stood half-way between the main house and the gateway in the outer wall. Joseph turned, the little man hanging to his coat. The sound of the woman's voice came over to him, the voice of the mistress. The white figure stood at the top of the house steps, surrounded by a crowd which poured after her out of the hall. She stretched out her arm, and men followed it running with arms likewise outstretched in his direction.

They seized him and brought him back among the courtyard folk running up before the house: gate- and door-keepers, artisans, stablemen, gardeners, cooks, and silver-aproned waiters. The weeping midget clung to his coat and was borne along too.

And Potiphar's wife addressed to her husband's servants thus gathered before and behind her in the courtyard that well-known speech which at all times has been counted against her by all men; which even I, despite all I have done for Mut-em-inet's saga and her cause, cannot fail to condemn. Not on account of its untruth, which might pass as the garment of the truth; but on account of the demagoguery which she did not scorn to use to rouse the people.

"Egyptians!" she cried. "Children of Kemt! Sons of the river and the black earth!" — What did she mean by that? They were just ordinary people, and at the time nearly all of them a little drunk. Their Egyptian birth as children of Hapi — in so far as it was a fact, for there were among them Moors from Kush and people with Chaldæan names — was a native merit: they had nothing to do with it nor did it help them in the least if they neglected their duties, for their backs were bruised with thick leather straps well laid on, regardless of whose children they were. And now all at once their birth, which had been very much in the background and had no practical value for the individual, was brought to their notice with flattering emphasis — because it could be used to rouse their sense of honour, unite them in a common pride, and make them pant with fury against someone who had to be destroyed. Her challenge bewildered them. Yet it had its effect, combined with that of the good barley beer.

"Egyptian brothers!" — They were her brothers all at once; it went through and through them, they found it thrilling. "Behold me, your mistress and mother, Petepre's chief and true wife! See me as I sit upon the threshold of this house — we know each other well, you and I!" — "We," and "each other"! They swallowed it down, this was a good day for the lower classes! — "But likewise know you this Hebrew youth, standing here half naked on this great day in the calendar, lacking his upper garment, because I have it in my hands. Do you recognize him, who was set as steward above the children of the land and over the house of one great in the two lands? He

came down out of his wretched country to Egypt, Osiris' beautiful garden, the throne of Re, the horizon of the good spirit. They brought this stranger to us into this house" — "us" again! — "to mock us, and bring shame upon us. For this frightful thing has happened: I sat alone in my chamber, alone in the house, for I was unwell and was dispensed from appearing before Amun and kept the empty house alone. Then the abandoned one, the Hebrew fiend, took advantage of my being alone and came in unto me that he might do his will with me and bring me to shame — the servant would lie with the mistress!" — she screamed the words — "lie with me to enforce me! But I cried with a loud voice, when he would have done it and have shamed me for his servant-lust; I ask you, Egyptian brothers, have ye heard me cry out with all my strength, in evidence that I repulsed him and defended myself to the utmost, as the law demands? Ye have heard it. But when he too heard it, the abandoned one, that I lifted up my voice and cried, then his boldness failed him and he struggled out of his outer garment, which I have here as evidence and would hold him by it that ye might seize him, and fled away from me with his evil purpose unaccomplished and got him out, so that I stand here pure before you, thanks to my outcry. But he, who was set over you all and over this house, he stands there in his shame, who will be seized of his deed, and judgment shall come upon him as soon as the master, my husband, comes home. Put the clog on him."

This was Mut's speech — it was not only untruthful but provocative. And Potiphar's household stood there stupefied and helpless; they had already been not too clear-headed, with all the free temple beer they had had, and now they were completely dazed. They had heard, all of them, that the mistress was infatuated with the handsome young steward and he denied her. And now suddenly it turned out that he had laid hands on the mistress and tried to do her violence. It made their heads go round, what with the beer and what with the mistress's tale; they could not make it rhyme, and all of them were fond of the young steward. Certainly the mistress had cried out, they had all heard her, and they knew the law: it was evidence of a woman's innocence if she cried out when she was attacked. And she had the steward's garment in her

hands; it really looked as though she held it as a forfeit when he tore himself away; but he himself stood there with his head sunk on his chest and said not a word.

"Why are you hesitating?" they heard a strong manly voice saying — the voice of Dudu, the gentleman dwarf, who stood among them in a stiffly starched feast-day skirt. "Do you not hear the mistress, that she has been so cruelly insulted and nearly brought to shame, and she commands that the clog be brought and laid upon the Hebrew slave? Here it is, I have brought it with me. For when I heard her lawful outcry I knew where we were and at what o'clock, and quickly fetched the tools out of the whipping-room, to have them at hand. Here they are. Stop gaping, and fetter his lustful hands — bind up this infamous slave, bought long ago on the advice of the shallow against that of the sound; for long enough has he played the master and been set over us who are true-born! By the obelisk! He shall be brought to the house of retribution and death!"

The God-Story

And just because it is so solemn it must be treated with a light touch.

[In 1943, seven years after the publication of *Joseph in Egypt*, Mann completed the final volume of his Biblical tetralogy — *Joseph the Provider*. From the next to the last part of the novel I draw the two selections that complete the presentation of *Joseph and His Brothers* in the *Reader*. Devoted to the dramatic reunion between the brothers, "The God-Story" is followed by a seventh part, "The Lost is Found," which tells of the double finding of father and son and of Jacob's blessing, death, and funeral. The selections I have chosen foreshadow those climactic events and suggest something of the spirit in which Mann relates them and, more important yet, interprets them, for the tone of *Joseph the Provider* is distinctly different from that of the earlier volumes.

The first of his major works to be written entirely in America, the narrative of Joseph's second rise from the pit to rulership of all Egypt reflects, Mann has said, the spirit of the American "success story." As we may remember from the Biblical narrative, it was Joseph's interpretations of dreams that brought him finally to Pharaoh's presence. Joseph was thirty when he confronted the seventeen-year-old religious revolutionary Amenhotep IV, who called himself Ikhnaton. For hours the two engaged in a mythico-religious-philosophical dialogue, with the consequence that Pharaoh — who worshipped a god of light and saw in Joseph "a man in whom the spirit of God is" (Genesis) — elevated the interpreter of dreams to "overseer of that which the heavens give, the earth produces, and the Nile brings forth, superintendent of all things and actual administrator of works," and a host of other functions and titles "comprehended in the single epithet: the Provider."

Mann has said that this last of Joseph's "God-masks" looks "remarkably American"; it is the mask of "an American Hermes, a brilliant messenger of shrewdness, whose New Deal is unmistakably reflected in Joseph's magic administration of national economy." But for all of Joseph's later talents as a master of public affairs (he is regarded by the Egyptians as nothing less than a god — Adon), we must bear in mind that the Joseph of the entire work is

Mann's figure of the man who finds himself as he finds God, and God him. Joseph *becomes* the man of the double blessing, "blessed with blessing from above, and from the depths beneath." The truly daemonic man, who knows the meaning of Mut's darkness and Pharaoh's light, he reconciles both in his "attentiveness and obedience to God." Thereby he is the example of the earthly mediator between life and spirit and, in the human sense, finds life as life finds him. Once separate from life, he now is in life; he *is* Joseph the Provider. It is this Joseph, a man in his late thirties, who is speaking of Mai-Sachme, his former prison-keeper and now his chief steward, in the selection that follows.]

I. THEY COME!

IT WAS in the second year of the lean kine, on a day in the middle of Epiph, May by our reckoning and frightfully hot, as it is anyhow in Egypt in their summer season, but even hotter than usual. The sun was like fire from heaven, we should have measured it at well over one hundred degrees in the shade. The wind was blowing and driving the hot sand into the red-lidded eyes of the little people in Menfe's narrow streets. There were hosts of flies, and they and the human beings were alike sluggish. The rich would have given large sums for half an hour of a breeze from the north-west; they would even have been willing that the poor should benefit as well.

Joseph too, the King's first mouthpiece, had a perspiring face caked with sand. But as he went home at noon from his office he seemed to be in high spirits and very lively — if the word be applicable to a man borne in state in a litter. Followed by the equipages of some of his upper officials, who were to lunch with him, according to a custom which the vice-god even today did not fail to observe, he soon turned off from the wide boulevard and was carried through some of the mean alleys of the poorer quarters, where he was hailed with cordial and confident familiarity. "Dgepnuteefonech!" the little lean-ribbed ones shouted, throwing kisses. "Hapi! Hapi! Ten thousand years to you, our provider, beyond the end of your destiny!" And they, who would simply be rolled in a mat when they were taken out to the desert, wished him: "Four excellent jugs

for your entrails, and for your mummy an alabaster coffin!" Such was the form their sympathy took, in response to his for them.

At length the litter bore him through the painted gate in the wall of his gracious villa, into the front garden, where olive, pepper, and fig trees, the shadowy cypress and the spreading fanlike palm were grouped about the gay papyrus columns of the terrace before the house, and mirrored in the square walled-in lotus pool. A broad gravelled drive ran round the pond; the bearers followed it and came to a halt, whereupon the runners offered Joseph knee and neck, so that he stepped first upon them and then to the ground. Mai-Sachme was quietly awaiting him on the terrace or rather at the top of the flight of steps at one side, as were Hapi and Hezes, two greyhounds from Punt, most aristocratic beasts in gold collars, a-quiver with nerves. Pharaoh's friend sprang up the shallow steps, more precipitately than usual; indeed, more briskly than an Egyptian noble should move before spectators. He did not look at his retinue.

"Mai," said he hurriedly, in a low tone, as he patted the animals' heads and they put their fore-paws on his chest to greet him, "I must talk to you at once, alone. Come into my room. Let them wait, there is no hurry about the meal, and I could not eat a mouthful. This is much more pressing business, about the roll here in my hand — or rather the roll is about the pressing business — I will explain it all to you if you will come with me where we can be alone."

"But steady," expostulated Mai-Sachme. "What is the matter with you, Adon? You are shaking. And I am sorry to hear you cannot eat, you who make so many to eat. Will you not have water poured to cleanse your sweat? It is not good to let it dry in the pores and hollows of the body. It itches and inflames, especially when mixed with grit."

"I'll do that later, Mai. Washing and eating are not urgent, by comparison; for you must hear at once what I have heard, the roll here tells me, that was brought to my office just before I left and here it is: it has come, I mean they have come, which is the same thing; and the question is what will happen and how I am to receive them — and what shall I do, for I am fearfully excited!"

"Why, Adon? Just be calm. You say it has come. That means you expected it; and what you were expecting cannot surprise you. Kindly tell me what is, or who are, come; then I will prove to you that there is no reason to be upset; on the contrary calmness is the one thing needful."

They were talking as they went through the peristyle to the fountain court, moving with a rapid gait which the man of poise tried to slow down. But Joseph turned, and Mai-Sachme followed with Hepi and Hezes into a room on the right, with a coloured ceiling, a malachite lintel and gay friezes along the walls. It served him as a library and lay between his sleeping-chamber and the great reception-hall. It was furnished with true Egyptian charm. There was an inlaid day-bed covered with skins and cushions, delightful little carved chests on legs, inlaid and inscribed, for the protection of the book-rolls; lion-footed chairs with rush seats and backs of stamped and gilded leather; flower-stands and tables with faience vases and vessels of iridescent glass. Joseph squeezed his steward's arm as he balanced up and down on the balls of his feet; his eyes were wet.

"Mai," he cried, and there was something like suppressed exultation, a choked off rapture in his voice, "they are coming, they are here, they have passed the fortress of Thel — I knew it. I have been waiting for it, and yet I can't believe it has come. My heart is in my mouth, I am so excited that I don't know where I am —"

"Be so good, Adon, as to stop dancing up and down in front of me. I am a man of peace and quiet; pray make it clear to me who has come."

"My brothers, Mai, my brothers!" Joseph cried, and bounced up and down the more.

"Your brothers? The one who rent your garments and threw you into the well and sold you into slavery?" asked the captain, who had long since learned the whole story by heart.

"Yes, yes! To whom I owe all my good luck and my glory down here!"

"But, Adon, that is certainly putting things too much in their favour."

"God has put it that way, O my steward! God has turned all to good, to everyone's good, and we must look at the results which He had in mind. Before we could see how it turned out,

and had only the fact but not the result, I agree that it had a bad look. But now we must judge the fact according to the result."

"That is a question, after all, my good lord. Imhotep the wise might have had a different view. And they showed your father the blood of an animal for yours."

"Yes, that was beastly. He must certainly have fallen on his back. But that probably had to be, because things could not go on as they were. For my father, great-hearted and soft-hearted as he was — and then I myself, what a young peacock I was in those days, a regular young cock of the walk, full of really vicious vanity and self-importance! It is a shame how long some people take to grow up. Even supposing I am grown up even now. Perhaps it takes you your whole life to grow up."

"It may be, Adon, that there is still a good deal of the boy about you. So you are convinced it is really your brothers?"

"Convinced? There cannot be the slightest doubt. Why else did I give such strict orders for records and reports? All that was not for nothing, be sure; and as for giving Manasseh, my eldest, the name I gave him, that was just for form's sake — I have not forgotten my father's house, oh, not in the very least; I have thought of it daily, hourly, all these years, and how I promised my little brother Ben in the hiding-place of the mangled one that I would have them all come after me when I had been lifted up and had the power of binding and loosing! Convinced! Here, look, it is written down, it came by running messenger and is a day or so ahead of them: the sons of Jacob, son of Yitzschak from the grove of Mamre which is at Hebron: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, and so on . . . to buy corn — and you talk as though there were any doubt! It is the brothers, all ten of them. They entered with a troop of buyers. The scribes never dreamed, when they wrote it down. Nor did they, they have not the least idea before whom they will be brought, nor who it is sells in the King's name, as his first mouthpiece. Mai, Mai, if you only knew how I feel! But I do not know myself, it is all Tohu and Bohu within me — if you know what that means. And yet I knew and have been expecting it for years. I knew when I stood before Pharaoh and when I interpreted to him I was doing it to myself too, reading the purposes of God and how He guides our history. What a

history, Mai, is this we are in! One of the very best. And now it depends on us, it is our affair to give it a fine form and make something perfectly beautiful of it, putting all our wits at the service of God. How shall we begin, in order to do justice to such a story? That is what excites me so much. . . . Do you think they will recognize me?"

"How should I know, Adon? No, I should think not. You are considerably matured since the time they pulled you to pieces. And anyhow they could never dream of such a thing, and that will make them blind, so they will never think of it or even trust their own eyes. To recognize and to know that you recognize are two very different things."

"Right, right. But I fear they will, I fear it so much that my heart is pounding in my chest."

"You mean you do not want them to?"

"Not first off, Mai, not on any account! They must only grasp it by degrees; the thing must draw itself out before I speak the words and say I am I. In the first place, that is required for the shaping and adorning of the tale; and secondly, there is so much to be gone through and so many tests to make, and there will be a great deal of beating about the bush, first of all in the business about Benjamin —"

"Is Benjamin with them?"

"That is just the thing of it: he is not. I tell you there are ten, not eleven of them. And we are twelve, all together. It is the red-eyed ones and the sons of the maids; but not my mother's son, not the little one. Do you know what that means? You are so calm, your wits move slowly. Ben not being here might mean one of two things. It may mean — I hope it does — that my father is still alive — think of it, that he still lives, that old, old man! — and keeps guard over his youngest, so that he forbade him the journey and did not want him to take it, for fear harm might come. His Rachel died on a journey, I died on a journey — why should he not be prejudiced against them and keep at home with him the last pledge of his lovely one? This may be the meaning. But it might mean too that he is gone, my father, and that they have behaved badly to Ben because he is alone and unprotected; and thrust him out as though he were not their brother, and would not let him come with them because he is a son of the true wife, poor little soul —"

"You keep calling him little, Adon; you do not take into account that he must have grown up too, in the meantime, this only real brother of yours. When you think of it, he must be a man in the prime of life."

"Quite right, it is quite possible. But he remains the youngest, my friend, the youngest of twelve, why should I not call him the little one? And there is always something sweet about the youngest in the family; all over the world the youngest is the favourite and leads a charmed life; it is almost as much in the picture for the older ones to conspire against him."

"Hearing your story, my lord, it almost seems as though you had been the youngest."

"Just so, just so. I will not deny it, there may be some truth in what you say. Maybe history here repeats itself with a difference. But it is on my conscience; I am determined the little one shall have his due as the youngest; and if the ten have thrust him out or treated him badly — if they have played fast and loose, which I do not like to think, as they did with me — then may the Elohim have mercy on them, for they will come up against me. I will not reveal myself to them at all; the beautiful speech to tell them who I am will just not be made; if they recognize me I will deny it and say: 'No, I am not he, ye evil-doers'; and they will find in me only a harsh and stranger judge."

"There, you see, Adon. Now you put on a different face and sing a new tune. No more sentimental tenderness in your heart. You are remembering how they played fast and loose with you, and you seem perfectly able to distinguish between the fact and the result."

"I don't know, Mai, what sort of man I am. One does not know beforehand how one will behave in one's story; but when the time comes it is clear enough and then a man gets acquainted with himself. I am curious myself to see how I shall act and how talk to them — at this moment I have no idea. That is what makes me tremble so. When I had to stand before Pharaoh I was not a thousandth part so excited. And yet they are my own brothers. But that is just it. Everything is upside-down inside me: it is a perfect muddle of joy and dread and suspense and quite indescribable, just as I tell you. How startled I was when I came to the names on the list, though I had known and definitely expected to see them — you cannot im-

agine it, of course not, because you cannot be startled. Was I startled on their account or my own? I do not know. But they would have good ground to be startled themselves—to be frightened down to the very soles of their shoes, I do not deny that. For it was no small thing then; and long ago as it all was, it has not got any smaller with the years. I said I went to them to see that everything was in order; that was cheeky, I agree—I admit it all, especially that I ought not to have told them my dreams. Besides, it is true that if they had granted me my life I would have told the whole thing to my father—so they had to leave me where I was. And still and all—that they were deaf when I cried out of the depths, lying there in my bonds, covered with welts, and wailed and begged them not to do this to my father, to let me perish in the hole and show him the blood of a beast for mine—yes, my friend, it was all pretty bad. Not so much to me, I am not talking about that; it was bad towards my father. If he is dead now of his grief and has gone down in sorrow to Sheol, shall I be able to be friendly to them? I do not know, I do not know how I am under such conditions; but I very much fear I could not be friendly. If they have brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, that also would belong to the result, Mai, even first and foremost; and would very much obscure the light shed by the result upon the fact. In any case, it remains a fact, and it must be set over against the result. Eye to eye with it, so that confronted by its goodness it may be ashamed of its badness.”

“What do you mean to do with them?”

“How do I know? I am asking you for advice and counsel just because I don’t know what to do: you, my steward, whom I took into this story for you to give me of your steadiness when I get excited. You can afford to give me some, for you’ve got too much, you are far too phlegmatic, you just stand there and raise your eyebrows and put your lips together, and just because you are like that you do not have any ideas. But we need ideas, we owe it to the kind of story it is. For the meeting of the act and the result is a feast of no common sort, it must be celebrated and adorned with all sorts of solemn flourishes and pious manœuvres so that the world will have to laugh and cry over it five thousand years and more.”

“Excitement and fear are less productive than peace and

quiet, Adon. I will mix you a soothing drink now. I will shake a powder into water and it will sink and be still. But if I shake another kind into the cup, then the two will seethe up together, and if you drink it foaming it will act as a sedative."

"I will gladly drink it later, Mai, at the right moment, when I need it most. Now hearken to what I have done so far: I have sent running messengers with orders to segregate them from the other travellers and not to give them corn in the border cities but to send them on to Menfe, to the head office. I have arranged to have an eye kept on them so that they are sent to good rest-houses with their animals and are cared for without their knowing it in the strange land, as new and strange to them as it was to me when I died up above there and was brought down here, at seventeen years old. I was flexible then, but they, I realize, are all getting to the end of the forties, except Benjamin, and he is not with them, and all I know is that he must be fetched; in the first place so I can see him and in the second place because if he is here the father will come too. In short, I have laid upon our people to make smooth the way under their feet so that they strike not against a stone — if the figure means anything to you. And they shall be brought before me in the ministry, in the hall of audience."

"Not in your house?"

"No, not yet. At first quite formally at the office. Between you and me, the hall there is much bigger and more impressive."

"And what will you do with them there?"

"Yes, of course that will be the moment for me to drink your foaming draught. Because I have not the least idea in the world what I shall do, when they do not know me, nor what when I tell them who I am — but one thing I do know: I will not be so clumsy as to spoil the beautiful story and burst out headlong with the climax like an inexperienced story-teller. No, I will sit tight when they come in and treat them like strangers."

"You mean you will be unfriendly?"

"I mean formal to the point of unfriendliness. For I think, Mai, I shall hardly succeed in being strange unless I force myself to be unfriendly. That will be easier. I must think of some reason why I have to speak harshly and can go at them prop-

erly. I must act as though their case was suspicious and strict investigations had to be made and all the circumstances cleared up, whether or no."

"Will you speak with them in their tongue?"

"That is the first useful word your stolidity has managed to utter," cried Joseph, striking his brow. "I certainly needed to be reminded of that, for the fact is I am always speaking Canaanitish with them in my mind, like the fool that I am. How should I come to know Canaanitish? That would be a frightful *faux pas*. I do speak it with the children; I suppose I am giving them an Egyptian accent. Well, that is the least of my troubles. I seem to be talking at random, saying things that might be important under less exciting circumstances but not now. Of course, I cannot know any Canaanitish, I must speak through an interpreter, we must have one here, I will give orders in the ministry, a good one, who knows both languages about equally so that he can render what I say exactly without making it any weaker or stronger. For what they say themselves, for instance big Reuben — oh, Reuben, my God, he was at the empty pit to save me, I know it from the watchman, I don't know if I told you about that, some time I will — what they say themselves of course I shall understand, but I must not show that I do or forget and answer what they say before the long-winded interpreter has translated."

"When you have taken it in, Adon, you will do it all right. And then perhaps you might pretend you take them for scouts come to spy out the weakness of the land."

"I beg of you, Mai, spare me your ideas! How do you come to make big eyes and suggest things to me?"

"I thought I was supposed to, my lord."

"I thought so at first myself, my friend. But I see after all that nobody can or should advise me in this most solemn business. I must shape its course all by myself. Remember how you are using your ingenuity in the story of the three love-affairs to make it as exciting and delightful as possible, and let me use mine on my own. Who told you I had not got the idea of pretending I took them for spies?"

"So we both have the same idea."

"Of course, because it is the only right one and as good as written down already. In fact, this whole story is written down

already in God's book, Mai, and we shall read it together between laughing and tears. For you will be there, won't you, and come to the office when they are here, tomorrow or day after, and are brought into the great hall of the Nourisher with himself painted over and over on the walls? Of course you will be among my train. I must have a stately retinue when I receive them. . . . Ah, Mai," he burst out, and buried his face in his hands — those hands at which the little urchin Benoni had looked in the grove of the Lord Adon, as they wove the myrtle garland; now one of them wore Pharaoh's sky-blue lapis lazuli ring inscribed: "Be as myself" — "I shall see them, my own folk, my own, for they were always that however much we quarreled through the fault of all of us. I shall speak with them, Jacob's sons, my brothers, to whom I have kept so long the silence of death and learn whether he can still hear that I am alive and that God accepted the beast instead of the son! I shall hear everything, I shall learn all that has happened, how Benjamin lives and whether they treat him brotherly. And I must get him down here and my father too! Oh, my taskmaster, now my house-master, it is all too exciting and solemn for words! And just because it is so solemn it must be treated with a light touch. For lightness, my friend, flippancy, the artful jest, that is God's very best gift to man, the profoundest knowledge we have of that complex, questionable thing we call life. God gave it to humanity, that life's terribly serious face might be forced to wear a smile. My brothers rent my garment and flung me into the pit; now they are to stand before my stool — and that is life. And the question whether we are to judge the act by the result and approve the bad act because it was needed for the good result — that is life too. Life puts such questions as these and they cannot be answered with a long face. Only in lightness can the spirit of man rise above them: with a laugh at being faced with the unanswerable, perhaps he can make even God Himself, the great Unanswering, to laugh."

II. TELLING THE NEWS

You must consider that not death
gives him back to you, but life.

[Thomas Mann calls *Joseph the Provider* "a cheerful 'Götterdämmerung' to my three fairy-tale operas." The tone of the last volume of his *Joseph* story is cheerful, vivacious, and good-humored throughout. Interestingly enough, it is in this last volume that Mann is most faithful to the words and content of the Old Testament narrative. The chapter that I present here, as the last selection from *Joseph and His Brothers*, contains the second instance of Mann's professional appearance as a poet. (The earlier one is *A Song of the Little Ones*, published in 1919). Mann has described the verses with which the musical child, Serah, announces to the aged Jacob the discovery and forthcoming return of Joseph as "an odd composition of psalter recollections and little verses of the German romantic type." They are particularly reminiscent of the tone and rhythms of certain of the poems in Goethe's *East-West Divan*. It is important, I believe, to note that the annunciation of returning and reconciliation—above all, of scourging and healing at God's hands—is sung to the accompaniment of the lyre: Mann has chosen for his emblem the Apollonian bow and lyre. One will observe, too, that in his largest work Mann has chosen a story in which father and son do find each other. The resolution, by anticipation, of the *God and man: man and God* antithesis of Mann's "God-story" is here, surely, apparent.]

IT WAS a rough, stony slope where their animals were picking their way, but strewn thickly with spring flowers. There was larger-sized rubble as well as small; but wherever there was any soil, or even, it seemed, out of the stones themselves, wild flowers gushed, blossoms far and wide, white, yellow, sky-blue, purple, and rose; low bushes, mats and tussocks of bloom, a riot of gaiety and charm. The spring had summoned them and they had blossomed at their due hour. Even in the absence of the winter rains, it seemed they drew moisture enough from the morning dew if only for a fleeting, soon fading splendour. Even the bushes here and there bloomed in their season, rose-coloured and white. Only the merest flaky cloudlets gathered high up in the heavenly blue.

On a little rock, against which a foam of blossoms beat like surf on a cliff, sat a figure almost, as seen from afar, like a flower itself. Soon they could tell it was a little maid, alone under the wide sky, in red smock with daisies in her hair. On her arm she held a zither and her slender brown fingers traveled up and down the strings. It was Serah, Asher's child; her father was the first to recognize her and with fatherly pride he said:

"That is my little Serah, sitting there on a stone, playing herself a little tune on her zither. The little wench is like that, she loves to sit alone and practise herself in psalmody. She belongs to the tribe of whistlers and fiddlers, God knows where she gets it, but she has had it ever since she was born, she has to make psalter and psalm; she can play on the strings till they ring and mingle her voice in songs of praise, clearer and stronger than you could believe, seeing her wisp of a body. Some day she will be famous in Israel, the little monkey. Look, she sees us, she flings up her arms and runs toward us. Halloo, Serah! Here is your father Asher coming with your uncles."

The child was already there; she ran barefoot through blossoms and rubble till the silver rings on wrists and ankles clashed and the yellow and white wreath bobbed up and down on her head. She laughed for pleasure and panted out breathless words of greetings; but even the gasping sounds she made had something sonorous about them, though one would not have known whence it came, her body being so frail.

She was a proper little maid; no longer a child and not yet a maiden, at most twelve years old. Asher's wife was supposed to be a great-grandchild of Ishmael. Had Serah something in her of Isaac's wild and beautiful half-brother that made her sing? Or — since men's traits do undergo the strangest transformations in their posterity — did Father Asher's moist and sensual lips and eyes, his greedy love of sensation and feeling combined become a musical quality in little Serah? Perhaps it is too bold and far-fetched to trace back to the father's sweet-tooth the child's love of the art of song. But some explanation there must be — so why not that? — for little Serah's strange gift.

The eleven looked down from their long-legged asses upon the little maid, gave her greetings, caressed her, and their eyes

grew speculative. Most of them dismounted and stood round Serah, their hands on their back, nodding and wagging their heads, saying "Well, Well!" and "Now, now!" and "So, little music-lips, have you run out to meet us and be the first to greet us, sitting here and playing on your zither like this?" But finally Dan, nicknamed snake and adder, said:

"Listen, children, I see by your eyes that we all have the same idea and it is Asher who should be saying what I now say; but being her father he does not think of it. Now, I have often shown that I am a good judge, and my native shrewdness tells me this is not just chance that the little monkey, Serah the song-maker, should meet us here before any of the others. God has sent her as a sign, to show what we should do. For the things we were planning about how to tell the father and hint to him so as not to harm him — that was all nonsense. Serah shall tell him, in her own way, so that the truth speaks to him in song, which is always the gentlest, whether sweet or bitter or bitter-sweet in one. Serah shall go on before us and sing to him, and even if he does not believe it, at least we shall have softened the soil of his soul and shall find it prepared for the seed of truth when we follow it up with chapter and verse and he will be forced to believe that song and truth are the same; just as we had to believe, however hard, that Pharaoh's keeper of the market was the same as our brother Joseph. Now have I spoken truly and put on solid ground what hung in the air in front of all your eyes when you saw Serah's childish little head dreaming into space?"

Yes, they said, he had, and he judged correctly. So it should be, it was the hand of heaven and a great relief. And then they took the child to instruct her and to stamp the truth on her mind. It was not easy, for they all talked at once and one would not let another speak, and Serah looked with darting, delighted eyes at their excited faces and their waving hands.

"Serah," said they, "it is thus and so. Believe it or not, just sing it and then we will come and prove it. But it would be better if you believed it, for you would sing the better, and it is true, however unlikely it sounds; after all, you will believe your father and all your uncles together? Look now, you did not know your uncle Jehosiph who was lost and gone, the son of the true wife, Rachel's son, who was called the star-virgin, but

he was called Dumuzi. Well, he was lost to your grandfather long before you were born, and the world swallowed him up so that he was no more here, and in Jacob's heart was he dead all these years. But now it turns out, though hard to believe, that the truth is quite different — ”

“Oh wondrous strange, for now the truth is plain
That quite, quite otherwise it came to pass,”

Serah began, going off half-cocked, singing and laughing so loud and musically that the gruff voices of her uncles were drowned out.

“Be quiet, little prodigy!” they cried. “You can't start singing until you know what to say. Listen and learn before you warble: your uncle Joseph has arisen, in other words he was never dead, he is alive, and not only alive but lives in this and this way. He lives in Mizraim and is this and this person. It was all a mistake, you see, the bloody garment was a mistake, God has turned all to good in ways we knew not of. Have you got that? We were with him in Egypt, and he made himself known to us beyond the shadow of a doubt, saying: ‘I am he, I am your brother.’ And spoke after such fashion to us that he would have us all come down there, and you too, little Serah. Have you taken all that in, so you could give it out again in song? Then you are to sing it to Jacob. Our Serah is a clever maid, she will do it. Take your zither and go on ahead of us, and sing loud and resoundingly that Joseph lives. Go in among the hills straight to Israel's camp, look neither right nor left, but just keep on singing. If anyone meets you and asks what you mean and what you are playing and singing, make no reply, just run and sing and sing and ring: ‘He is alive!’ And when you get to where Jacob your grandfather is, sit down at his feet and sing as sweetly as you know how: ‘Joseph is not dead, he is alive.’ He too will ask you what that means and what you are so rash as to say in your singing. But you must not answer him either; just keep on twanging your zither and singing away. Then all of us will come up and explain it to him in proper words. Will you be our good clever song-bird and do all this?”

"Gladly will I," answered Serah in her ringing tones. "Never before have I had such words to string on my strings, perhaps now I can show what they can do. Many sing, in tribe and town, but now I have better matter than they and will sing them out of the field."

So saying she took her instrument from the stone where she had sat and held it on one arm and spread her tapering brown fingers across the strings, the thumb here, the four fingers there. She began to move steadily through the flowers, now fast, now slow according to the measure of her song:

"Oh let my soul sing a new song as it goeth,
For a fine chant on eight strings my heart knoweth.
Of what it is full let it run over in rhyme
More precious than gold and fine gold from the mine,
Sweeter than purest honey in the comb,
For the spring's message I bring home.

"Hearken all people to my harp-tone sweet,
Listen and mark what I may here repeat,
For upon me the lovely lot doth fall,
And I am chosen out among the daughters all,
For given am I the strangest matter yet
Singer ever fell on to his harp to set,
Now on my eight my little fingers string
To Grandfather old the golden news to bring.

"Lovely notes in order ringing,
Balsam to all worldly woes,
Sweeter when to lofty silence bringing
Singing voice in words the meaning shows.
How all that is then exalted,
Full of sense the sweetest sound,
Over all is praise allotted
To song and psalter in combined round."

Thus she sang as she went on across pastures toward the hills and the opening between the hills; struck till they rang at the strings and picked them till they thrilled and sang:

"Burden worthy of the music,
Tone and word together strive,
Each combining other's beauty,
For they sing: the lad's alive!

"Yea, O Beneficent, what has here been wrought,
And what have the ears of me little one caught,
And what open-mouthed just now have I learned
From men who were in Egypt and returned,
From Father dear and high uncles mine
Who show me words to make a song so fine.
And they gave me matter of splendour unmeasured,
For who was it in Egypt they discovered?
Little Grandfather dear at first you will not follow,
But in the end you will have it to swallow.
Lovely as a dream yet true withal,
And just as real as it is wonderful.

"Rarest wonder past believing
That in one should be the two,
That all poesy is living
And the beautiful the true.
Now for once is here achieved
That for which the soul doth strive,
Let my burden be believed,
True and beautiful, thy son's alive.

"Still 'twere better if you think it
Beautiful awhile but yet not true,
Lest the cup if suddenly you drink it
Fling you on your back and lay you low.
As when once the worthless bloody token,
Lying in their throats, they brought you home,
Night fell on your soul for ever unbroken,
Straight a pillar of salt you would become.

"Ah, what pangs you bore in thinking
Nevermore to see him with your eyes,
Dead he lay within your heart and buried,
Now therein he sweetly doth arise."

Here a man sought to question her, a shepherd in a shady hat standing on the hill. He had been watching her for a long time, listening in wonder to her song. Now he came down to her, set his pace to hers, and asked:

“Maiden, what is it you sing as you go? It sounds so strange. I have often heard you praising and psaltering and I know you can play right soundingly on the strings, but never before so teasingly and riddlingly as this. And then the way you keep the time and set the pace as you go! Are you going to Jacob the master, and has what you sing to do with him? It seems to me so. But what do you mean by beautiful and true, and what with your refrain: ‘the lad’s alive’?”

But Serah as she walked looked not at him, she only smiling shook her head. She took her hand a moment from the strings to lay her finger on her lips, then she went on:

“Sing, Serah, Asher’s child, what thou hast learned
From the eleven now out of Egypt returned.
Sing how that God in His mercy has blessed them
That to the man down below they addressed them.
Who then the man, who but Joseph is he,
My uncle as tall and as fine as can be.
Old one, look up, it is thy dear son,
Greater is Pharaoh only by his throne.
Lord of the lands his name they call,
The state’s first servant they name him all,
Kings of the earth his praises sing,
Stranger folk kneeling to him tribute bring.
Over uncounted lands is he set,
To all the people he giveth their meat,
From thousands of barns he spendeth them bread
To carry them over their hunger and need.
For he it was in foresight wisely hoarded
And therefore is his name o’er all belauded.
His garments in myrrh and in aloes are pressed,
In ivory palaces he sets up his rest,
Forth from them like a bridegroom doth he come —
Lo, old one, behold what has come of thy lamb!”

The man went along with her and listened with growing amazement to the words of her song. Seeing other folk at a

distance, man or maid, he beckoned them up to listen with him. Serah was soon the centre of a little troop of men, women, and children, which grew as they came nearer the camp. The children danced to the rhythm, the elders walked in the time of it; all their faces were turned to her, and she went on singing:

“Whiles thou believedst him mangled and dead,
And with tears hast watered thy daily bread,
Twenty measured years have sped,
Mourning him with ashes on thy head —
Lo, now, old one, behold and see,
God He can scourge and can heal;
How marvellous all His Ways can be
For human children’s weal!

“Past understanding is His rule,
Great all the work of His hands;
He dealt with His servant as a fool
And laid thee under bands.
Creation laughs at the lordly jest,
Tabor and Hermon leap:
He snatched away thy dearest and best,
But now thou shalt have him to keep.
Thou hast writhen, old man, in thy pain,
And found thyself in it again;
But now he is returned to you,
Still lovely, though rather stouter to view.

“Thou knowest not his face,
Nor yet his name canst guess;
Stammering you will greet
Nor know who shall fall at whose feet.
Thus God went about at His ease
My dear little grandfather to tease.”

By this time she had drawn with her train quite close to her home under Mamre’s terebinths. She saw Jacob, the man of the blessing, sitting stately on his mat before the curtains of his dwelling. Now she lifted her instrument and held it higher

and more firmly in her arm; up till then she had been picking and twanging the strings in well-tryed scherzos and dissonances; but now she drew from it sounding chords of sweeping harmony, to which she sang in her full-throated voice:

“For a word of beauteous rareness
In my music interweaves,
Matching all it hath of fairness,
And it says: Thy darling lives!
Match, O soul, in exultation
Golden music of the strings;
For the grave no longer hath him —
Heart, he is arisen — sing!
Heart, it is the sorely missed,
For whom the earth its anguish bore,
Whom they lured into the coffin,
Whom the boar’s vile tusches tore.
Ah, he was no longer present,
Desolate the barren earth,
Till we heard: He is arisen —
Dear old Father, pray have faith!
Godlike in his steps he paces,
Round his head bright summer birds do reel,
As across the flowery spaces
Lo, he greets thee with a smile!
Wintry grief and deathly anguish
From his kiss away have flown;
On his lips and cheeks and forehead
Hath the Eternal favour strewn.

Read it in his laughing features
All was but a godlike jest;
And in late-believing raptures
Take him to thy father-breast!”

Jacob had long since seen his grandchild, his little music-lips, coming towards him, and listened well pleased to her voice. He even clapped his hands benevolently, just like the audience at a play. When she reached him the maid, without other greeting than her song, sat down on the mat at his feet;

her troop of followers stayed at some distance away. The old man listened, and his applauding hands slowly fell; his nodding as slowly turned into a doubtful head-shaking. When she came to an end of her verse he said:

"Good and charming, my granddaughter, so far. It is sweet of you, Serah, and thoughtful, to come and give a little pleasure to the lonely old man. You see, I know you well by name, as I do not all of my grandchildren, for there are too many. But you stand out for your gift of song; it makes a real person of you, so that one remembers your name. But listen now, my gifted one, while I say I have heard with pleasure the music and the poetry, but yet not without some misgiving the sense. For poesy, dear little one, poesy is always an alluring, seductive, dangerous thing. Sense and senses lie close together, and song rhymes all too easily with wrong; grace and charm are prone to gracelessness and harm, if they are not bridled by concern with God. Lovely is the play of thought; but holy the spirit alone. Poesy is play of heart and mind; willingly I applaud it, so long as it loses not sight of spirit but remains in the end concern with God. Now what was it you were saying in your warbling and trilling; and what can I make of a man like a god tripping across the fields with birds flitting about him and laughing at his own jest? He sounds to me like one of these nature-gods hereabouts, whom I hold in great suspicion: the folk of the countryside call him lord, and darken the counsels of the children of Abraham with their folly. We too speak of the Lord, of course; but our meaning is altogether different. Never can I be sufficiently concerned for Israel's soul, nor preach enough under the tree of wisdom, that this 'lord' is not the Lord; our people are always on the point of confusing the two and relapsing into idolatry. For God is a high and difficult task; but 'the gods' are a pleasant sin. Can I then, dear child, applaud, when you lend your gift to pleasant psaltery after the loose ways of the land?"

But Serah only shook her head with a smile, plucked her strings anew, and sang:

"Who then do I sing, O Grandfather mine,
Who but my uncle so tall and so fine?
Look up, old man, it is thy dear son,

Greater is Pharaoh only by his throne.
Grandfather, at first you cannot follow,
But in the end you will have it to swallow.
For a word of wonder-rareness
In my music interweaves,
Matching all its hath of fairness,
And it says: Thy darling lives!"

"Child," said Jacob, greatly moved, "truly it is lovely and pleasant that you come before me and sing of my son Joseph, whom you never knew, and devote your gift to divert me. But your song is riddling: the rhymes are well enough but not the reason, and so it hath neither rhyme nor reason. I cannot let it pass; for how can you sing 'The lad's alive'? Such words can give me no joy, they are but lying flourishes, for Joseph died long since. Mangled is he, mangled and dead."

But Serah answered him in ringing chords:

"Match, O soul, with exaltation
Golden music of the strings,
For the grave no longer hath him,
Heart, he is arisen — sing!
Ah, he was no longer present,
Desolate the barren earth —
Till we heard: He is arisen.
Dear old Father, pray have faith!
From thousands of barns he spendeth them bread
To carry them over their hunger and need;
For he like Noah wisely hath provided,
And therefore is his name o'er all beloved.
His garments in myrrh and in aloes are pressed,
In ivory palaces he sets up his rest,
And issueth like bridegroom forth from them —
Old one, behold what hath come of thy lamb!"

"Serah, my grandchild, reckless little one," said Jacob impressively, "what shall I think of your loose-mouthed song? I have let much pass as poetic licence, though I find it little respectful that you address me as 'old man.' But poetic licence is not the only licence in your song, it is altogether a string of

disrespectful and cheating make-believe. You may think to please me by it; but pleasure founded on falseness is no true pleasure, nor can it profit the soul. Dare poesy lend itself to such, is that its province? Are you not abusing your gift from God to dress in it such untrue and unreasonable things? Verily there must be some reason allied to the beauty, else it only mocks the heart."

"Rarest wonder," sang Serah, unheeding:

"Rarest wonder, past believing,
That in one should be the two:
That all poesy is living,
And the beautiful the true.

Here for once is now achieved
That for which the soul doth strive,
Let my burden be believed,
True and beautiful, thy son's alive!"

"Child," said Jacob, and his head was shaking on his shoulders, "dearest child . . ."

But her voice soared and revelled, borne on the leaping, exulting music of the strings:

"Lo, now, old one, behold and see,
God He can scourge and can heal,
How marvellous all His ways can be
For His human children's weal!
He snatched away thy dearest and best,
But thou shalt take him again to thy breast.
Thou hast writhen, old one, in thy pain,
Yet found thyself in it again;
But now he returneth to you,
Still lovely, though rather stouter to view.
So God goes about as He pleases
And dear little Grandfather teases."

Jacob, with his head turned away, for the brown eyes were full of tears, put out one hand as though to stop her. "Child!" he said again, and only that. He seemed not to hear the sudden bustle and movement among the tents; nor paid any heed to

the joyous announcement now made him. For the group who had come up with Serah was increased by others approaching to bring glad tidings; servants and other folk came round Jacob from all sides and two of them addressed him:

"Israel, the eleven are back from Egypt, your sons with men and carts and many more asses than they set out with!"

But even as the men spoke, here were the brothers already. They dismounted and came up, with Benjamin in their midst and the rest pulling and pushing him forward, each one zealous to be the one to bring him before the father.

"Peace and good health," they said, "to our father and dear lord! Here is Benjamin. We have kept him safe for you, though he was at one time in some danger. But now you can have him once more at your apron-strings. And here is your hero Simon. Furthermore, we bring abundance of food and rich presents from the giver of bread. Lo, we are all well and happily returned — happily, in truth, is a word nowhere near strong enough for it."

"Boys," answered Jacob, who had got to his feet, "boys — yes, of course, I am glad to see you."

He put his hand possessively on Benjamin's arm, yet half absently too, and his gaze was bewildered. "You are here again," said he, "safe home again after perilous journey — under other circumstances this would be a great moment and quite fill my soul if it were not taken up with other matters. Yes, you find me greatly taken up, I mean by this little maid here — Asher, she is your child — who came and sat by me and played on her zither, singing so sweetly, yet harping upon such folly about my son Joseph that I know not how to defend my reason from her. I am tempted to welcome your coming solely because I count on you to protect me from this child and the lying tongue her music has, since I know you would not allow my grey hairs to be mocked.

"Never will we do so," responded Judah, "so far as we can prevent it. But in the opinion of all of us, Father, and it is a well-founded opinion, you would do better — even though at first afar off — to consider whether there might not be some truth in her harping."

"Some truth," repeated the old man. He stood up very straight. "You dare come to me with such cowardly advice

and speak to Israel of half-measures and half-truths? Where should we be, and where God, if we had ever let ourselves in to be half and half? For the truth is one and indivisible. Three times this child has sung to me: 'Thy son's alive!' There can be nothing true in her words unless it were the truth. So what is it?"

"The truth!" said the eleven in chorus, raising their palms to the sky. And:

"The truth!" came back the amazed and exultant chorus from the gathered host. Men's, women's, and children's voices echoed triumphantly: "She sang the truth!"

"Dear little Father," said Benjamin, embracing Jacob. "As now you hear, so believe, for we too had to, first one of us and then another. The man down there who asked about me, and kept on asking: 'Does your father still live?' — that is Joseph, he and Joseph are one. Never was he dead, my mother's son. Roving men tore him from the claws of the ravening beast and took him down to Egypt, where he has flourished as by a spring and become the first among the men of the land below. The sons of strangers flatter him, for without him they would pine and die. Would you have tokens of this miracle? Look at our train! Twenty asses he sent you, whose load is the food and the riches of Egypt, and the wagons out of Pharaoh's stores shall carry us all down to your son. For from the beginning it was his plan that you should come and I guessed that it was so. He would have us to feed on fat pastures, not far from him, but where it is not too Egyptian, in the land of Goshen."

Jacob had preserved complete, almost severe composure.

"God will dispose," he said in a firm voice. "Only from Him does Israel take instructions and not from the great ones of this earth. — My Damu, my child!" broke from his lips. He had clasped his hands on his breast and stood with his brow raised to the clouds, slowly shaking his old head. Then he dropped it again.

"Boys," said he, "this little maid, whom I now bless and who shall not taste death but go living into the kingdom of heaven if God shall hear me — she sang to me that the Lord vouchsafes me Rachel's first-born back again, still handsome but somewhat heavy. That probably means he is already quite fat with the years and the fleshpots of Egypt?"

"Not really fat, dear Father, not very," answered Judah soothingly. "Only within the bounds of dignity. You must consider that not death gives him back to you, but life. Death, if that were thinkable, would give him back to you as he was; but since it is life at whose hand you receive him back, he is no more the faun of other days but a royal stag of four points. And you must be prepared to find him a little strange and worldly in his ways and wearing a pleated byssus, like Hermon's driven snow."

"I will go down and see him before I die," said Jacob. "If he had not lived he would not be living. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed!" cried they all, and rushed forward in a wave to congratulate him and the brothers and kiss the hem of Jacob's garment. He did not look down on their heads; his eyes were raised again and he kept shaking his head as he held it turned up to the sky. But Serah, the song-lips, sat on the mat and sang:

"Read it in his laughing features,
All was but a Godlike jest;
And in late-believing raptures
Take him to thy father-breast!"

VIII

From DOCTOR FAUSTUS

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

AFTER completing *Joseph the Provider* early in 1943, Thomas Mann wrote a brief story of Moses, *The Tables of the Law*. Then, in March, he turned to a notebook of 1901 and discovered a plan for a Faust narrative. Not quite two months later, he began writing *Doctor Faustus*. On the forenoon of January 29, 1947, in his seventy-second year, he finished its last page.

The most passionately and rapidly composed, yet the most richly textured and tightly organized of his major novels, *Doctor Faustus* rests without loss of integrity on all that Mann has done before. Because Mann's art and thought are cumulative, each of his major novels is an artistic statement of *all* that he has previously "been through." *Doctor Faustus* therefore in some way contains all of Mann's earlier responses to the worlds in which he has successively lived. Moreover, because Mann is, in the various stages of his career, a self-conscious spokesman for his epoch, *Doctor Faustus* is admonishment, warning, and prophecy to a society that has chosen, in the name of "reaction as progress," to journey into a hell Mann did not need to invent.

Doctor Faustus spares neither the sensibilities nor the intellects of its readers. In it one finds all of Mann's earlier "counterpositions" — notably, life and death, disease and health, good and evil, art and society, culture and barbarism, form and chaos, longing and isolation, love and reason. One finds here, too, a network of closely spun ideas issuing from a familiarity with music, literature, and art, science, theology, and history. *Doctor Faustus* remains, however, a novel, and its central story is, very briefly, as follows.

Adrian Leverkühn, born in "Luther's Germany" in 1885, abandons the study of theology to take up a career as a composer. Proud and cold, selfish and arrogant, consumed by an intellect that dissolves his human sympathies and feelings in mocking and ironic laughter, he lacks the "God-given" creative spontaneity of natural genius. Infected, deliberately, with syphilis in his early twenties, he accepts a few years later a compact with the Devil, to whom he already belongs in spirit.

because of his overweening intellect, in body because of his unhealed venereal infection. The reward of this compact is twenty-four years of genius, under one stipulation: he may not love. Leverkühn's prime ambition is a "break-through" to an elemental form of musical expression that will dissolve the worn-out forms capable only of "self-parody." This he accomplishes by uniting "reason" and "magic" in a technique of composition that goes back to principles of mediæval and primitive art. In a long series of compositions, some of enormous dimension, Leverkühn mirrors the events and attitudes of his life and his epoch. Twice in the twenty-four years he approaches love; "Once, a woman, perhaps. A child, at the last, maybe." Upon the death of the child he composes his master-work and final "break-through," the gigantic cantata *The Lamentation of Doctor Faustus*, in which he "takes back" the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. He goes insane immediately thereafter, the twenty-four years of his pact being up, and dies ten years later, in 1940, a mindless man-child in the care of his aged mother.

To relate this story Mann employs a simple but highly flexible narrative device that permits him to place Leverkühn's life and work in a broader setting. The narrator of the entire novel is Serenus Zeitblom, a teacher of the classics who retired from his post in a German high school rather than accept Nazi doctrine. During the years of Germany's defeat and downfall (1933-1945) Zeitblom, who was not altogether unmoved by Germany's political and military victories, writes the "life" of his beloved friend, Adrian Leverkühn.

The narrative structure of *Doctor Faustus* is thus at all times an artistic statement of the cleavage in modern society. Mann is able by the very shape of his narrative to dramatize the conflict between the timid and inadequate humanism of Zeitblom and the diabolic dæmonism of Leverkühn. Mann also creates an artistic structure that permits him to abandon the pretense of being an "objective" novelist; his prophet's rage becomes an element which lies at the center of the work rather than something added to it from the outside.

Mann's choice of a musician for the hero of *Doctor Faustus* is suggested in a passage from an essay, "Germany and the Germans," written while he was at work on the novel:

It is a grave error on the part of legend and story not to connect Faust with music. . . . Music is a dæmonic realm. . . . If Faust is to be representative of the German soul, he would have to be musical, for the relation of the German to the world is abstract and mystical—that is, musical—the relation of a professor with a touch of dæmonism, awkward and at the same time filled with arrogant knowledge that he surpasses the world in “depth.”

It is not the dæmonic itself that Mann regards as evil (and certainly not all music), for as we know from the *Joseph* novels he accepts a distinction between divine and diabolic dæmonism. It is rather that, as in Leverkühn’s music, “Wherever arrogance of intellect mates with the spiritual obsolete and archaic, there is the Devil’s domain.” Mann also observes in his essay that “depth”—also defined as “inwardness” and “subjectivity”—is usually achieved at the expense of human relationships. Germany has paid dearly in the political sphere for its failure in relationships and its descent into the archaic. But in the end, “the German misfortune,” Mann stated, “is only the paradigm of the tragedy of human life.” One therefore should not press the political allegory of *Doctor Faustus* too far.

Mann the moralist shares Zeitblom’s horror of Leverkühn’s diabolic dæmonism. But as artist Mann responds to Leverkühn’s creative heroism and is moved by the war that rages in the composer’s suffering intellect. Both Mann and his intermediary narrator love Leverkühn as a man and for his fate, and both narrators, to continue the juxtaposition, cry out in anguish for a Germany led off by the Devil. There is the suggestion in the end that Leverkühn’s final “break-through” holds the faintest wisp of hope for a future humanity in which Mann, at least, has placed his faith and his “profoundest allegiance”; the “new and coming humanity” described in *What I Believe* as “the union of darkness and light, feeling and mind, the primitive and the civilized, wisdom and the happy heart.” Though Mann does not, in the text, call this novel the “Devil-story,” he might, perhaps, have done so, for in this sense it is the companion piece to the “God-story” of *Joseph and His Brothers*.

The Father

. . . such weirdnesses are exclusively Nature's own affair.

[In his first chapter Serenus Zeitblom suggests awkwardly but with touching sincerity his unfitness for the task to which he has set himself. He manages nevertheless, within a very few pages, to introduce the key theme, the conflict between the "sane, noble, harmonious, [and] humane" and the dæmonic irrational, and to suggest the major events and fundamental tone of his work.

The first direct narrative appears in Chapter III, the selection that follows. (None of the chapters has a title. The heading given to this and the following selection were used by Mann in publishing sections of *Doctor Faustus* in a German periodical; the others are my own.) This chapter reveals one of the key symbols of the novel, the butterfly called *Hetera esmeralda*. The chapter is also an important revelation of Mann's linkage of modern experimental science and black magic, and a preparation for one of Leverkühn's larger compositions, *The Marvels of the Universe*.]

THE LEVERKÜHNS came of a stock of superior hand-workers and small farmers which flourished partly in the Schmalkalden region and partly in the province of Saxony, along the Saale. Adrian's own family had been settled for several generations at Buchel, a farm belonging to the village community of Oberweiler, near Weissenfels, whence one was fetched by wagon after a three-quarters-hour journey by train from Kaisersaschern. Buchel was a property of a size corresponding to the ownership of a team and cattle; it was a good fifty acres of meadow and ploughed land, with communal rights to the adjoining mixed woodland and a very comfortable wood and frame dwelling-house on a stone foundation. With the lofts and stalls it formed an open square in the centre of which stood a never-to-be-forgotten ancient linden tree of a mighty growth. It had a circular green bench round it and in June it was covered with gloriously fragrant blossoms. The beautiful tree may have been a little in the way of the traffic in the courtyard: I

have heard that each heir in turn in his young years, on practical grounds, always maintained against his father's veto that it ought to be cut down; only one day, having succeeded to the property, to protect it in the same way from his own son.

Very often must the linden tree have shaded the infant slumbers and childhood play of little Adrian, who was born, in the blossom-time of 1885, in the upper storey of the Buchel house, the second son of the Leverkühn pair, Jonathan and Elsbeth. His brother, George, now long since the master of Buchel, was five years his senior. A sister, Ursel, followed after an equal interval. My parents belonged to the circle of friends and acquaintances of the Leverkühns in Kaisersaschern and the two families had long been on particularly cordial terms. Thus we spent many a Sunday afternoon in the good time of year at the farm, where the town-dwellers gratefully partook of the good cheer of the countryside with which Frau Leverkühn regaled them: the grainy dark bread with fresh butter, the golden honey in the comb, the delicious strawberries in cream, the curds in blue bowls sprinkled with black bread-crumbs and sugar. In Adrian's early childhood — he was called Adri then — his grandparents sat with us still, though now retired, the business entirely in the hands of the younger generation. The old man, while most respectfully listened to, took part only at the evening meal and argued with his toothless mouth. Of these earlier owners, who died at about this time, I have little memory. So much the more clearly stands before my eyes the picture of their children Jonathan and Elsbeth Leverkühn, although it too has seen its changes and in the course of my boyhood, my schoolboy, and my student years glided over, with that imperceptible effectiveness time knows so well, from the youthful phase into one marked by the passiveness of age.

Jonathan Leverkühn was a man of the best German type, such as one seldom sees now in our towns and cities, certainly not among those who today, often with blatant exaggeration, represent our German manhood. He had a cast of features stamped as it were in an earlier age, stored up in the country and come down from the time before the Thirty Years' War. That idea came into my head when as a growing lad I looked at him with eyes already half-way trained for seeing. Unkempt ash-blond hair fell on a domed brow strongly marked

in two distinct parts, with prominent veins on the temples; hung unfashionably long and thick on his neck and round the small, well-shaped ears, to mingle with the curling blond beard that covered the chin and the hollow under the lip. This lower lip came out rather strong and full under the short, slightly drooping moustache, with a smile which made a most charming harmony with the blue eyes, a little severe, but a little smiling too, their gaze half absent and half shy. The bridge of the nose was thin and finely hooked, the unbearded part of the cheeks under the cheekbones shadowed and even rather gaunt. He wore his sinewy throat uncovered and had no love for "city clothes," which did not suit his looks, particularly not his hands, those powerful, browned and parched, rather freckled hands, one of which grasped the crook of his stick when he went into the village to town meeting.

A physician might have ascribed the veiled effort in his gaze, a certain sensitiveness at the temples, to migraine; and Jonathan did in fact suffer from headaches, though moderately, not oftener than once a month and almost without hindrance to his work. He loved his pipe, a half-length porcelain one with a lid, whose odour of pipe tobacco, peculiar to itself and far pleasanter than the stale smoke of cigar or cigarette, pervaded the atmosphere of the lower rooms. He loved too as a night-cap a good mug of Merseburg beer. On winter evenings, when the land of his fathers lay under snow, you saw him reading, preferably in a bulky family Bible, bound in pressed pigskin and closed with leather clasps; it had been printed about 1700 under the ducal licence in Brunswick, and included not only the "*Geist-reichen*" prefaces and marginal comments of Dr. Martin Luther but also all sorts of summaries, *locos parallellos*, and historical-moralizing verses by a Herr David von Schweinitz explaining each chapter. There was a legend about this volume; or rather the definite information about it was handed down, that it had been the property of that Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel who married the son of Peter the Great. Afterwards they gave out that she had died, and her funeral took place, but actually she escaped to Martinique and there married a Frenchman. How often did Adrian, with his keen sense of the ridiculous, laugh with me later over this tale,

which his father, lifting his head from his book, would relate with his mild, penetrating look and then, obviously unperturbed by the slightly scandalous provenance of the sacred text, return to the versified commentaries of Herr von Schweinitz or the "Wisdom of Solomon to the Tyrants."

But alongside the religious cast his reading took another direction, which in certain times would have been characterized as wanting to "speculate the elements." In other words, to a limited extent and with limited means, he carried on studies in natural science, biology, even perhaps in chemistry and physics, helped out occasionally by my father with material from our laboratory. But I have chosen that antiquated and not irreproachable description for such practices because a tinge of mysticism was perceptible in them, which would once have been suspect as a leaning to the black arts. But I will add, too, that I have never misunderstood this distrust felt by a religious and spiritual-minded epoch for the rising passion to investigate the mysteries of nature. Godly fear must see in it a libertine traffic with forbidden things, despite the obvious contradiction involved in regarding the Creation, God, Nature and Life as a morally depraved field. Nature itself is too full of obscure phenomena not altogether remote from magic — equivocal moods, weird, half-hidden associations pointing to the unknown — for a disciplined piety not to see therein a rash overstepping of ordained limits.

When Adrian's father opened certain books with illustrations in colour of exotic lepidoptera and sea creatures, we looked at them, his sons and I, Frau Leverkühn as well, over the back of his leather-cushioned chair with the ear-rests; and he pointed with his forefinger at the freaks and fascinations there displayed in all the colours of the spectrum, from dark to light, mustered and modelled with the highest technical skill: genus *Papilio* and genus *Morpho*, tropical insects which enjoyed a brief existence in fantastically exaggerated beauty, some of them regarded by the natives as evil spirits bringing malaria. The most splendid colour they displayed, a dreamlike lovely azure, was, so Jonathan instructed us, no true colour at all, but produced by fine little furrows and other surface configurations of the scales on their wings, a miniature construction resulting

from artificial refraction of the light rays and exclusion of most of them so that only the purest blue light reached the eyes.

"Just think," I can still hear Frau Leverkühn say, "so it is all a cheat?"

"Do you call the blue sky a cheat?" answered her husband looking up backwards at her. "You cannot tell me the pigment it comes from."

I seem as I write to be standing with Frau Elsbeth, George, and Adrian behind their father's chair, following his finger across the pictured pages. Clearwings were there depicted which had no scales on their wings, so that they seemed delicately glassy and only shot through with a net of dark veins. One such butterfly, in transparent nudity, loving the duskiness of heavy leafage, was called *Hetæra esmeralda*. Hetæra had on her wings only a dark spot of violet and rose; one could see nothing else of her, and when she flew she was like a petal blown by the wind. Then there was the leaf butterfly, whose wings on top are a triple chord of colour, while underneath with insane exactitude they resemble a leaf, not only in shape and veining but in the minute reproduction of small imperfections, imitation drops of water, little warts and fungus growths and more of the like. When this clever creature alights among the leaves and folds its wings, it disappears by adaptation so entirely that the hungriest enemy cannot make it out.

Not without success did Jonathan seek to communicate to us his delight in this protective imitation that went so far as to copy blemishes. "How has the creature done it?" he would ask. "How does Nature do it through the creature? For one cannot ascribe the trick to its own observation and calculation. Yes, yes, Nature knows her leaf precisely: knows not only its perfection but also its small usual blunders and blemishes; mischievously or benevolently she repeats its outward appearance in another sphere, on the under side of this her butterfly, to baffle others of her creatures. But why is it just this one that profits by the cunning? And if it is actually on purpose that when resting it looks just like a leaf, what is the advantage, looked at from the point of view of its hungry pursuers, the lizards, birds, and spiders, for which surely it is meant for food? Yet when it so wills, however keen their sight they cannot

make it out. I am asking that in order that you may not ask me."

This butterfly, then, protected itself by becoming invisible. But one only needed to look further on in the book to find others which attained the same end by being strikingly, far-reachingly visible. Not only were they exceptionally large but also coloured and patterned with unusual gorgeousness; and Father Leverkühn told us that in this apparently challenging garb they flew about in perfect security. You could not call them cheeky, there was something almost pathetic about them; for they never hid, yet never an animal — not ape or bird or lizard — turned its head to look at them. Why? Because they were revolting. And because they advertised the fact by their striking beauty and the sluggishness of their flight. Their secretions were so foul to taste and smell that if ever any creature mistakenly thought one of them would do him good he soon spat it out with every sign of disgust. But all nature knows they are inedible, so they are safe — tragically safe. We at least, behind Jonathan's chair, asked ourselves whether this security had not something disgraceful about it, rather than being a cause for rejoicing. And what was the consequence? That other kinds of butterfly tricked themselves out in the same forbidding splendour and flew with the same heavy flight, un-touchable although perfectly edible.

I was infected by Adrian's mirth over this information; he laughed till he shook his sides, and tears squeezed out of his eyes, and I had to laugh too, right heartily. But Father Leverkühn hushed us; he wished all these matters to be regarded with reverence, the same awe and sense of mystery with which he looked at the unreadable writing on the shells of certain mussels, taking his great square reading-glass to help him and letting us try too. Certainly the look of these creatures, the sea-snails and salt-water mussels, was equally remarkable, at least when one looked at their pictures under Jonathan's guidance. All these windings and vaultings, executed in splendid perfection, with a sense of form as bold as it was delicate, these rosy openings, these iridescent faience splendours — all these were the work of their own jellylike proprietors. At least on the theory that Nature makes itself, and leaving the Creator out. The conception of Him as an inspired craftsman and ambitious

artist of the original pottery works is so fantastic that the temptation lies close to hand — nowhere closer — to introduce an intermediate deity, the Demiurge. Well, as I was saying, the fact that these priceless habitations were the work of the very mollusc which they sheltered was the most astonishing thing about them.

“As you grew,” said Jonathan to us, “and you can easily prove it by feeling your elbows and ribs, you formed in your insides a solid structure, a skeleton which gives your flesh and muscles stability, and which you carry round inside you — unless it be more correct to say it carries you around. Here it is just the other way: these creatures have put their solid structure outside, not as framework but as house, and that it is an outside and not an inside must be the very reason for its beauty.”

We boys, Adrian and I, looked at each other, half-smiling, half taken aback at such remarks from his father as this about the vanity of appearances.

Sometimes it was even malignant, this outward beauty: certain conical snails, charmingly asymmetric specimens bathed in a veined pale rose or white-spotted honey brown, had a notoriously poisonous sting. Altogether, according to the master of Buchel, a certain ill fame, a fantastic ambiguity, attached to this whole extraordinary field. A strange ambivalence of opinion had always betrayed itself in the very various uses to which the finest specimens were put. In the Middle Ages they had belonged to the standing inventory of the witches' kitchen and alchemist's vault: they were considered the proper vessels for poisons and love potions. On the other hand, and at the same time, they had served as shrines and reliquaries and even for the Eucharist. What a confrontation was there! — poison and beauty, poison and magic, even magic and ritual. If we did not think of all that ourselves, yet Jonathan's comments gave us a vague sense of it.

As for the hieroglyphs which so puzzled him, these were on a middle-sized shell, a mussel from New Caledonia: slightly reddish-brown characters on a white ground. They looked as though they were made with a brush, and round the rim became purely ornamental strokes; but on the larger part of the curved surface their careful complexity had the most distinct

look of explanatory remarks. In my recollection they showed strong resemblance to ancient Oriental writings, for instance the old Aramaic *ductus*. My father had actually brought archæological works from the not ill-provided town library of Kaisersaschern to give his friend the opportunity for comparison and study. There had been, of course, no result, or only such confusion and absurdity as came to nothing. With a certain melancholy Jonathan admitted it when he showed us the riddling reproduction. "It has turned out to be impossible," he said, "to get at the meaning of these marks. Unfortunately, my dears, such is the case. They refuse themselves to our understanding, and will, painfully enough, continue to do so. But when I say refuse, that is merely the negative of reveal — and that Nature painted these ciphers, to which we lack the key, merely for ornament on the shell of her creature, nobody can persuade me. Ornament and meaning always run alongside each other; the old writings too served for both ornament and communication. Nobody can tell me that there is nothing communicated here. That it is an inaccessible communication, to plunge into this contradiction, is also a pleasure."

Did he think, if it were really a case of secret writing, that Nature must command a language born and organized out of her own self? For what man-invented one should she choose, to express herself in? But even as a boy I clearly understood that Nature, outside of the human race, is fundamentally illiterate — that in my eyes is precisely what makes her uncanny.

Yes, Father Leverkühn was a dreamer and speculator, and I have already said that his taste for research — if one can speak of research instead of mere dreamy contemplation — always leaned in a certain direction — namely, the mystical or an intuitive half-mystical, into which, as it seems to me, human thinking in pursuit of Nature is almost of necessity led. But the enterprise of experimenting on Nature, of teasing her into manifestations, "tempting" her, in the sense of laying bare her workings by experiment; that all this had quite close relations with witchcraft, yes, belonged in that realm and was itself a work of the "Tempter," such was the conviction of earlier epochs. It was a decent conviction, if you were to ask me. I should like to know with what eyes one would have looked on the man from Wittenberg who, as we heard from Jonathan,

a hundred and some years before had invented the experiment of visible music, which we were sometimes permitted to see. To the small amount of physical apparatus which Adrian's father had at his command belonged a round glass plate, resting only on a peg in the centre and revolving freely. On this glass plate the miracle took place. It was strewn with fine sand, and Jonathan, by means of an old cello bow which he drew up and down the edge from top to bottom made it vibrate, and according to its motion the excited sand grouped and arranged itself in astonishingly precise and varied figures and arabesques. This visible acoustic, wherein the simple and the mysterious, law and miracle, so charmingly mingled, pleased us lads exceedingly; we often asked to see it, and not least to give the experimenter pleasure.

A similar pleasure he found in ice crystals; and on winter days when the little peasant windows of the farmhouse were frosted, he would be absorbed in their structure for half an hour, looking at them both with the naked eye and with his magnifying glass. I should like to say that all that would have been good and belonging to the regular order of things if only the phenomena had kept to a symmetrical pattern, as they ought, strictly regular and mathematical. But that they did not. Impudently, deceptively, they imitated the vegetable kingdom: most prettily of all, fern fronds, grasses, the calyxes and corollas of flowers. To the utmost of their icy ability they dabbled in the organic; and that Jonathan could never get over, nor cease his more or less disapproving but also admiring shakes of the head. Did, he inquired, these phantasmagorias prefigure the forms of the vegetable world, or did they imitate them? Neither one nor the other, he answered himself; they were parallel phenomena. Creatively dreaming Nature dreamed here and there the same dream: if there could be a thought of imitation, then surely it was reciprocal. Should one put down the actual children of the field as the pattern because they possessed organic actuality, while the snow crystals were mere show? But their appearance was the result of no smaller complexity of the action of matter than was that of the plants. If I understood my host aright, then what occupied him was the essential unity of animate and so-called inanimate nature, it was the thought that we sin against the latter when we draw too hard and fast

a line between the two fields, since in reality it is pervious and there is no elementary capacity which is reserved entirely to the living creature and which the biologist could not also study on an inanimate subject.

We learned how bewilderingly the two kingdoms mimic each other, when Father Leverkühn showed us the "devouring drop," more than once giving it its meal before our eyes. A drop of any kind, paraffin, volatile oil — I no longer feel sure what it was, it may have been chloroform — a drop, I say, is not animal, not even of the most primitive type, not even an amoeba; one does not suppose that it feels appetite, seizes nourishment, keeps what suits it, rejects what does not. But just this was what our drop did. It hung by itself in a glass of water, wherein Jonathan had submerged it, probably with a dropper. What he did was as follows: he took a tiny glass stick, just a glass thread, which he had coated with shellac, between the prongs of a little pair of pincers and brought it close to the drop. That was all he did; the rest the drop did itself. It threw up on its surface a little protuberance, something like a mount of conception, through which it took the stick into itself, lengthwise. At the same time it got longer, became pear-shaped in order to get its prey all in, so that it should not stick out beyond, and began, I give you my word for it, gradually growing round again, first by taking on an egg-shape, to eat off the shellac and distribute it in its body. This done, and returned to its round shape, it moved the stick, licked clean, crosswise to its own surface and ejected it into the water.

I cannot say that I enjoyed seeing this, but I confess that I was fascinated, and Adrian probably was too, though he was always sorely tempted to laugh at such displays and suppressed his laughter only out of respect for his father's gravity. The devouring drop might conceivably strike one as funny. But no one, certainly not myself, could have laughed at certain other phenomena, "natural," yet incredible and uncanny, displayed by Father Leverkühn. He had succeeded in making a most singular culture; I shall never forget the sight. The vessel of crystallization was three-quarters full of slightly muddy water — that is, dilute water-glass — and from the sandy bottom there strove upwards a grotesque little landscape of variously coloured growths: a confused vegetation of blue, green, and

brown shoots which reminded one of algæ, mushrooms, attached polyps, also moss, then mussels, fruit pods, little trees or twigs from trees, here and there of limbs. It was the most remarkable sight I ever saw, and remarkable not so much for its appearance, strange and amazing though that was, as on account of its profoundly melancholy nature. For when Father Leverkühn asked us what we thought of it and we timidly answered him that they might be plants: "No," he replied, "they are not, they only act that way. But do not think the less of them. Precisely because they do, because they try to as hard as they can, they are worthy of all respect."

It turned out that these growths were entirely unorganic in their origin; they existed by virtue of chemicals from the apothecary's shop, the "Blessed Messengers." Before pouring the water-glass, Jonathan had sprinkled the sand at the bottom with various crystals; if I mistake not potassium chromate and sulphate of copper. From this sowing, as the result of a physical process called "osmotic pressure," there sprang the pathetic crop for which their producer at once and urgently claimed our sympathy. He showed us that these pathetic imitations of life were light-seeking, heliotropic, as science calls it. He exposed the aquarium to the sunlight, shading three sides against it, and behold, toward that one pane through which the light fell, thither straightway slanted the whole equivocal kith and kin: mushrooms, phallic polyp-stalks, little trees, algæ, half-formed limbs. Indeed, they so yearned after warmth and joy that they actually clung to the pane and stuck fast there.

"And even so they are dead," said Jonathan, and tears came in his eyes, while Adrian, as of course I saw, was shaken with suppressed laughter.

For my part, I must leave it to the reader's judgment whether that sort of thing is matter for laughter or tears. But one thing I will say: such weirdnesses are exclusively Nature's own affair, and particularly of nature arrogantly tempted by man. In the highminded realms of the *'humaniora'* one is safe from such impish phenomena.

Opus III

. . . therein the merely personal — which had after all been the surmounting of a tradition already brought to its peak — once more outgrew itself, in that it entered into the mythical, the collectively great and supernatural.

[Chapter VIII of *Doctor Faustus*, a portion of which follows, is in a variety of ways one of the key chapters of the novel. Mann's interpretation of Beethoven's last pianoforte sonata suggests not only many of the themes and relationships of ideas that are woven into the pattern of the novel, but something of the pattern itself. This portion of the chapter also provides one of the most important self-commentaries Mann has placed within any of his works. The reader can hardly fail to note Mann's implications that his own late work stands in relation to his preceding work much as Beethoven's last pianoforte sonata stood to his earlier ones. I would imagine, also, that with forethought Mann has made his first analysis of a musical composition in *Doctor Faustus* the analysis of an actual work. By so doing he lends authority to the analyses, which occupy many pages, of the imaginary works composed by Adrian Leverkühn.]

In the chapters between this and the preceding selection, Zeitblom describes those physical and spiritual atmospheres of the Gothic Middle Ages which persist in his native central German town, Kaisersaschern, where Adrian now lives while going to high school. In bringing Leverkühn from his country home to the home of an uncle in order that he may continue his education, Mann closely follows the original Faust narrative. Leverkühn's uncle, however, is a dealer in musical instruments.

The Middle Ages and music are, then, already at work upon Leverkühn, as he encounters for the first time the person who is to be most important in the formation of his musical career — Wendell Kretschmar.]

WENDELL KRETSCHMAR, at that time still young, at most in the second half of his twenties, was born in the state of Pennsylvania of German-American parentage. He had got his musical education in his country of origin; but he was early drawn back to the old world whence his grandparents had once migrated, and where his own roots lay and those of his art. In the course of his wanderings, the stages and sojourns of which seldom lasted more than a year or so, he had become our organist in Kaisersaschern. It was only an episode, preceded by others (he had worked as conductor in small state theaters in the Reich and Switzerland) and followed certainly by others still. He had even appeared as composer and produced an opera, *The Statue*, which was well received and played on many stages.

Unpretentious in appearance, a short, thickset, bullet-headed man with a little clipped moustache and brown eyes prone to laughter, with now a musing and now a pouncing look, he might have meant a real boon to the cultural life of Kaisersaschern if there had been any such life to begin with. His organ-playing was expert and excellent, but you could count on the fingers of one hand the number of those in the community able to appreciate it. Even so, a considerable number of people were attracted by his free afternoon concerts, in which he regaled us with organ music by Michael Pretorius, Froberger, Buxtehude, and of course Sebastian¹ Bach, also all sorts of curious genre compositions from the time between Handel's and Haydn's highest periods. Adrian and I attended the concerts regularly. A complete failure, on the other hand, at least to all appearance, were the lectures which he held indefatigably throughout a whole season in the hall of the Society of Activities for the Common Weal, accompanied by illustrations on the piano and demonstrations on a blackboard. They were a failure in the first place because our population had on principle no use for lectures; and secondly because his themes were not popular but rather capricious and out of the ordinary; and in the third place because his stutter made listening to them a nerve-racking occupation, sometimes bringing your heart into your mouth, sometimes tempting you to laughter, and alto-

gether calculated to distract your attention from the intellectual treat in anxious expectation of the next convulsion.

His stutter was of a particularly typical and developed kind — tragic, because he was a man gifted with great and urgent riches of thought, passionately addicted to giving out information. And his little bark would move upon the waters by stretches swift and dancing, with a suspicious ease that might make one forget and scout his affliction. But inevitably, from time to time, while constantly and only too justifiably awaited, came the moment of disaster; and there he stood with red, swollen face on the rack; whether stuck on a sibilant, which he weathered with wide-stretched mouth, making the noise of an engine giving off steam; or wrestling with a labial, his cheeks puffed out, his lips launched into a crackling quick-fire of short, soundless explosions; or finally, when with his breathing in helpless disorder, his mouth like a funnel, he would gasp for breath like a fish out of water; laughing with tears in his eyes, for it is a fact that he himself seemed to treat the thing as a joke. Not everybody could take that consoling view; the public was really not to be blamed if it avoided the lectures with that degree of unanimity that in fact several times not more than half a dozen hearers occupied the seats: my parents, Adrian's uncle, young Cimabue, the two of us, and a few pupils from the girls' high school, who did not fail to giggle when the speaker stuttered.

Kretschmar would have been ready to defray out of his own pocket such expenses for hall and lighting as were not covered by the ticket money. But my father and Nikolaus Leverkühn had arranged in committee to have the society make up the deficit, or rather relinquish the charge for the hall, on the plea that the lectures were important for culture and served the common good. That was a friendly gesture; the effect on the common weal was doubtful, since the community did not attend them, in part, as I said, because of the all too specialized character of the subjects treated. Wendell Kretschmar honoured the principle, which we repeatedly heard from his lips, first formed by the English tongue, that to arouse interest was not a question of the interest of others, but of our own; it could only be done, but then infallibly was, if one was funda-

mentally interested in a thing oneself, so that when one talked about it one could hardly help drawing others in, infecting them with it, and so creating an interest up to then not present or dreamed of. And that was worth a great deal more than catering to one already existent.

It was a pity that our public gave him almost no opportunity to prove his theory. With us few, sitting at his feet in the yawning emptiness of the old hall with the numbered chairs, he proved it conclusively, for he held us charmed by things of which we should never have thought they could so capture our attention; even his frightful impediment did in the end only affect us as a stimulating and compelling expression of the zeal he felt. Often did we all nod at him consolingly when the calamity came to pass, and one or the other of the gentlemen would utter a soothing "There, there!" or "It's all right," or "Never mind!" Then the spasm would relax in a merry, apologetic smile and things would run on again in almost uncanny fluency, for a while.

What did he talk about? Well, the man was capable of spending a whole hour on the question: Why did Beethoven not write a third movement to the Piano Sonata Opus 111? It is without doubt a matter worth discussing. But think of it in the light of the posters outside the hall of Activities for the Common Weal, or inserted in the *Kaisersaschen Railway Journal*, and ask yourself the amount of public interest it could arouse. People positively did not want to know why Op. 111 has only two movements. We who were present at the explanation had indeed an uncommonly enriching evening, and this although the sonata under discussion was to that date entirely unknown to us. Still it was precisely through these lectures that we got to know it, and as a matter of fact very much in detail; for Kretschmar played it to us on the inferior cottage piano that was all he could command, a grand piano not being granted him. He played it capitably despite the rumbling noise the instrument made; analysing its intellectual content with great impressiveness as he went, describing the circumstances under which it—and two others—were written and expatiating with caustic wit upon the master's own explanation of the reason why he had not done a third movement corresponding to the first. Beethoven, it seems, had calmly answered this ques-

tion, put by his famulus, by saying that he had not had time and therefore had somewhat extended the second movement. No time! And he had said it "calmly," to boot. The contempt for the questioner which lay in such an answer had obviously not been noticed, but it was justified contempt. And now the speaker described Beethoven's condition in the year 1820, when his hearing, attacked by a resistless ailment, was in progressive decay, and it had already become clear that he could no longer conduct his own works. Kretschmar told us about the rumours that the famous author was quite written out, his productive powers exhausted, himself incapable of larger enterprises, and busying himself like the old Haydn with writing down Scottish songs. Such reports had continually gained ground, because for several years no work of importance bearing his name had come on the market. But in the late autumn, returning to Vienna from Mödling, where he had spent the summer, the master had sat down and written these three compositions for the piano without, so to speak, once looking up from the notes, all in one burst, and gave notice of them to his patron, the Count of Brunswick, to reassure him as to his mental condition. And then Kretschmar talked about the Sonata in C minor, which indeed it was not easy to see as a well-rounded and intellectually digested work, and which had given his contemporary critics, and his friends as well, a hard æsthetic nut to crack. These friends and admirers, Kretschmar said, simply could not follow the man they revered beyond the height to which at the time of his maturity he had brought the symphony, the piano sonata, and the classical string quartet. In the works of the last period they stood with heavy hearts before a process of dissolution or alienation, of a mounting into an air no longer familiar or safe to meddle with; even before a *plus ultra*, wherein they had been able to see nothing else than a degeneration of tendencies previously present, an excess of introspection and speculation, an extravagance of minutiae and scientific musicality—applied sometimes to such simple material as the arietta theme of the monstrous movement of variations which forms the second part of this sonata. The theme of this movement goes through a hundred vicissitudes, a hundred worlds of rhythmic contrasts, at length outgrows itself, and is finally lost in giddy heights that one might call other-worldly

or abstract. And in just that very way Beethoven's art had overgrown itself, risen out of the habitable regions of tradition, even before the startled gaze of human eyes, into spheres of the entirely and utterly and nothing-but personal—an ego painfully isolated in the absolute, isolated too from sense by the loss of his hearing; lonely prince of a realm of spirits, from whom now only a chilling breath issued to terrify his most willing contemporaries, standing as they did aghast at these communications of which only at moments, only by exception, they could understand anything at all.

So far, so good, said Kretschmar. And yet again, good or right only conditionally and incompletely. For one would usually connect with the conception of the merely personal, ideas of limitless subjectivity and of radical harmonic will to expression, in contrast to polyphonic objectivity (Kretschmar was concerned to have us impress upon our minds this distinction between harmonic subjectivity and polyphonic objectivity) and this equation, this contrast, here as altogether in the masterly late works, would simply not apply. As a matter of fact, Beethoven had been far more "subjective," not to say far more "personal," in his middle period than in his last, had been far more bent on taking all the flourishes, formulas, and conventions, of which music is certainly full, and consuming them in the personal expression, melting them into the subjective dynamic. The relation of the later Beethoven to the conventional, say in the last five piano sonatas, is, despite all the uniqueness and even uncanniness of the formal language, quite different, much more complaisant and easy-going. Untouched, untransformed by the subjective, convention often appeared in the late works, in a baldness, one might say exhaustiveness, an abandonment of self, with an effect more majestic and awful than any reckless plunge into the personal. In these forms, said the speaker, the subjective and the conventional assumed a new relationship, conditioned by death.

At this word Kretschmar stuttered violently; sticking fast at the first sound and executing a sort of machine-gun fire with his tongue on the roof of his mouth, with jaw and chin both quivering, before they settled on the vowel which told us what he meant. But when we had guessed it, it seemed hardly proper to take it out of his mouth and shout it to him, as we

sometimes did, in jovial helpfulness. He had to say it himself and he did. Where greatness and death come together, he declared, there arises an objectivity tending to the conventional, which in its majesty leaves the most domineering subjectivity far behind, because therein the merely personal — which had after all been the surmounting of a tradition already brought to its peak — once more outgrew itself, in that it entered into the mythical, the collectively great and supernatural.

He did not ask if we understood that, nor did we ask ourselves. When he gave it as his view that the main point was to hear it, we fully agreed. It was in the light of what he had said, he went on, that the work he was speaking of in particular, Sonata Op. III, was to be regarded. And then he sat down at the cottage piano and played us the whole composition out of his head, the first and the incredible second movement, shouting his comments into the midst of his playing and in order to make us conscious of the treatment demonstrating here and there in his enthusiasm by singing as well; altogether it made a spectacle partly entrancing, partly funny; and repeatedly greeted with merriment by his little audience. For as he had a very powerful attack and exaggerated the *forte*, he had to shriek extra loud to make what he said halfway intelligible and to sing with all the strength of his lungs to emphasize vocally what he played. With his lips he imitated what the hands played. "Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tr-r!" he went, as he played the grim and startling first notes of the first movement; he sang in a high falsetto the passages of melodic loveliness by which the ravaged and tempestuous skies of the composition are at intervals brightened as though by faint glimpses of light. At last he laid his hands in his lap, was quiet a moment, and then said: "Here it comes!" and began the variations movement, the "*adagio molto semplice e cantabile*."

The arietta theme, destined to vicissitudes for which in its idyllic innocence it would seem not to be born, is presented at once, and announced in sixteen bars, reducible to a motif which appears at the end of its first half, like a brief soul-cry — only three notes, a quaver, a semiquaver, and a dotted crotchet to be scanned as, say: "heav-en's blue, lov-ers' pain, fare-thee well, on a-time, mead-ow-land" — and that is all. What now happens to this mild utterance, rhythmically, harmonically, con-

trapuntally, to this pensive, subdued formulation, with what its master blesses and to what condemns it, into what black nights and dazzling flashes, crystal spheres wherein coldness and heat, repose and ecstasy are one and the same, he flings it down and lifts it up, all that one may well call vast, strange, extravagantly magnificent, without thereby giving it a name, because it is quite truly nameless; and with labouring hands Kretschmar played us all those enormous transformations, singing at the same time with the greatest violence: "Dim-dada!" and mingling his singing with shouts. "These chains of trills!" he yelled. "These flourishes and cadenzas! Do you hear the conventions that are left in? Here — the language — is no longer — purified of the flourishes — but the flourishes — of the appearance — of their subjective — domination — the appearance — of art is thrown off — at last — art always throws off the appearance of art. Dim-dada! Do listen, how here — the melody is dragged down by the centrifugal weight of chords! It becomes static, monotonous — twice D, three times D, one after the other — the chords do it — dim-dada! Now notice what happens here —"

It was extraordinarily difficult to listen to his shouts and to the highly complicated music both at once. We all tried. We strained, leaning forward, hands between knees, looking by turn at his hands and his mouth. The characteristic of the movement of course is the wide gap between bass and treble, between the right and the left hand, and a moment comes, an utterly extreme situation, when the poor little motif seems to hover alone and forsaken above a giddy yawning abyss — a procedure of awe-inspiring unearthliness, to which then succeeds a distressful making-of-itself-small, a start of fear as it were, that such a thing could happen. Much else happens before the end. But when it ends and while it ends, something comes, after so much rage, persistence, obstinacy, extravagance: something entirely unexpected and touching in its mildness and goodness. With the motif passed through many vicissitudes, which takes leave and so doing becomes itself entirely leave-taking, a parting wave and call, with this D G G occurs a slight change, it experiences a small melodic expansion. After an introductory C, it puts a C sharp before the D, so that it no longer scans "heav-en's blue." "mead-owland," but "O-thou

heaven's blue," "Green-est meadowland," "Fare-thee well for aye," and this added C sharp is the most moving, consolatory, pathetically reconciling thing in the world. It is like having one's hair or cheek stroked, lovingly, understandingly, like a deep and silent farewell look. It blesses the object, the frightfully harried formulation, with overpowering humanity, lies in parting so gently on the hearer's heart in eternal farewell that the eyes run over. "Now for-get the pain," it says. "Great was — God in us." "'Twas all — but a dream," "Friendly — be to me." Then it breaks off. Quick, hard triplets hasten to a conclusion with which any other piece might have ended.

Kretschmar did not return from the piano to his desk. He sat on his revolving stool with his face turned towards us, in the same position as ours, bent over, hands between his knees, and in a few words brought to an end his lecture on why Beethoven had not written a third movement to Op. III. We had only needed, he said, to hear the piece to answer the question ourselves. A third movement? A new approach? A return after this parting — impossible! It had happened that the sonata had come, in the second, enormous movement, to an end, an end without any return. And when he said "the sonata," he meant not only this one in C minor, but the sonata in general, as a species, as traditional art-form; it itself was here at an end, brought to its end, it had fulfilled its destiny, reached its goal, beyond which there was no going, it cancelled and resolved itself, it took leave — the gesture of farewell of the D G G motif, consoled by the C sharp, was a leave-taking in this sense too, great as the whole piece itself, the farewell of the sonata form.

With this Kretschmar went away, accompanied by thin but prolonged applause, and we went too, not a little reflective, weighed down by all these novelties. Most of us, as usual, as we put on our coats and hats and walked out, hummed bemusedly to ourselves the impression of the evening, the theme-generating motif of the second movement, in its original and its leave-taking form, and for a long time we heard it like an echo from the remoter streets into which the audience dispersed, the quiet night streets of the little town: "Fare — thee well," "fare thee well for aye," "Great was God in us."

Schleppfuss

. . . the dialectic association of evil
with goodness and holiness . . .

[After they have completed high school Leverkühn and Zeitblom are together for a time at the university in Halle, Zeitblom to study philology, Leverkühn theology. Zeitblom relates that his friend's choice of theology is the result of arrogance rather than piety, for at the time it is Leverkühn's view that "all the arts and sciences in humble and votive gesture paid their devotions to theology enthroned." It is also in the heart of the city, medieval like Kaisersaschern, that Leverkühn purchases an antique magic-number square, which he thereafter keeps on the wall over his piano. In order that he may follow his friend's development, Zeitblom accompanies Adrian to theological lectures. Kumpf, who is a "middle-of-the-road" theologian, enlivens his class by addressing the Devil in a variety of colorful epithets. During a dinner in his home attended by the two friends, the theologian cries out: "Look! There he stands in the corner, the mocking-bird, the malcontent, the sad, bad guest, and cannot stand it to see us merry in God with feasting and song," whereupon he hurls a dinner-roll into the dark corner of the dining-room. The archaic German that Kumpf often speaks is to be an important element in Leverkühn's later personal writings and conversation. But another theologian, the *mysteribus* Schleppfuss, whose very name ("Drag-foot") suggests the legendary Devil's limp, is the first direct evocation of the Devil in the story. It is to be noted, also, that Schleppfuss, who is the subject of the following selection, is in Halle only during the years that Adrian is there.]

I MUST devote a few words to another figure among our teachers; the equivocal nature of this man intrigued me, so that I remember him better than all the rest. He was Privatdocent Eberhard Schleppfuss, who for two semesters at this time lectured at Halle among the *venia legendi* and then disappeared from the scene, I know not whither. Schleppfuss was a creature of hardly average height, puny in figure, wrapped in a black cape or mantle instead of an overcoat, which closed at the throat with a little metal chain. With it he wore a sort of

soft hat with the brim turned up at the sides, rather like a Jesuit's. When we students greeted him on the street he would take it off with a very sweeping bow and say: "Your humble servant!" It seemed to me that he really did drag one foot, but people disputed it; I could not always be sure of it when I saw him walk, and would rather ascribe my impression to a subconscious association with his name. It was not in any case so far-fetched, considering the nature of his two-hour lectures. I do not remember precisely how they were listed. In matter certainly they were a little vague, they might have been called lectures on the psychology of religion—and very probably were. The material was "exclusive" in its nature, not important for examinations, and only a handful of intellectual and more or less revolutionary-minded students, ten or twelve, attended it. I wondered, indeed, that there were no more, for Schleppfuss's offering was interesting enough to arouse a more extended curiosity. But the occasion went to prove that even the piquant forfeits its popularity when accompanied by demands on the intellect.

I have already said that theology by its very nature tends and under given circumstances always will tend to become dæmonology. Schleppfuss was a good instance of the thing I mean, of a very advanced and intellectual kind, for his dæmonic conception of God and the universe was illuminated by psychology and thus made acceptable, yes, even attractive, to the modern scientific mind. His delivery contributed to the effect, for it was entirely calculated to impress the young. It was impromptu, well expressed, without effort or break, smooth as though prepared for the press, with faintly ironical turns of phrase; and he spoke not from the platform but somewhere at one side, half-sitting on the balustrade, the ends of his fingers interlaced in his lap, with the thumbs spread out, and his parted little beard moving up and down. Between it and the twisted moustaches one saw his pointed teeth like tiny splinters. Professor Kumpf's good out-and-out ways with the Devil were child's play compared to the psychological actuality with which Schleppfuss invested the Destroyer, that personified falling-away from God. For he received, if I may so express myself, dialectically speaking, the blasphemous and offensive into the divine and hell into the empyrean; declared the vicious to be a

necessary and inseparable concomitant of the holy, and the holy a constant satanic temptation, an almost irresistible challenge to violation.

He demonstrated this by instances from the Christian Middle Ages, the classical period of religious rule over the life and spirit of man, and in particular from its ultimate century; thus from a time of complete harmony between ecclesiastical judge and delinquent, between inquisitor and witch on the fact of the betrayal of God, of the alliance with the Devil, the frightful partnership with demons. The provocation to vice proceeding from the sacrosanct was the essential thing about it, it was the thing itself, betrayed for instance in the characterization by apostates of the Virgin as "the fat woman," or by extraordinarily vulgar interpolations, abominable filthinesses, which the Devil made them mutter to themselves at the celebration of the Mass. Dr. Schleppfuss, with his fingers interlaced, repeated them word for word; I refrain from doing so myself, on grounds of good taste, but am not reproaching him for paying scientific exactitude its due. It was odd, all the same, to see the students conscientiously writing that sort of thing down in their notebooks. According to Schleppfuss all this—evil, the Evil One himself—was a necessary emanation and inevitable accompaniment of the Holy Existence of God, so that vice did not consist in itself but got its satisfaction from the defilement of virtue, without which it would have been rootless; in other words, it consisted in the enjoyment of freedom, the possibility of sinning, which was inherent in the act of creation itself.

Herein was expressed a certain logical incompleteness of the All-powerfulness and All-goodness of God; for what He had not been able to do was to produce in the creature, in that which He had liberated out of Himself and which was now outside Him, the incapacity for sin. That would have meant denying to the created being the free will to turn away from God—which would have been an incomplete creation, yes, positively not a creation at all, but a surrender on the part of God. God's logical dilemma had consisted in this: that He had been incapable of giving the creature, the human being and the angel, both independent choice, in other words free will, and at the same time the gift of not being able to sin. Piety and virtue,

then, consisted in making a good use, that is to say no use at all, of the freedom which God had to grant the creature as such — and that, indeed, if you listened to Schleppfuss, was a little as though this non-use of freedom meant a certain existential weakening, a diminution of the intensity of being, in the creature outside of God.

Freedom. How extraordinary the word sounded, in Schleppfuss's mouth! Yes, certainly it had a religious emphasis, he spoke as a theologian, and he spoke by no means with contempt. On the contrary, he pointed out the high degree of significance which must be ascribed by God to this idea, when He had preferred to expose men and angels to sin rather than withhold freedom from them. Good, then freedom was the opposite of inborn sinlessness, freedom meant the choice of keeping faith with God, or having traffic with demons and being able to mutter beastlinesses at the Mass. That was a definition suggested by the psychology of religion. But freedom has before now played a role, perhaps of less intellectual significance and yet not lacking in seriousness, in the life of the peoples of the earth and in historical conflicts. It does so at this moment — as I write down this description of a life — in the war now raging, and as I in my retreat like to believe, not least in the souls and thoughts of our German people, upon whom, under the domination of the most audacious licence, is dawning perhaps for the first time in their lives a notion of the importance of freedom. Well, we had not got so far by then. The question of freedom was, or seemed, in our student days, not a burning one, and Dr. Schleppfuss might give to the word the meaning that suited the frame of his lecture and leave any other meanings on one side. If only I had had the impression that he did leave them on one side; that absorbed in his psychology of religion he was not mindful of them! But he was mindful of them; I could not shake off the conviction. And his theological definition of freedom was an apologia and a polemic against the "more modern," that is to say more insipid, more ordinary ideas, which his hearers might associate with them. See, he seemed to say, we have the word too, it is at our service, don't think that it only occurs in your dictionaries and that your idea of it is the only one dictated by reason. Freedom is a very great thing, the condition of creation, that which prevented

God making us proof against falling away from Him. Freedom is the freedom to sin, and piety consists in making no use of it out of love for God, who had to give it.

Thus he developed his theme: somewhat tendentiously, somewhat maliciously, if I do not deceive myself. In short, it irritated me. I don't like it when a person wants the whole show; takes the word out of his opponent's mouth, turns it round, and confuses ideas with it. That is done today with the utmost audacity; it is the main ground of my retirement. Certain people should not speak of freedom, reason, humanity; on grounds of scrupulosity, they should leave such words alone. But precisely about humanity did Schleppfuss speak, just that—of course in the sense of the "classic centuries of belief" on whose spiritual constitution he based his psychological discussion. Clearly it was important to him to make it understood that humanity was no invention of the free spirit, that not to it alone did this idea belong, for that it had always existed. For example, the activities of the Inquisition were animated by the most touching humanity. A woman, he related, had been taken, in that "classic" time, tried and reduced to ashes, who for full six years had had knowledge of an incubus, at the very side of her sleeping husband, three times a week, preferably on holy days. She had promised the Devil that after seven years she would belong to him body and soul. But she had been lucky: for just before the end of the term God in his loving-kindness made her fall into the hands of the Inquisition, and even under a slight degree of the question she had made a full and touchingly penitent confession, so that in all probability she obtained pardon from God. Willingly indeed did she go to her death, with the express declaration that even if she were freed she would prefer the stake, in order to escape from the power of the demon, so repugnant had her life become to her through her subjection to her filthy sin. But what beautiful unanimity of culture spoke in this harmonious accord between the judge and the delinquent and what warm humanity in the satisfaction at snatching through fire this soul from the Devil at the very last minute and securing for it the pardon of God!

Schleppfuss drew our attention to this picture, he summoned us to observe not only what else humanity could be but also what it actually was. It would have been to no purpose to bring

in another word from the vocabulary of the free-thinker and to speak of hopeless superstition. Schleppfuss knew how to use this word too, in the name of the "classic" centuries, to whom it was far from unknown. That woman with the incubus had surrendered to senseless superstition and to nothing else. For she had fallen away from God, fallen away from faith, and that was superstition. Superstition did not mean belief in demons and incubi, it meant having to do with them for harm, inviting the pestilence and expecting from them what is only to be expected from God. Superstition meant credulity, easy belief in the suggestions and instigations of the enemy of the human race; the conception covered all the chants, invocations, and conjuring formulæ, all the letting oneself in with the black arts, the vices and crimes, the *flagellum hæreticorum fascinari-orum*, the *illusiones dæmonum*. Thus might one define the word "superstition," thus it had been defined, and after all it was interesting to see how man can use words and what he can get out of them.

Of course the dialectic association of evil with goodness and holiness played an important role in the theodicy, the vindication of God in view of the existence of evil, which occupied much space in Schleppfuss's course. Evil contributed to the wholeness of the universe, without it the universe would not have been complete; therefore God permitted it, for He was consummate and must therefore will the consummate — not in the sense of the consummately good but in the sense of All-sidedness and reciprocal enlargement of life. Evil was far more evil if good existed; good was far more good if evil existed; yes, perhaps — one might disagree about this — evil would not be evil at all if not for the good, good not good at all if not for evil. St. Augustine, at least, had gone so far as to say that the function of the bad was to make the good stand out more strongly; that it pleased the more and was the more lovely, the more it was compared with the bad. At this point indeed Thomism had intervened, with a warning that it was dangerous to believe that God wanted evil to happen. God neither wanted that nor did He want evil not to happen; rather He permitted, without willing or not-willing, the rule of evil, and that was advantageous to the completeness of the whole. But it was aberration to assert that God permitted evil on account

of the good; for nothing was to be considered good except it corresponded to the idea "good" in itself, and not by accident. Anyhow, said Schleppfuss, the problem of the absolute good and beautiful came up here, the good and beautiful without reference to the evil and ugly — the problem of quality without comparison. Where comparison falls away, he said, the measure falls away too, and one cannot speak of heavy or light, of large or small. The good and beautiful would then be divested of all but being, unqualified, which would be very like not-being, and perhaps not preferable to it.

We wrote that down in our notebooks, that we might go home more or less cheered. The real vindication of God, in view of the pains of creation, so we added, to Schleppfuss's dictation, consisted in His power to bring good out of evil. This characteristic certainly demanded, to the glory of God, practical use, and it could not reveal itself if God had not made over the creature to sin. In that case the universe would be deprived of that good which God knew how to create out of sin, suffering, and vice, and the angels would have had less occasion for songs of praise. Now indeed arose, the other way round, as history continually teaches, out of good much evil, so that God, to prevent it, had also to prevent the good, and altogether might not let the world alone. Yet this would have contradicted His existence as creator; and therefore He had to create the world as it is — namely, saturated with evil — that is to say, to leave it open in part to dæmonic influences.

It never became quite clear whether these were actually Schleppfuss's own dogmas which he delivered to us, or whether he was simply concerned with familiarizing us with the psychology of the classic centuries of faith. Certainly he would not have been a theologian without showing himself sympathetic with such a psychology. But the reason I wondered why more young men were not attracted to his lectures was this: that whenever the subject was the power of demons over human life, sex always played a prominent role. How could it have been otherwise? The dæmonic character of this sphere was a chief appurtenance of the "classical psychology," for there it formed the favourite arena of the demons, the given point of attack for God's adversary, the enemy and corrupter. For God had conceded him greater magic power over the venereal act

than over any other human activity; not only on account of the outward indecency of the commission of this act, but above all because the depravity of the first father passed over as original sin to the whole human race. The act of procreation, characterized by æsthetic disgustingness, was the expression and the vehicle of original sin — what wonder that the Devil had been left an especially free hand in it? Not for nothing had the angel said to Tobias: "Over them who are given to lewdness the demon wins power." For the power of the demons lay in the loins of man, and these were meant, where the Evangelist said: "When a strong man armed watcheth his palace, his goods remain in peace." That was of course to be interpreted sexually; such a meaning was always to be deduced from enigmatic sayings, and keen-eared piety always heard it in them.

But it was astonishing how lax the angelic watch had always been in the case of God's saints, at least so far as "peace" came in question. The book of the Holy Fathers was full of accounts to the effect that even while defying all fleshly lust, they have been tempted by the lust after women, past the bounds of belief. "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me." That was an admission, made to the Corinthians, and though the writer possibly meant something else by it, the falling sickness or the like, in any case the godly interpreted it in their own way and were probably right after all, for their instinct very likely did not err when it darkly referred to the demon of sex in connection with the temptations that assailed the mind. The temptation that one withstood was indeed no sin; it was merely a proof of virtue. And yet the line between temptation and sin was hard to draw, for was not temptation already the raging of sin in the blood, and in the very state of fleshly desire did there not lie much concession to evil? Here again the dialectical unity of good and evil came out, for holiness was unthinkable without temptation, it measured itself against the frightfulness of the temptation, against a man's sin-potential.

But from whom came the temptation? Who was to be cursed on its account? It was easy to say that it came from the Devil. He was its source, but the curse had to do with its object. The object, the *instrumentum* of the Tempter, was woman. She was also, and by that token, indeed, the instrument of holiness,

since holiness did not exist without raging lust for sin. But the thanks she got had a bitter taste. Rather the remarkable and profoundly significant thing was that though the human being, both male and female, was endowed with sex, and although the localization of the dæmonic in the loins fitted the man better than the woman, yet the whole curse of fleshliness, of slavery to sex, was laid upon the woman. There was even a saying: "A beautiful woman is like a gold ring in the nose of the sow." How much of that sort of thing, in past ages, has not been said and felt most profoundly about woman! It had to do with the concupiscence of the flesh in general; but was equated with that of the female, so that the fleshliness of the man was put down to her account as well. Hence the words: "I found the woman bitterer than death, and even a good woman is subject to the covetousness of the flesh."

One might have asked: and the good man too? And the holy man quite especially so? Yes, but that was the influence of the woman, who represented the collective concupiscence of the world. Sex was her domain, and how should she not, who was called *femina*, which came half from *fidus* and half from *minus* — that is, of lesser faith — why should she not be on evil and familiar footing with the obscene spirits who populated this field, and quite particularly suspect of intercourse with them, of witchcraft? There was the instance of that married woman who next to her trusting, slumbering spouse had carried on with an incubus, and that for years on end. Of course there were not only incubi but also succubi, and in fact an abandoned youth of the classical period lived with an idol, whose diabolic jealousy he was in the end to experience. For after some years, and more on practical grounds than out of real inclination, he had married a respectable woman, but had been prevented from consummating his marriage because the idol had always come and lain down between them. Then the wife in justifiable wrath had left him, and for the rest of his life he had seen himself confined to the unaccommodating idol.

Even more telling, Schleppfuss thought, for the psychological situation, was the restriction imposed upon a youth of that same period: it had come upon him by no fault of his own, through female witchcraft, and tragic indeed had been the means of his release. As a comment upon the studies I pursued

in common with Adrian I will briefly recount the tale, on which Privat-docent Schleppfuss dwelt with considerable wit and relish.

At Merseburg near Constance, toward the end of the fifteenth century, there lived an honest young fellow, Heinz Klöpfgeissel by name and cooper by calling, quite sound and well-built. He loved and was loved by a maiden named Bärbel, only daughter of a widowed sexton, and wished to marry her, but the young couple's desire met with her father's opposition, for Klöpfgeissel was poor, and the sexton insisted on a considerable setting-up in life, and that he should be a master in his trade before he gave him his daughter. But the desires of the young people had proved stronger than their patience and the couple had prematurely become a pair. And every night, when the sexton went to ring the bell, Klöpfgeissel slipped in to his Bärbel and their embraces made each find the other the most glorious thing on earth.

Thus things stood when one day the cooper and some lively companions went to Constance to a church dedication and they had a good day and were a bit beyond themselves, so they decided to go to some women. It was not to Klöpfgeissel's mind, he did not want to go with them. But the others jeered at him for an old maid and egged him on with taunts against his honour and hints that all was not right with him; and as he could not stand that, and had drunk just as much beer as the others besides, he let himself be talked round, said: "Ho-ho, I know better than that," and went up with the others into the stews.

But now it came about that he suffered such frightful chagrin that he did not know what sort of face to put on. For against all expectation things went wrong with him with the slut, a Hungarian woman it was, he could give no account of himself at all, he was just not there, and his fury was unbounded, his fright as well. For the creature not only laughed at him, but shook her head and gave it as her view that there must be something wrong, it certainly had a bad smell, when a fine lusty chap like him all of a sudden was just not up to it, he must be possessed, somebody must have given him something — and so on. He paid her a goodly sum so that she would say nothing, and went home greatly cast down.

As soon as he could, though not without misgiving, he made a rendezvous with his Bärbel, and while the sexton was ringing his bell they had a perfect hour together. He found his manly honour restored and should have been well content. For aside from the one and only he cared for no one, and why should he care about himself save only for her? But he had been uneasy in his mind ever since that one failure; it gnawed at him, he felt he must make another test: just once and never again, play false to his dearest and best. So he sought secretly for a chance to test himself — himself and her too, for he could cherish no misgiving about himself that did not end in slight, even tender, yet anxious suspicion of her upon whom his soul hung.

Now, it so fell out that he had to tighten the hoops of two casks in the wine-cellar of the inn landlord, a sickly pot-belly, and the man's wife, a comely wench, still pretty fresh, went down with him to watch him work. She patted his arm, put hers beside it to compare, and so demeaned herself that it would have been impossible to repulse her, save that his flesh, in all the willingness of his spirit, was entirely unable, and he had to say he was not in the humour, and he was in a hurry, and her husband would be coming downstairs, and then to take to his heels, hearing her scornful laughter behind him and owing her a debt which no stout fellow should ever refuse to pay.

He was deeply injured and bewildered about himself, but about himself not only; for the suspicion that even after the first mishap had lodged in his mind now entirely filled him, and he had no more doubt that he was indeed "possessed." And so, because the healing of a poor soul and the honour of his flesh as well were at stake, he went to the priest and told him everything in his ear through the little grating: how he was bewitched, how he was unable, how he was prevented with everybody but one, and how about all that and had the Church any maternal advice to give against such injury.

Now, at that time and in that locality the pestilence of witchcraft, accompanied by much wantonness, sin, and vice instigated by the enemy of the human race, and abhorrent to the Divine Majesty, had been gravely widespread, and stern watchfulness had been made the duty of all shepherds of souls. The priests, all too familiar with this kind of mischief, and men

being tampered with in their best strength, went to the higher authorities with Klöpfgeissel's confession. The sexton's daughter was arrested and examined, and confessed, truly and sincerely, that in the anguish of her heart over the faithfulness of the young man, lest he be filched from her before he was hers before God and man, she had procured from an old bath-woman a specific, a salve, said to be made of the fat of an infant dead unbaptized, with which she had anointed her Heinz on the back while embracing him, tracing a certain figure thereon, only in order to bind him to herself. Next the bathing-woman was interrogated, who denied it stoutly. She had to be brought before the civil authorities for the application of methods of questioning which did not become the Church; and under some pressure the expected came to light. The old woman had in fact a compact with the Devil, who appeared to her in the guise of a monk with goat's feet and persuaded her to deny with frightful curses the Godhead and the Christian faith, in return for which he gave her directions for making not only that love unction but also other shameful panaceas, among them a fat, smeared with which a piece of wood would instantly rise with the sorcerer into the air. The ceremonies by which the Evil One had sealed his pact with the old crone came out bit by bit under repeated pressure, and were hair-raising.

Everything now depended upon the question: how far was the salvation of the deceived one involved by her receiving and using the unholy preparations? Unhappily for the sexton's daughter the old woman deposed that the Dragon had laid upon her to make many converts. For every human being she brought to him by betraying it to the use of his gifts, he would make her somewhat more secure against the everlasting flames; so that after assiduous marshalling of converts she would be armed with an asbestos buckler against the flames of hell.—This was Bärbel's undoing. The need to save her soul from eternal damnation, to tear her from the Devil's claws by yielding her body to the flames, was perfectly apparent. And since on account of the increasing ravages of corruption an example was bitterly needed, the two witches, the old one and the young, were burned at the stake, one beside the other on the open square. Heinz Klöpfgeissel, the bewitched one, stood in the throng of spectators with his head bared, murmuring prayers.

The shrieks of his beloved, choked by smoke and unrecognizable with hoarseness, seemed to him like the voice of the Demon, croaking as against his will he issued from her. From that hour the vile inhibition was lifted from him, for no sooner was his love reduced to ashes than he recovered the sinfully alienated free use of his manhood.

I have never forgotten this revolting tale, so characteristic of the tone of Schlepffuss's course, nor have I ever been able to be quite cool about it. Among us, between Adrian and me, as well as in discussions in Winfried it was much talked about; but neither in him, who was always taciturn about his teachers and what they said, nor in his theological fellow-students did I succeed in rousing the amount of indignation which would have satisfied my own anger at the anecdote, especially against Klöpfgeissel. Even today in my thoughts I address him breathing vengeance and call him a prize ass in every sense of the word. Why did the donkey have to tell? Why had he to test himself on other women when he had the one he loved, loved obviously so much that it made him cold and "impotent" with others? What does "impotent" mean in this connection, when with the one he loved he had all the potency of love? Love is certainly a kind of noble selectiveness of sexuality, and if it is natural that sexual activity should decline in the absence of love, yet it is nothing less than unnatural if it does so in the presence and face of love. In any case, Bärbel had fixed and "restricted" her Heinz — not by means of any devil's hocus-pocus but by the charm she had for him and the will by which she held him as by a spell against other temptations. That this protection in its strength and influence on the youth's nature was psychologically reinforced by the magic salve and the girl's belief in it, I am prepared to accept, though it does seem to me simpler and more correct to look at the matter from his side and to make the selective feeling given by his love responsible for the inhibition over which he was so stupidly upset. But this point of view too includes the recognition of a certain natural wonder-working of the spiritual, its power to affect and modify the organic and corporeal in a decisive way — and this so to speak magic side of the thing it was, of course, that Schlepffuss purposely emphasized in his comments on the Klöpfgeissel case.

He did it in a quasi-humanistic sense, in order to magnify the lofty idea which those supposedly sinister centuries had had of the choice constitution of the human body. They had considered it nobler than all other earthly combinations of matter, and in its power of variation through the spiritual had seen the expression of its aristocracy, its high rank in the hierarchy of bodies. It got cold or hot through fear or anger, thin with affliction; blossomed in joy; a mere feeling of disgust could produce a physiological reaction like that of bad food, the mere sight of a dish of strawberries could make the skin of an allergic person break out; yes, sickness and death could follow purely mental operations. But it was only a step—though a necessary one—from this insight into the power of the mind to alter its own and accompanying physical matter, to the conviction, supported by ample human experience, that mind, whether wilfully or not, was able, that is by magic, to alter another person's physical substance. In other words, the reality of magic, of dæmonic influence and bewitchment, was corroborated; and phenomena such as the evil eye, a complex of experience concentrated in the saga of the death-dealing eye of the basilisk, were rescued from the realm of so-called superstition. It would have been culpable inhumanity to deny that an impure soul could produce by a mere look, whether deliberate or not, physically harmful effects in others, for instance in little children, whose tender substance was especially susceptible to the poison of such an eye.

Thus Schleppfuss in his exclusive course—exclusive because it was both intellectual and questionable. Questionable: a capital word, I have always ascribed a high philological value to it. It challenges one both to go in to and to avoid; anyhow to a very cautious going-in; and it stands in the double light of the remarkable and the disreputable, either in a thing—or in a man.

In our bow to Schleppfuss when we met him in the street or in the corridors of the university we expressed all the respect with which the high intellectual plane of his lectures inspired us hour by hour; but he on his side took off his hat with a still deeper flourish than ours and said: "Your humble servant."

The Letter

. . . what is afoot betwixt me
and Satan . . .

[During his two years at Halle, Leverkühn remains in constant touch with Wendell Kretschmar, whose influence continues to grow. On a visit by Adrian, Kretschmar, and Zeitblom to the Leverkühn farm, Zeitblom observes the "peculiar tension" between Kretschmar and Adrian's mother. Kretschmar, of course, is urging Adrian to abandon theology for music.

. In 1905 Kretschmar leaves Kaisersaschern to accept a musical post in Leipzig. At the beginning of the winter semester Adrian follows him there and undergoes the experience related in the selection that follows. Aside from narrating a crucial event in Leverkühn's life, this chapter introduces an element of the work that must be noted here.

Mann has based Leverkühn's first visit and later return to a bordello upon a similar experience in the life of Nietzsche. The parallels between Leverkühn's and Nietzsche's venereal infection, which in both instances resulted in extraordinary creative activity and eventual insanity, are maintained throughout *Doctor Faustus*, particularly in the later chapters.]

IT SCARCELY needs saying that our good-bye was outwardly cool and reserved. There was hardly even a pressure of the hand, an exchange of looks. Too often in our young days we had parted and met again for us to have kept the habit of shaking hands. He left Halle a day earlier than I; we had spent the previous evening together at the theatre, without any of the Winfried group. He was leaving next morning, and we said good-bye on the street, as we had hundreds of times before. I could not help marking my farewell by calling him by name—his first name, as was natural to me, but he did not follow suit. "So long!" he said, that was all; he had the phrase from Kretschmar, and used it half-mockingly, as a quotation, having in general a definite liking to quote, to make word-plays on something or someone. He added some jest about the

soldier's life I was now to pursue, and we went our different ways.

He was right not to take the separation seriously. After at most a year, when my military service should be finished, we would come together, one place or another. Still, it was in a way a break, the end of one chapter, the beginning of another; and if he seemed not to be conscious of the fact, I was, with a certain pang, well aware of it. By going to him in Halle I had, so to speak, prolonged our school-days; we had lived there much as in Kaisersaschern. Even the time when I was a student and he still at school I cannot compare with the change now impending. Then I had left him behind in the familiar frame of the gymnasium and the paternal city and had continued to return thither. Only now, it seemed to me, did our lives become detached, only now were both of us beginning on our own two feet. Now there would be an end to what seemed to me so necessary, though so futile withal; I can but describe it in the words I used above: I should no longer know what he did or experienced, no more be able to be near him, to keep watch over him. I must leave his side just at the very moment when observation of his life, although it could certainly change nothing in it, seemed most highly desirable, I mean when he abandoned the scholarly career, "put the Bible under the bench," to use his own words, and flung himself into the arms of music.

It was a significant decision, one pregnant with fate. In a way it cancelled the more immediate past and linked up with moments of our common life lying far, far back, the memory of which I bore in my heart: the hour when I had found the lad experimenting with his uncle's harmonium, and still further back, our canon-singing with Hanne the stable-girl, under the linden tree. It made my heart lift up for joy, this decision of his — and at the same time contract with fear. I can only compare the feeling with the catch in the breath that a child feels in a swing as it flies aloft, the mingled exultation and terror. The rightness of the change, its inevitability, the correction of the false step, the misrepresentation theology had been: all that was clear to me, and I was proud that my friend no longer hesitated to acknowledge the truth. Persuasion, indeed, had been necessary to bring him to it; and extraordinary as were the results I expected from the change, and despite all

my joyful agitation, I took comfort from being able to tell myself that I had had no part in the persuasions — or at most had supported them by a certain fatalistic attitude, and a few words such as "I think you know, yourself."

Here I will follow on with a letter I had from him two months after I entered the service at Naumburg. I read it with feelings such as might move a mother at a communication of that kind from her son — only that of course one withholds that sort of thing from one's mother, out of propriety. I had written to him some three weeks before, ignorant of his address, in care of Herr Wendell Kretschmar at the Hase conservatoire; had described my new, raw state and begged him, if ever so briefly, to tell me how he lived and fared in the great city, and about the program of his studies. I preface his reply only by saying that its antiquated style was of course intended as a parody of grotesque Halle experiences and the language idiosyncrasies of Ehrenfried Kumpf. At the same time it both hides and reveals his own personality and stylistic leanings and his employment of the parodic, in a highly characteristic and indicative way.

He wrote:

*Leipzig, Friday after
Purificationis 1905
In the Peterstrasse, house the 27th*

Most honourable, most illustrious, learned, and well-beloved Magister and Ballisticus!

We thank you kindly for the courtesy of your communication and the highly diverting tidings touching your present arrangements, so full of discipline, dullness, and hardship as they be. Your tales of the whip-cracking and springing to order, the currycombing and spit-and-polish, have made us heartily to laugh: above all that one of the under-officer which even as he planes and polishes and breketh to harness, yet holdeth so much in estimation your high education and grete learning that in the canteen you must needs mark off for him all the metres according to feet and *mora* because this kind of learning seemeth to him the high prick of intellectual aristocracy. In requital thereof we will an we hold out counter thee with some right folish facecies and horseplay which we fell into here that you too mavst have to wonder and to laugh thereat.

Albeit first our friendly hert and good will, trusting and playing that thou maist almost joyfully bear the rod and in tract of time be so holpen thereby, till at the last in braid and buttons thou goest forth as a reserve sergeant major.

Here the word is: Trust God, honour the King, do no man any nuisance. On the Pleisse, the Parthe, and the Elster existence and pulse are manifestly other then on the Saale; for here many people be gathered togyder, more then seven hundred thousand; which from the outset bespeaketh a certain sympathy and tolerance; as the Lord hath already for Nineveh's sin a knowing and humorous eye when He says excusingly: "Such a great city, therein more than a hundred thousand men." Thus maist thou think how among seven hundred thousand forbearance is counselled when in the autumn fair-times whereof I as novice had even now a taste, more stream from all parts of Europe, and from Persia, Armenia, and other the Asiatic lands.

Not as though this Nineveh particularly doth like me, 'tis not the fairest city of my fatherland, Kaisersaschern is fairer; yet may easier be both fair and stately, sithence it needs but be olde and quiet and have no pulse. Is gorgeously builded, my Leipzig, of clear stone as out of a costly box of toy bricks. The common people's tongue is a devilishly lewd speech so that one shrinks before every booth before one bargains. It is even as though our mildly slumbering Thuringian were woke up to a seven-hundred-thousand-man impudence and smattered abominably, jaw stuck out—horrible, dreadful, but, God keep us, certes meaning no harm, and mixed with self-mockery which they can graunt unto themselves on the ground of their world-pulse. *Centrum musicæ, centrum* of the printing trade and the book rag-fair, illustrious universitie, albeit scattered in respect to buildings, for the chief building is in Augustusplatz, the library hard by the Cloth Hall, and to the divers faculties long severall college buildings, as the Red House on the Promenade to the philosophic, to the juristic the *Collegium Beatæ Virginis*, in my Peterstrasse, where I found forthwith fresh from the station, on the next way into the town, fitting lodging and accommodation. Came early in the afternoon, left my fardels at the station, got hither as directed, read the notice on the rain-pipe, rang, and was straightaway

agreed with the fat landlady with the fiendish brogue on the two rooms on the ground floor. Still so early that I had on that same day looked over almost the whole town in the first flush of arrival — this time really with a guide, to wit the porter who fetched my portmanteo from the station; hence at the last the farce and foolery of which I spake and may still rehearse.

The fat frau made no bones about the clavicymbal, they are used to that here. Sha'n't be assaulting her ears too much for I am chiefly working on theory, with books and pen and paper, the harmoniam and the *punctum contra punctum*, quite off my own bat, I mean under the supervision and general direction of *amicus* Kretschmār, to whom every few days I take that I have practised and wrought, for his criticism, good or bad. Good soul was uncommon glad that I came, and embraced me for that I was not minded to betray his hope. And he will hear not of my going to the conservatoire, either the big one or the Hase, where he teaches; it were, he says, no atmosphere for me, I must rather do as Father Haydn did, who had no preceptor at all, but got himself the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Fux and some music of the time, in especial the Hamburg Bach, and therewith sturdily practised his trade. Just between ourselves, the study of harmony makes me for to yawn, but with counterpoint I wax quick and lusty, cannot concoct enough merry frolics in this enchanted field, with joyous passion soyle the never-ending problems and have already put together on paper a whole stook of droll studies in canon and fugue, even gotten some praise from the Master therefore. That is creative work, requirith phantasy and invention; playing dominoes with chords, without a theme is meseemeth neither flesh nor fowl. Should not one learn all that about suspensions, passing-notes, modulation, preparations and resolution, much better *in praxi* from hearing, experiencing, and inventing oneself, then out of a boke? But altogether, now, and *per aversionem* it is foolishness, this unthinking division of counterpoint and harmony, sith they interact so intimately that one cannot teach them sunderlye but only in the whole, as music — in so far as it can be taught.

Wherefore I am industrious, *zelo virtutis*, yea almost overburdened and overwhelmed with matters, for I go to lectures at the academie in hist. phil. by Lautensack and Encyclopedica

of the philosophical sciences as well as logic from the famous Bermeter. *Vale. Jam satis est.* Herewith I commit you to the Lord, may He preserve you and all clear souls. Your most obedient servant, as they say in Halle. — I have made you much too curious about the jocus and jape, and what is afoot betwixt me and Satan; not much to it after all, except that porter led me astray on the evening of the first day — a base churl like that, with a strap round his waist, a red cap and a brass badge and a rain-cape, same wild lingo as everybody else here. Bristly jaw; looked to me like unto our Schleppfuss by reason of his little beard, more than slightly, even, when I bethink, or is he waxen more like in my recollection? Heavier and fatter, that were from the beer. Introduces himself to me as a guide and proved it by his brass badge and his two or three scrapes of French and English, diabolical pronunciation; “peautiful puilding, antiquidé extrément indéressant.”

Item: we struck a bargain, and the churl shewed me everything, two whole hours, took me everywhere: to the Pauluskirche with wondrously chamfered cloisters, the Thomaskirche on account of Johann Sebastian, and his grave in St. John’s, where is also the Reformation monument, and the new Cloth Hall. Lively it was in the streets, for as I said whilere the autumn fair still happened to be, and all sorts of banners and hangings advertising furs and other wares hung out at windows down the house-fronts, there was great bustle and prease in all the narrow streets, particularly in the heart of the town, nigh the old Town Hall, where the chap shewed me the palace, and Auerbach’s inn and the still standing tower of the Pleissenburg — where Luther held his disputacyon with Eck. Great shoving and shouldering in the narrow streets behind the Market, very old, with steep gabled roofs; connected by a criss-crosse labyrinth of covered courts and passages, and adjoining warehouses and cellars. All this close packed with wares and the hosts of people look at you with outlandish eyen and speak in tongues you’ve never heard a syllable of afore. Right exciting, and you felt the pulse of the world beating in your own body.

By little and little it gat dark, lights came on, the streets emptied, I was aweary and unhungered. I bade my guide draw to an ende by shewing me an inn where I could eat. “A good one?” asks he, and winks. “A good one,” quoth I, “so it be not

too dear." Takes me to a house in a little back lane behind the main street—brass railing to the steps up to the door—polished as bright as the fellow's badge, and a lantern over the door, red as the fellow's cap. I pay him, he wishes me "Good appetite!" and shogs off. I ring, the door opens of itself, and in the hall is a dressed-up madame coming towards me, with carmine cheeks, a string of wax-coloured beads on her blubber, and greets me with most seemely gest, fluting and flirting, ecstatic as though she had been longing for me to come, ushers me through portières into a glistening room, with panelled tapestries, crystal chandelier, candelabra with mirrors behind them; satin couches, and on them sitting your nymphs and daughters of the wilderness, ribaudes, laced muttons all, six or seven, morphos, clear-wings, esmeraldas, et cetera, clad or unclad, in tulle, gauze, spangs, hair long and floating, hair short with heart-breakers; paps bare, thick-poudered, arms with bangles; they look at you with expectant eyes, glistening in the light of the chandelier.

Look at me, mark wel, not thee. A hothouse the fellow, the small-beer-Schleppfuss, had brought me into. I stood, not showing what I was feeling, and there opposite me I see an open piano, a friend, I rush up to it across the carpet and strike a chord or twain, standing up, I wot still what it was, because the harmonic problem was just in my mind, modulation from B major to C major, the brightening semitone step, as in the hermit's prayer in the finale of the *Freischütz*, at the entry of timpani, trumpets, and oboes on the six-four chord on G. I wot it now, afterwards, but then I wist not, I but fell upon it. A brown wench puts herself nigh me, in a little Spanish jacket, with a big gam, snub nose, almond eyes, an Esmeralda, she brushed my cheek with her arm. I turn round, push the bench away with my knee, and fling myself back through the lust-hell, across the carpets, past the mincing madam, through the entry and down the steps without touching the brass railing.

There you have the trifle, so it befell me, told at its length, in payment for the roaring corporal to whom you teach the *artem metrificandi*. Herewith amen—and pray for me. Only a Gewandhaus concert heard up till now with Schumann's Third as pièce de résistance. A critic of that time belauded the comprehensive world-view of this music, which sounds like

very unobjective gabble — the classicists made themselves thoroughly merry over it. But it did have some sense, for it defines the improvement in their status which music and musicians owe to romanticism. It emancipated her from the sphere of a small-town specialism and piping and brought her into contact with the great world of the mind, the general artistic and intellectual movement of the time — we should not forget that. All that proceeds from the Beethoven of the last period and his polyphony; and I find it extraordinarily significant that the opponents of the romantic movement, that is of an art which progresses from the solely musical into the universally intellectual sphere, were the same people who also opposed and deplored Beethoven's later development. Have you ever thought how differently, how much more suffering and significant the individualization of the voice appears in his greatest works than in the older music where it is treated with greater skill? There are judgments which make one laugh by the crass truthfulness of them, which are at the same time a judgment on the judge. Handel said of Gluck: "My cook understands more about counterpoint than he does" — I love this pronouncement of a fellow-musician!

Playing much Chopin, and reading about him. I love the angelic in his figure, which reminds me of Shelley: the peculiarly and very mysteriously veiled, unapproachable, withdrawing, unadventurous flavour of his being, that not wanting to know, that rejection of material experience, the sublime incest of his fantastically delicate and seductive art. How much speaks for the man the deep, intent friendship of Delacroix, who writes to him: *J'espère vous voir ce soir, mais ce moment est capable de me faire devenir fou.* Everything possible for the Wagner of painting! But there are quite a few things in Chopin which, not only harmonically but also in a general, psychological sense more than anticipate Wagner, indeed surpass him. Take the C-sharp minor Nocturne Op. 27, No. 1, and the duet that begins after the enharmonic change from C-sharp minor to D-flat major. That surpasses in despairing beauty of sound all the *Tristan* orgies — even in the intimate medium of the piano, though not as a grand battle of voluptuousity; without the bullfight character of a theatrical mysticism robust in its corruption. Take above all his ironic relation to tonality, his teasing

way with it, obscuring, ignoring, keeping it fluctuating, and mocking at accidentals. It goes far, divertingly and thrillingly far. . . .

With the exclamation: "*Ecce epistola!*" the letter ends. Added is: "Goes without saying you destroy this at once." The signature is an initial, that of the family name: the *L*, not the *A*.

Hetæra Esmeralda

Never without a religious shudder have I been able to think of this embrace, in which the one staked his salvation, the other found it.

[In the chapter between this and the preceding selection Zeitblom discusses the problem of sex and its relation to creativity. Adrian, he relates, wears an armor of "purity, chastity, intellectual pride, and cool irony." But natures "like Adrian's have not much 'soul,'" and are therefore peculiarly vulnerable to the flesh; "the proudest intellectuality stands in the most immediate relation of all to the animal." Zeitblom regards "the accursed adventure of which [Adrian] had written" as "in its essence frightfully symbolic." By going to the bordello Adrian's "intellectual pride had suffered the trauma of contact with soulless instinct," and he would "return to the place whither the betrayer had led him." This chapter is the account of Adrian's return and of his deliberate acquirement of venereal infection. In his dialogue with the Devil, which follows five years later, Adrian is informed that the Devil saw to it that the two doctors of whom we hear in this chapter were "put away" before Adrian's cure could be accomplished.]

I SPEAK of this because, not without tremors, not without a contraction of my heart, I have now come to the fateful event which happened about a year after I received in Naumburg the letter I quoted from Adrian; somewhat more than a year, that is, after his arrival in Leipzig and that first sight of the city of which the letter tells. In other words, it was not long before — being released from the service — I went to him again and found him, while outwardly unchanged, yet in fact a marked man, pierced by the arrow of fate. In narrating this episode, I feel I should call Apollo and the Muses to my aid, to inspire me with the purest, most indulgent words: indulgent to the sensitive reader, indulgent to the memory of my departed

friend, indulgent lastly to myself, to whom the telling is like a serious personal confession. But such an invocation betrays to me at once the contradiction between my own intellectual conditioning and the colouration of the story I have to tell, a colouration that comes from quite other strata of tradition, altogether foreign to the blitheness of classical culture. I began this record by expressing doubt whether I was the right man for the task. The arguments I had to adduce against such doubts I will not repeat. It must suffice that, supported on them, strengthened by them, I propose to remain true to my undertaking.

I said that Adrian returned to the place whither the impudent messenger had brought him. One sees now that it did not happen so soon. A whole year long the pride of the spirit asserted itself against the injury it had received, and it was always a sort of consolation to me to feel that his surrender to the naked instinct that had laid its spiteful finger on him had not lacked all and every human nobility or psychological veiling. For as such I regard every fixation of desire, however crude, on a definite and individual goal. I see it in the moment of choice, even though the will thereto be not "free" but impudently provoked by its object. A trace of purifying love can be attested so soon as the instinct wears the face of a human being, be it the most anonymous, the most contemptible. And there is this to say, that Adrian went back to that place on account of one particular person, of her whose touch burned on his cheek, the "brown wench" with the big mouth, in the little jacket, who had come up to him at the piano and whom he called Esmeralda. It was she whom he sought there — and did not find her.

The fixation, calamitous as it was, resulted in his leaving the brothel after his second and voluntary visit the same man as after the first, involuntary one; not, however, without having assured himself of the place where she was now. It had the further result that under a musical pretext he made rather a long journey to reach her whom he desired. It happened that the first Austrian performance of *Salome*, conducted by the composer himself, was to take place in Graz, the capital of Styria, in May 1906. Some months earlier Adrian and Kretsch-

mar had gone to Dresden to see its actual première; and he had told his teacher and the friends whom he had meantime made in Leipzig that he wanted to be present at this gala performance and hear again that successful revolutionary work, whose æsthetic sphere did not at all attract him, but which of course interested him in a musical and technical sense, particularly as the setting to music of a prose dialogue. He travelled alone, and one cannot be sure whether he carried out his ostensible purpose and went from Graz to Pressburg, possibly from Pressburg to Graz; or whether he simply pretended the stay in Graz and confined himself to the visit to Pressburg (in Hungarian, Pozsony). She whose mark he bore had been hidden in a house there, having had to leave her former place for hospital treatment. The hunted hunter found her out.

My hand trembles as I write; but in quiet, collected words I will say what I know, always consoled to a certain extent by the thought to which I gave utterance above, the idea of choice, the thought that something obtained here like a bond of love, which lent to the coming together of the precious youth and that unhappy creature a gleam of soul. Though of course this consolation is inseparable from the other thought, so much more dreadful, that love and poison here once and for ever became a frightful unity of experience; the mythological unity embodied in the arrow.

It does look as though in the poor thing's mind something answered the feeling which the youth brought to her. No doubt she remembered that fleeting visit. Her approach, that caressing of his cheek with her bare arm, might have been the humble and tender expression of her receptivity for all that distinguished him from the usual clientèle. And she learned from his own lips that he had made the journey thither on her account. She thanked him, even while she warned him against her body. I know it from Adrian: she warned him—is not this something like a beneficent distinction between the higher humanity of the creature and her physical part, fallen to the gutter, sunk to a wretched object of use? The unhappy one warned him who asked of her, warned him away from “herself”; that meant an act of free elevation of soul above her pitiable physical existence, an act of human disassociation from it, an act of sym-

pathy, an act — if the word be permitted me — of love. And, gracious heaven, was it not also love, or what was it, what madness, what deliberate, reckless tempting of God, what compulsion to comprise the punishment in the sin, finally what deep, deeply mysterious longing for dæmonic conception, for a deathly unchaining of chemical change in his nature was at work, that having been warned he despised the warning and insisted upon possession of this flesh?

Never without a religious shudder have I been able to think of this embrace, in which the one staked his salvation, the other found it. Purifying, justifying, sublimating, it must have blessed the wretched one, that the other travelled from afar and refused whatever the risk to give her up. It seems that she gave him all the sweetness of her womanhood, to repay him for what he risked. She might thus know that he never forgot her; but it is no less true that it was for her own sake he, who never saw her again, remembered; and her name — that which he gave her from the beginning — whispers magically, unheard by anyone but me, throughout his work. I may be taxed with vanity, but I cannot refrain from speaking here of the discovery which he one day silently confirmed. Leverkühn was not the first composer, and he will not have been the last, who loved to put mysteries, magic formulas, and charms into his works. The fact displays the inborn tendency of music to superstitious rites and observances, the symbolism of numbers and letters. Thus in my friend's musical fabric a five- to six-note series, beginning with B and ending on E flat, with a shifting E and A between, is found strikingly often, a basic figure of peculiarly nostalgic character, which in differing harmonic and rhythmic garb, is given now to this part now to that, often in its inversion, as it were turned on its axis, so that while the intervals remain the same, the sequence of the notes is altered. It occurs at first in the probably most beautiful of the thirteen Brentano songs composed in Leipzig, the heart-piercing lied: "*O lieb Mädel, wie schlecht bist du,*" which is permeated with it; but most particularly in the late work, where audacity and despair mingle in so unique a way, the *Weheklag* of *Dr. Faustus*, written in Pfeiffering, where the inclination shows even more strongly to use those intervals also in a simultaneous-harmonic combination.

The letters composing this note-cipher are: h, e, a, e, e-flat: hetæra esmeralda.*

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Adrian returned to Leipzig and expressed himself as entertained and full of admiration for the powerful and striking opera he was supposed to have heard a second time and possibly really had. I can still hear him say about the author of it: "What a gifted good fellow! The revolutionary as a Sabbath-day child, pert and *conciliant*. How after great expense of affronts and dissonances everything turns into good nature, beer good nature, gets all buttered up, so to speak, appeasing the philistine and telling him no harm was meant. . . . But a hit, a palpable hit!" Five weeks after he had resumed his musical and philosophical studies a local affection decided him to consult a physician. The specialist, by name Dr. Erasmi — Adrian had chosen him from the street directory — was a powerful man, with a red face and a pointed black beard. It obviously made him puff to stoop and even in an upright posture he breathed in pants with his lips open. The habit indicated oppression, but it also looked like contemptuous indifference, as though the man would dismiss or intended to dismiss something by saying "Pooh, pooh!" He puffed like that during the whole examination, and then, in contradiction to his pooh-poohing, declared the necessity for a thorough and rather lengthy treatment, on which he at once embarked. On three successive days Adrian went to him. Then Erasmi arranged a break of three days. Adrian was to come back on the fourth. When the patient — who was not ailing, his general state of health being entirely unaffected — returned at four o'clock on the appointed day, something utterly unexpected and startling confronted him.

He had always had to ring at the door of the apartment, which was up three steep flights of stairs in a gloomy building in the old city, and wait for a maid to open. But this time he found both outer and inner doors open, that to the waiting-room, the consulting-room, and facing him a door into the living-room, the so-called "best room" with two windows. Yes, there the windows were wide open too, and all four curtains

* The English *B* is represented in German by *H*.

blew in and out in the draught. In the middle of the room lay Dr. Erasmi, with his beard sticking up, his eyes fast shut, in a white shirt with cuffs, lying on a tufted cushion in an open coffin on two trestles.

What was going on, why the dead man lay there so alone and open to the wind, where the maid and Frau Dr. Erasmi were, whether perhaps the people from the undertaking establishment were waiting to screw on the lid, or were coming back at once — at what singular moment the visitor had been brought to the spot, was never made clear. When I came to Leipzig, Adrian could only describe to me the bewilderment in which he, after staring for a moment, had gone down the stairs again. He seems not to have inquired further into the doctor's sudden death, seems not to have been interested. He merely thought that the man's constant puffing and blowing had always been a bad sign.

With secret repugnance, struggling against unreasoning horror, I must now relate that Adrian's second choice also stood under an unlucky star. He took two days to recover from the shock. Then he again had recourse to the Leipzig directory, chose another name, and put himself in the care of a certain Dr. Zimbalist, in one of the business streets off the Marktplatz. On the ground floor was a restaurant, then a piano warehouse; the doctor's house occupied part of the upper storey, a porcelain shield with his name on it being downstairs in the lobby. The dermatologist's two waiting-rooms, one reserved for female patients, were adorned with growing plants, palms and house trees in pots. Medical books and magazines lay about, for instance an illustrated history of morals, in the room where Adrian for the first and the second time awaited his treatment.

Dr. Zimbalist was a small man with horn spectacles, an oval bald spot running from the brow to the back of the head between two growths of reddish hair, and a moustache left growing only immediately under the nostrils, as was then the fashion in the upper classes and would later become the attribute of a world-famous face. His speech was slovenly and he inclined to bad masculine jokes. But one had not the impression that he felt very jolly. One side of his cheek was drawn up in a sort of tic, the corner of the mouth as well, and the eye winked in sympathy; the whole expression was crabbed and craven to a

degree; he looked no-good, he looked odious. Thus Adrian described him to me and thus I see him.

Now this is what happened: Adrian had gone twice for treatment; he went a third time. As he mounted the stairs he met, between the first and second storeys, the physician coming down between two sturdy men wearing stiff hats on the backs of their heads. Dr. Zimbalist's eyes were cast down like those of a man taking heed to his steps on the stairs. One of his wrists was linked with the wrist of one of his companions by a bracelet and little chain. Looking up and recognizing his patient, he twitched his cheek sourly, nodded at him, and said: "Another time!" Adrian, his back to the wall, disconcerted, faced the three and let them pass; looked after them awhile as they descended and then followed them down. He saw them mount a waiting car and drive off at a fast pace. Thus ended the continuation of Adrian's cure by Dr. Zimbalist, after its earlier interruption. I must add that he troubled himself as little about the circumstances of his second bad shot as about the extraordinary atmosphere of his first one. Why Zimbalist had been taken away, and at the very hour for which an appointment had been made—he let that rest. But as though frightened off, he never took up the cure again after that and went to no other doctor. He did so the less in that the local affection healed itself without further treatment and disappeared, and as I can confirm and would sustain against any professional doubts, there were no manifest secondary symptoms. Adrian suffered once, in Wendell Kretschmar's lodgings, where he had just presented some studies in composition, a violent attack of giddiness, which made him stagger and forced him to lie down. It passed into a two days' migraine, which except for its severity was not different from other earlier attacks of the same kind. When I came back to Leipzig, once more a civilian, I found my friend unchanged in his walks and ways.

Echo

. . . this was a manifestation of
 "the child on earth . . . come
 down to us" as . . . as envoy
 and message-bearer.

[After several years in Leipzig, Adrian Leverkühn settles in Munich. In 1912 he is in Italy with a friend, and it is there that the dialogue between Adrian and the Devil takes place. The record of their conversation — and pact — is written down by Adrian on music notepaper and bequeathed to Zeitblom, who finds it impossible to believe "that in the depths of his soul Adrian himself considered to be actual that which he saw and heard." When Adrian returns to Germany he takes rooms at a farmhouse in Pfeiffering, some miles from Munich, which he makes his permanent residence until the time he goes insane. In his early forties Adrian decides to marry. He uses as intermediary wooer Rudolf Schwerdtfeger, a violinist and man about town who forces himself into an ambiguous relationship with Leverkühn. At the height of the friendship Leverkühn writes for Schwerdtfeger a concerto described by the violinist as "a platonic child." Sent as the composer's emissary, Schwerdtfeger finds himself courting for his own sake the woman Leverkühn wishes to marry, with the result that he is murdered by another woman with whom he had long had a liaison. Leverkühn regards himself as Schwerdtfeger's murderer. Following this catastrophe he composes, in 1927, a "high and miraculous harvest" of chamber music. Zeitblom discovers among the composer's papers of this period a note reading: "This sadness moved Dr. Faustus that he made note of his lamentation." Leverkühn's preoccupation with the second oratorio is interrupted by his small nephew's visit to the country retreat at Pfeiffering. The following two chapters relate the events of that "priceless and heart-piercing" visit. As we shall learn in the account of Leverkühn's final work, *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus*, which appears as the final selection in the *Reader*, the advent of Nepomuk Schneidewein signifies more than perilous beauty, estrangement from life, and the death of spirit in matter.]

I

URSULA SCHNEIDEWEIN, Adrian's sister in Langensalza, gave birth to her first three children, one after the other, in 1911, 1912, and 1913. After that she had lung trouble and spent some months in a sanatorium in the Harz Mountains. The trouble, a catarrh of the apex of the lung, then seemed to have been cured, and throughout the ten years that passed before the birth of her youngest, little Nepomuk, Ursula had been a capable wife and mother to her family, although the years of privation during and after the war took the bloom off her health. She was subject to colds, beginning in the head and going to the bronchial cords; her looks, belied by her sweet-tempered and active ways, were if not precisely ailing, yet delicate and pale.

The pregnancy of 1923 seemed rather to increase than to lower her vitality. True, she got round from it rather slowly, and the feverish affection which ten years before had brought her to the sanatorium flickered up afresh. There had been some talk of interrupting her housewifely duties a second time for special treatment. But the symptoms died away—under the influence as I strongly suspect of psychological well-being, maternal happiness, and joy in her little son, who was the most placid, friendly, affectionate, easy-to-tend baby in the world. For some years the brave woman kept sturdy and strong; until May of 1928, when the five-year-old Nepomuk got a severe attack of measles, and the anxious day-and-night nursing of the exceptionally beloved child became a heavy drain upon the mother's strength. She herself had an attack of illness, after which the cough and the fluctuations of temperature did not subside; and now the doctor insisted on a sojourn at a cure, which, without undue optimism, he reckoned at half a year.

This was what brought Nepomuk Schneidewein to Pfeiffering. His sister Rosa, seventeen years old, and her brother Ezekiel, a year younger, were employed in the shop; while the fifteen-year-old Raimund was still at school. Rosa had of course the natural duty of keeping house for her father in her mother's absence and was likely to be too busy to take over the care of her little brother. Ursula had thought of Adrian. She wrote that

the doctor would consider it a happy solution if the little convalescent could spend some time in the country air of Upper Bavaria. She asked her brother to sound his landlady, whether or not Frau Else would be willing to play the part of mother or grandmother to the little one for a time. Else Schweigestill, and even more enthusiastically Clementine, readily consented; and in the middle of June of that year Johannes Schneidewein took his wife to the same sanatorium, near Suderode in the Harz, where she had been benefited before; while Rosa and her little brother travelled south, bringing him to the bosom of her uncle's second home.

I was not present when the brother and sister arrived in the courtyard. Adrian described the scene to me: the whole house, mother, daughter, Gereon, maidservants and menservants, in sheer delight, laughing for pure pleasure, stood about the little man and could not gaze enough at so much loveliness. Especially the womenfolk of course were quite beside themselves, and of the women in particular the servants. They bent over the little one in a circle, convulsed with rapture; squatted down beside him and called on Jesus, Mary, and Joseph at sight of the beautiful little lad. His sister stood looking on indulgently: clearly she had expected nothing different, being used to see everyone fall in love with the youngest of the family.

Nepomuk — Nepo as his family called him, or "Echo" as ever since he began to prattle he had called himself, quaintly missing out the first consonant — was dressed with warm-weather rustic simplicity in a sleeveless white cotton shirt, linen shorts, and worn leather shoes on his stockingless feet. But it always seemed as though one were looking at a fairy princeling. The graceful perfection of the small figure with the slender, shapely legs, the indescribable comeliness of the little head, long in shape, covered with an innocent tumble of light hair; the features despite their childishness with something finished and well-modelled about them; even the upward glance of the long-lashed clear blue eyes, ineffably pure and sweet, at once full of depth and sparkling with mischief — no, it was not even all these together that gave such an impression of faerie, of a guest from some finer, tinier sphere. For there was besides the stance and bearing of the child as he stood the centre of the circle of "big people" all exclaiming, laughing, even sighing

with emotion. There was his smile, of course not quite free from coquetry and consciousness of the charm he wielded; his words and gestures, sweetly instructive, benignly condescending, as though he were a friendly ambassador from that other, better clime. There was the silvery small voice and what it uttered, still with baby blunders, in the father's slightly drawling, weighty Swiss speech, which the mother had early taken over. The little man rounded his *r*'s on his tongue; he paused between syllables; he accompanied his words, in a way I have never seen before in a child, with vague but expressive explanatory gestures of arms and hands, often quite unconnected with what he said, and rather puzzling while at the same time wholly delicious.

So much for the moment as a description of Nepo Schneidewein, or Echo as everybody, following his example, straightway called him. It is written by one not present when he came, and only as clumsy words can approximate the scene. How many writers before me have bemoaned the inadequacy of language to arrive at visualization or to produce an exact portrait of an individual! The word is made for praise and homage; to the word it is given to astonish, to admire, and to bless; it may characterize a phenomenon through the emotion it arouses; but it cannot conjure up or reproduce. Instead of attempting the impossible I shall probably do more for my adorable little subject by confessing that today, after fully seventeen years, tears come in my eyes when I think of him, while at the same time the thought of him fills me with an odd, ethereal, not quite sublunary lifting of the heart.

The replies he made, with that bewitching play of gesture, to questions about his mother, his journey, his stay in the great city of Munich, had as I said a pronounced Swiss accent and much dialect, rendered in the silvery timbre of his voice: "*huesli*" for house, "*a bitzli*" for a little bit. He liked to say "well": "Well, it was lovely." Fragments of grown-up language came too: if he had not remembered something, he said it had "slipped his mind." And finally he said: "Well, nothing more of news" — obviously because he wanted to break up the group; for the words fell from his honey-sweet lips: "Echo thinks best to not be outdoors any more. Better go in the *huesli* and see the uncle." And he put out his hand to his sister to take him

in. But just then Adrian, who had been resting and putting himself to rights, came out to welcome his niece.

"And so this," said he, after he had greeted the young girl and exclaimed over her likeness to her mother, "is the new member of the family?"

He held Nepomuk's hand, gazed into the starry eyes, and soon was lost in the sweet depths of that azure upturned smile.

"Well, well!" was all he said, nodding slowly at the girl and then turning back to gaze again. His emotion could escape nobody, certainly not the child. So when Echo addressed his uncle for the first time, his words, instead of sounding forward, seemed to be placating and making light of something, loyally reducing it to simple and friendly terms: "Well, you are glad I did come, yes?" Everyone laughed, Adrian too.

"I should say so," he answered. "And I hope you are glad too, to make our acquaintance."

"It is most pleasant meeting all," the child said quaintly.

The others would have burst out laughing again, but Adrian shook his head at them with his finger on his lips.

"The child," he said softly, "must not be bewildered by our laughter. And there is no ground for laughter, do you think, Mother Schweigestill?" turning to her.

"Not a speck," said she in an exaggeratedly firm voice, and put the corner of her apron to her eye.

"So let us go in," he decided, and took Nepomuk's hand again to lead him. "Of course you have a little refreshment for our guests."

Accordingly, in the Nike salon, Rosa Schneidewein was served with coffee and the little one with milk and cake. His uncle sat with him at the table and watched him as he ate, daintily. Adrian talked with his niece the while, but did not hear much that she said, so taken up he was with looking at the elf and just as much with controlling his feelings, not to betray them and make them a burden. His concern was unnecessary, for Echo seemed no longer to mark mere silent admiration or enraptured looks; while it would have been a sin to miss that sweet lifting of the eyes in thanks for handing the jam or a piece of cake.

At length the little man uttered the single word: "'Nuff." It was, his sister explained, what he had always said from a tiny

child, when he had done; it meant "Echo has had enough." When Mother Schweigestill would have pressed him to take something more, he said with a certain superior reasonableness:

"Echo would be best without it."

He rubbed his eyes with his little fists, a sign that he was sleepy. They put him to bed, and while he slept Adrian talked with Sister Rosa in his workroom. She was to stay only till the third day, her duties in Langensalza summoned her home. When she left, Nepomuk wept a little, but then promised to be "good" until she came to fetch him. My God, how he kept his word! How incapable he was of not keeping it! He brought something like a state of bliss, a constant heart-warming gaiety and tenderness not only to the farm but to the village as well, and even as far as Waldshut. For the Schweigestills, mother and daughter, eager to be seen with him, confident of the same rapturous reception everywhere, took him with them to the apothecary, the shoemaker, the general store, in order that everybody might hear him "speak his piece," with bewitching play of gesture and impressive, deliberate enunciation: about Pauline who was bur-r-nt up, out of Slovenly Peter, or Jochen, who did come home from play so dir-rty that Mrs. Duck and Mr. Drake were amazed and even Mr. Pig was per-rfectly dazed. The Pfeiffering pastor heard him recite his prayer, with folded hands held out before his face — a strange old prayer it was, beginning "Naught availeth for timely Death." And the pastor, in his emotion, could only say: "Ah, thou dear child of God, thou little blessed one!" stroking his hair with a white priestly hand and presenting him with a coloured picture of the Lamb of God. The schoolmaster felt "a new man" after talking with him. At market and in the street every third person asked Fräul'n Clementine or Mother Schweigestill what was this had dropped down from heaven. People stared and nudged each other: "Just look, just look!" or else, not very differently from the pastor: "Ah, dear little one, little blessed one!" Women, in most cases, showed a tendency to kneel down in front of Nepomuk.

When I was next at the farm, two weeks had already passed since he came; he had settled in and was well known to the neighbourhood. I saw him first at a distance: Adrian showed

him to me round the corner of the house, sitting on the ground in the kitchen garden at the back, between a strawberry and a vegetable bed, one little leg stretched out, the other half drawn up, his hair falling in strands on his forehead. He was looking, it seemed with somewhat detached approval, at a picture-book his uncle had given him, holding it on his knee, with the right hand at the margin. But the little left hand and arm, with which he turned the page, unconsciously continuing the turning motion remained in the air in an incredibly graceful posture beside the book, the small hand open. To me it seemed I had never seen a child so ravishingly posed. I could not even in fancy conceive my own affording such a sight; to myself I thought that thus must the little angels up above turn the pages of their heavenly choir-books.

We went up to him, that I might make the acquaintance of the wonder-child. I did so with pedagogic restraint, with a view to reducing the situation to the everyday, and determined not to be sentimental. I put on a strict face, frowned, pitched my voice low, and spoke to him in the proper brisk and patronizing way: "Well, my son? Being a good lad, eh? And what are we up to here?" But even as I spoke I seemed to myself unspeakably fatuous; and even worse, he saw it too, apparently shared my view, and felt ashamed on my account. He hung his head, drawing down his mouth as one does to keep from laughing; it so upset me that I said nothing more for some time. He was not yet of an age when a lad is expected to stand up and be respectful to his elders; he deserved, if any creature ever did, the tender consideration and indulgence we grant to those not long on this earth, unpractised and strange to its ways. He said we should "sitty down" and so we did, with the manikin between us in the grass, and looked at his picture-book with him. It was probably among the most acceptable of the children's books in the shop, with pictures in English taste, a sort of Kate Greenaway style and not at all bad rhymes. Nepomuk (I called him that, not Echo; the latter I was idiot enough to find "sentimental") knew almost all of them by heart, and "read" them to us, following the lines with his finger, of course always in the wrong place.

The strange thing is that today I know those verses by heart myself, only because I heard them once — or it may have been

more than once — recited in that little voice of his, with its enchanting intonation. How well I still know the one about the organ-grinders who met at a street corner, one of whom had a grudge against the other so that neither would budge from the spot. I could recite to any child — though not nearly so well as Echo did — what the neighbours had to bear from the hulla-baloo those hurdy-gurdies kept up. The mice did keep a fasting feast, the rats they ran away. It ends:

And only one, a puppy-dog,
Listened till silence fell;
And when he got back to his home
That dog felt far from well.

You would have to see the little lad's troubled head-shake and hear his voice fall as he recounted the indisposition of the little dog. You would have to see the minuscule grandezza of his bearing as he imitated the two quaint little gentlemen meeting each other on the beach:

Good morning, m'sieur!
No bathing, I fear!

This for several reasons: first because the water is so wet and only forty-three degrees, but also "three guests from Sweden" are there:

A swordfish, a sawfish and shark
Swimming close in you can mark.

He uttered so drolly this confidential warning, had such a large-eyed way of enumerating the three undesirable guests, and fell into a key so mingled of horror and satisfaction at the news that they were swimming close in, that we both burst out laughing. He looked into our faces, observing our merriment with roguish curiosity, mine in particular, I thought — probably he wanted to see whether my uncalled-for schoolmaster solemnity was being thawed out.

Good heavens, it certainly was! After my first foolish attempts I did not return to it, except that I always addressed this little ambassador from childhood and fairyland as Nepomuk, speaking in a firm voice and only calling him Echo when I mentioned him to his uncle, who like the women had taken up the name. The reader will understand that the pedagogue

in me felt somewhat disturbed or even embarrassed at this incontestably adorable loveliness, which yet was a prey to time, destined to mature and partake of the earthly lot. In no long space the smiling azure of these eyes would lose their other-world purity. This face, this angelic air, as it were an explicit aura of childlikeness; the lightly cleft chin, the charming mouth, which when he smiled showed the gleaming milk teeth; the lips that then became somewhat fuller than in repose, and at their corners showed two softly curving lines coming from the fine little nose and setting off his mouth and chin from his cheeks: this face, I say, would become the face of a more or less ordinary boy, whom one would have to treat practically and prosaically and who would have no reason to greet a pedagogic approach with any of the ironic understanding betrayed by Nepomuk. And yet there was something here — that elfin mockery seemed to express a consciousness of it — which put it out of one's power to believe in time and time's common work, or its action upon this pure and precious being. Such was the impression it gave of its extraordinary completeness in itself; the conviction it inspired that this was a manifestation of "the child" on earth; the feeling that it had "come down to us" as, I say it again, an envoy and message-bearer; all this lulled the reason in dreams beyond the claims of logic and tinged with the hues of our Christian theology. It could not deny inevitable growth; but it took refuge in the sphere of the mythical and timeless, the simultaneous and abiding, wherein the Saviour's form as a grown man is no contradiction to the Babe in the Mother's arms which He also is; which He always is, always before His worshipping saints lifting His little hand in the sign of the Cross.

What extravagance, what fanaticism, it will be said! But I can do no more than give account of my own experience, and I must confess that the slightly other-worldly existence of this child always produced in me a sense of my own clumsiness. But I should have patterned myself — and tried to do so — on Adrian, who was no schoolman but an artist and took things as they came, apparently without thought of their proneness to change. In other words, he gave to impermanent becoming the character of being; he believed in the image: a tranquillizing belief, so at least it seemed to me, which, adjusted to the image,

would not let its composure be disturbed no matter how unearthly that image might be. Echo, the fairy princeling, had come; very well, one must treat him according to his kind, and that was all. Such seemed to be Adrian's position. Of course he was far removed from the frowning brow or any avuncular "That's a good lad." But on the other hand, he left the "little angel" ecstasies to simpler folk. He behaved to the little one with a delicacy and warmth, smiling or serious as occasion called it out; without flattery or fawning, even without tenderness. It is a fact that I never saw him caress the child, scarcely even smooth his hair. Only he liked to walk with him in the fields, hand in hand.

But however he behaved, he could not deceive me: I saw that his little nephew's appearance had made a bright spot in his life, that he loved him from the first day on. No mistaking the fact that the sweet, light, elfin charm, working as it were without a trace despite the child's serious, old-fashioned language, occupied and filled his days, although he had the boy with him only at certain times. The child's care of course fell on the women; and as mother and daughter had much else to do, he often played by himself in some safe spot. Owing to the measles he still needed as much sleep as quite small children do, and slept during the day in addition to the usual afternoon nap, dropping off wherever he happened to be. "Night!" he would say, just as when he went to bed. In fact "Night!" was his good-bye on all occasions, when he or anyone else went away. It was the companion-piece to the "'Nuff" he always said when he had had enough. He would offer his little hand, too, when he said "Night" before he fell asleep in the grass or as he sat in his chair. I once found Adrian in the back garden sitting on a very narrow bench made of three boards nailed together, watching Echo asleep at his feet. "He gave me his hand first," he announced when he looked up and saw me. He had not heard me approach.

Else and Clementine Schweigestill told me that Nepomuk was the best, most biddable, untroublesome child they had ever seen — which agreed with the stories of his earliest days. Actually I have known him to weep when he hurt himself, but never howl or roar or blubber as unruly children do. It would have been unthinkable. If he were forbidden, as for instance

at an inconvenient time, to go with the stable-boy to the horses, or with Waltpurgis into the cow-stalls, he would assent to the verdict quite readily and even say: "In a little while, maybe tomorrow or next day," in a tone meant to console the grown-ups, who, certainly against their will, had denied the request. Yes, he would even pat the disappointed one as though to say: "Don't take it to heart! Next time you won't have to refuse, maybe you can let me."

It was the same when he could not go to Adrian in the Abbot's room. He was much drawn to his uncle, even in the first two weeks; by the time I got there it was plain that he clung especially to Adrian and wanted to be with him. Of course this was partly because it was the unusual, a treat, while the society of the women was a commonplace. Yet how could it have escaped him that this man, his mother's brother, occupied among the rustics of Pfeiffering a unique, honoured, even rather intimidating place? And their respectful bearing must also make the boy eager to be with his uncle. But one cannot say that Adrian met the little boy half-way. Whole days might go by and he would not see him, would deny himself the undoubtedly beloved sight. Then again they would spend long hours together; taking walks hand in hand as far as the little one could go, strolling in friendly silence or chatting in Echo's little language, through the countryside lush with the season in which he had come and sweet with scents of lilac, alder-bush, and jasmine. The light-footed lad would be before him in the narrow lanes between walls of corn already ripening yellow for the harvest, their blades, with nodding ears as high as himself, mounting out of the mould.

Out of the earth, I might better say, for the little one said it, expressing his joy that heaven gave the "firsty earff" a drink last night.

"A drink, Echo?" asked his uncle, letting pass the rest of the child's metaphorical language. "You mean the rain?"

"Yes, the rain," his little companion agreed more explicitly; but he would not go further into the matter.

"Imagine, he talks about the earth being thirsty, and uses a figure of speech like that," Adrian related to me next time, in wonder. "Isn't that a bit strange? Yes," he nodded, with a certain amazed recognition, "he is pretty far along."

When he was obliged to go into the city, Adrian brought the boy all sorts of presents: various animals, a jack-in-the-box, a toy railway with lights that switched on and off as it roared round the curves; a magic casket in which the greatest treasure was a glass filled with red wine which did not run out when the glass was turned upside down. Echo liked these things, of course, but when he had played with them he soon said: "Nuff," and much preferred to have his uncle show and explain some object of grown-up use — always the same and always new, for a child's persistence and appetite for repetition are great in matters of entertainment. The carved ivory paper-knife; the globe turning on its axis, with broken land-masses, deep bays, strange-shaped inland seas, and vast blue-dyed oceans; the clock on the chimneypiece that struck the hours, whose weights one could wind up with a crank out of the well into which they had sunk; those were some of the wonders which the little boy coveted to examine, when the slender figure stood at the door and the little voice inquired:

"Are you look cross because I do come?"

"No, Echo, not very cross. But the weights are only half-way down."

In this case might be the music-box he asked for. It was my contribution, I had brought it to him: a small brown box to be wound up underneath. The roller, provided with metal tongues, turned along the tuned teeth of a comb and played, at first briskly and daintily, then slowly running down, three well-harmonized, demure little tinkling melodies, to which Echo listened always with the same rapt attention, the same unforgettable mixture of delight, surprise, and dreamy musing.

His uncle's manuscripts too, those runes strewn over the staves, adorned with little stems and tails, connected by slurs and strokes, some blank, some filled in with black; he liked to look at them too and have it explained what all those marks were about — just between ourselves, they were about him, and I should like to know whether he divined that, whether it could be read in his eyes that he gathered it from the master's explanations. This child, sooner than any of us, was privileged to get an "insight" into the drafts of the score of Ariel's songs, on which Adrian was privately at work. He had combined the first, full of ghostly "dispersed" voices of nature, the "Come

unto these yellow sands," with the second, pure loveliness: "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," into a single song for soprano, celeste, muted violin, and oboe, a bass clarinet, and the flageolet notes of the harp. And truly he who hears these "gently spiriting" sounds or even hears them by reading alone, with his spirit's ear, may well ask with Ferdinand: "Where should this music be? I' th' air or th' earth?" For he who made it has caught in its gossamer, whispering web not only the hovering childlike-pure, bewildering light swiftness of "my dainty Ariel," but the whole elfin world from the hills, brooks, and groves which in Prospero's description as weak masters and demi-puppets by moonshine for their pastime midnight mushrooms make and the green sour ringlets whereof the ewe not bites. Echo always asked to see once more the place in the notes where the dog says "Bow-wow" and chanticlear cries "Cock-a-diddle-dow." And Adrian told him about the wicked witch Sycorax and her little slave, whom she, because he was a spirit too delicate to obey her earthy and abhorred commands, confined in a cloven pine, in which plight he spent a dozen painful years, until the good master of spells came and freed him. Nepomuk wanted to know how old the little spirit was when he was imprisoned and then how old when he was freed, after twelve years. But his uncle said that the spirit had no age, that he was the same after as before imprisonment, the same child of air — with which Echo seemed content.

The Master of the Abbot's room told him other stories, as well as he could remember them: Rumpelstiltskin, Falada and Rapunzel and the Singing, Soaring Lark; for the stories the little one had to sit on his uncle's knee, sidewise, sometimes putting one arm round his neck. "Well, that does sound most nice," he would say when a tale was done; but often he went to sleep with his head on the story-teller's breast. Then his uncle sat without moving, his chin resting lightly on the hair of the sleeping child, until one of the women came and fetched him away.

As I said, for days they might keep the child from him, because he was busy, or perhaps a headache shut him away in silence and darkness.

But after such a day, when he had not seen Echo, he liked to go when the child was put to bed, softly, hardly seen, to his

room to hear the evening prayer. The child said his prayers lying on his back, his hands folded on his chest, one or both of the women being present. They were very singular things he recited, the heavenly blue of his eyes cast up to the ceiling, and he had a whole range of them so that he hardly ever said the same ones two evenings running.

Whoso hedeth Goddes stevene
In hym is God and he in hevene.
The same commaunde myselfe would keepe,
And me insure my seemely slepe.

Or: Amen.

A mannes misdeede, however grete,
On Goddes merci he may wait,
My sinne to Him a lytyl thyng is,
God doth but smile and pardon bringes.

Or: Amen.

Whoso for this brief cesoun
Barthers hevens blysse
Hath betrayed his resoun
His house the rainbow is;
Give me to build on the firme grounde
And Thy eternal joys to sound.

Amen.

Or, remarkable for its unmistakable coloration by the Protestant doctrine of predestination:

Through sin no let has been,
Save when some goode be seen.
Mannes good deede shall serve him wel,
Save that he were born for hell.
O that I may and mine I love
Be borne for blessedness above!

Amen.

Or sometimes:

The sun up-hon the divell shines
And parts as pure away
Keep me safe in the vale of earthe,
Till that I pay the debt of deathe.

Amen.

And lastly:

Mark, whoso for other pray
Himself he saves that way.
Echo prays for all gainst harms,
May God hold him too in His armes.

Amen.

This verse I myself heard him say, and was greatly touched; I think he did not know I was there.

Outside the door Adrian asked: "What do you say to this theological speculation? He prays for all creation, expressly in order that he himself may be included. Should a pious child know that he serves himself in that he prays for others? Surely the unselfishness is gone so soon as one sees that it is of use."

"You are right that far," I replied. "But he turns the thing into unselfishness so soon as he may not pray only for himself but does so for us all."

"Yes, for us all," Adrian said softly.

"Anyhow we are talking as though he had thought these things up himself. Have you ever asked him where he learned them, from his father or from whom?"

The answer was: "Oh, no, I would rather let the question rest and assume that he would not know."

It seemed that the Schweigestills felt the same. So far as I know they never asked the child the source of his little evening prayers. From them I heard the ones which I had not listened to from outside. I had them recited to me at a time when Nepomuk Schneidewein was no longer with us.

II

HE was taken from us, that strangely seraphic little being was taken from this earth — oh, my God, why should I seek soft words for the harshest, most incomprehensible cruelty I have ever witnessed? Even yet it tempts my heart to bitter murmur, yes, to rebellion. He was set on with frightful, savage fury and in a few days snatched away by an illness of which there had been for a long time no case in the vicinity. Our good Dr. Kürbis was greatly surprised by the violence of its recurrence; but he told us that children convalescing from measles or whooping-cough were susceptible to it.

The whole thing lasted scarcely two weeks, including the earliest signs that all was not quite well with the child; from those beginnings no one—I believe no one at all—even dreamed of the horror to come. It was the middle of August; the harvest was in full swing, with a considerable increase in the number of hands. For two months Nepomuk had been the joy of the house. Now a slight cold glazed the sweet clarity of his eyes; it was surely only this annoying affection that took away his appetite, made him fretful, and increased the drowsiness to which he had been subject ever since we knew him. He said “’Nuff” to all that was offered him: food, play, picture-books, fairy-tales. “’Nuff,” he said, his little face painfully drawn, and turned away. Soon there appeared an intolerance of light and sound, more disquieting still. He seemed to feel that the wagons driving into the yard made more noise than usual, that voices were louder. “Speak more low,” he begged, whispering to show them how. Not even the delicate tinkling of the music-box would he hear; at once uttered his tortured “’Nuff, ’nuff!” stopped the works himself, and then wept bitterly. He fled from the high-summer sunshine of yard and garden, went indoors and crouched there, rubbing his eyes. It was hard to watch him seeking comfort, going from one to another of his loving ones, putting his arms about their necks, only after a little to turn disconsolate away. Thus he clung to Mother Schweigestill, to Clementine, to Waltpurgis. The same impulse brought him to his uncle, to press himself against his breast, to look up at him, even to smile faintly and listen to his gentle words. But then the little head would droop lower and lower; he would murmur: “Night!” slip to his feet, and go away with unsteady tread.

The doctor came. He gave him some drops for his nose and prescribed a tonic, but did not conceal his fear that a more serious illness was setting in. In the Abbot’s room he expressed this concern to his patient of many years.

“You think so?” asked Adrian, going pale.

“The thing doesn’t look quite right to me,” the doctor said.

“Right?”

The words had been repeated in such a startled, almost startling tone that Kürbis asked himself if he had not gone too far.

"Well, in the sense I mentioned," he answered. "You yourself might look better too, sir. Your heart is set on the little lad?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "It is a responsibility, doctor. The child was given in our charge here in the country to strengthen his health. . . ."

"The clinical picture, in so far as one can speak of such a thing," responded the doctor, "gives no warrant for a discouraging diagnosis. I will come again tomorrow."

He did so, and now he could diagnose the case with all too much certainty. Nepomuk had had an abrupt vomiting-spell, like the outbreak of an illness; head pains set in accompanied by moderate fever and within a few hours had obviously become all but intolerable. When the doctor came the child had already been put to bed and was holding his head with both hands, uttering shrieks which went on as long as his breath held out, a martyrdom to all who heard them, and they could be heard throughout the house. At intervals he put out his little hands to those about him, crying: "Echo's head, Echo's head!" Then another violent spell of vomiting would fetch him upright, to sink back again in convulsions.

Kürbis tested the child's eyes, the pupils of which were tiny and showed a tendency to squint. The pulse raced. Muscular contractions developed, and an incipient rigidity of the neck. It was cerebro-spinal meningitis, inflammation of the meninges. The good man pronounced the name with a deprecating movement of the head shoulderwards, probably in the hope that they might not know the almost complete powerlessness of medical science in the face of this fatal onslaught. A hint lay in his suggestion that they might telegraph and let the parents know. The presence of the mother, at least, would probably have a soothing effect on the little patient. He also asked for a consultation with a physician from the capital, as he wanted to share the responsibility of a case which was unfortunately not at all light. "I am a simple man," he said. "This is a case for a higher authority." A gloomy irony lay, I believe, in his words. In any case, he was quite competent to undertake the spinal puncture necessary to confirm the diagnosis as well as to afford the only possible relief from the pains. Frau Schweigestill, pale but capable, as ever loyal to the "human," held the moaning

child in bed, chin and knees almost touching, and between the separated vertebræ Kürbis drove his needle into the spinal canal and drew out the fluid drop by drop. Almost at once the frantic headache yielded. If it returned, the doctor said—he knew that after a couple of hours it must return, for the relief from pressure given by drawing off the fluid from the brain cavity lasted only that long—then they must use, besides the indispensable ice-bag, the chloral which he prescribed and ordered from the county town.

After the puncture Nepomuk fell into a sleep of exhaustion. But then he was roused by fresh vomiting, skull-splitting headache, and convulsions that shook his small frame. The heart-rending moans and yelling screams began again: the typical “hydrocephalic shriek,” against which only the physician, precisely because he knows it is typical, is tolerably armed. The typical leaves one calm, only what we think of as individual puts us beside ourselves. Science is calm. Science did not, however, prevent our good country doctor from going over quite soon from the bromide and chloral preparations to morphine, which was more efficacious. He may have decided as much for the sake of the family—I have in mind particularly one of its members—as out of pity for the martyred child. Only once in twenty-four hours might the fluid be drawn off, and for only two of these did the relief last. Twenty-two hours of shrieking, writhing torture, of a child, of this child, who folded his twitching little hands and stammered: “Echo will be good, Echo will be good!” Let me add that for those who saw him a minor symptom was perhaps the most dreadful of all: the squinting of the heaven’s-blue eyes, caused by the paralysis of the eye-muscles accompanying the rigidity of the neck. It changed the sweet face almost beyond recognition, horribly; and in combination with the gnashing of the teeth, which presently began, gave it a look as though he were possessed.

Next afternoon, fetched from Waldshut by Gereon Schweigestill, the consulting authority arrived from Munich. He was a Professor von Rothenbuch; Kürbis had suggested him among others and Adrian had chosen him on account of his great reputation. He was a tall man, with one eye half-closed as though from constant examination. He had a social presence and had been ennobled personally by the late King; was much

sought after and high-priced. He vetoed the morphine, as its effect might obscure the appearance of a coma, "which has not yet supervened." He permitted only codeine. Obviously he was primarily concerned with the typical progress of the case and a clear clinical picture in all its stages. After the examination he confirmed the dispositions of his obsequious rural colleague: avoidance of light, head kept cool and bedded high, very gentle handling, alcohol rubs, concentrated nourishment; it would probably become necessary to give it by a tube through the nose. Very likely because he was not in the home of the child's parents his sympathy was candid and unequivocal. A clouding of the consciousness, legitimate and not prematurely induced by morphine, would not be long in appearing, and would grow progressively worse. The child would suffer less, and finally not at all. Even more unsightly symptoms, therefore, must not be taken too seriously. After he had had the goodness to carry out the second puncture with his own hands, he took a dignified leave and did not return.

For my part, I was kept posted daily on the dreadful situation by Mother Schweigestill on the telephone. Only on Saturday, the fourth day after the onslaught of the disease, could I get to Pfeiffering. By then, after furious spasms which seemed to stretch the little body on the rack and made his eyeballs roll up in his head, the coma had set in. The shrieking stopped; there remained only the gnashing of the teeth. Frau Schweigestill, worn with lack of sleep, her eyes swollen with weeping, met me at the door and urged me to go at once to Adrian. There was time enough to see the poor baby, whose parents had been with him since the night before. I would see soon enough. But the Herr Doctor, he needed me to talk to him, just between ourselves things weren't right with him, sometimes it seemed to her he was talking crazy like.

In distress of mind I went to him. He sat at his desk and as I entered glanced up, almost with contempt. Shockingly pale, he had the same red eyes as the rest of the household; with his mouth firmly shut, he kept mechanically moving his tongue to and fro inside his lower lip.

"Is that you, good soul?" he said as I went to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. "What are you doing here? This is

no place for you. Cross yourself, like this, forehead to shoulders, the way you learned as a child. That will keep you safe."

And when I spoke a few words of consolation and hope:

"Spare yourself," he roughly interrupted; "spare yourself the humanistic quibbles. He is taking him. Just let him make it short. Perhaps he can't make it any shorter, with his miserable means."

And he sprang up, stood against the wall, and leaned the back of his head against the panelling.

"Take him, monster!" he cried, in a voice that pierced me to the marrow. "Take him, hell-hound, but make all the haste you can, if you won't tolerate any of this either, cur, swine, viper! I thought," he said in a low, confidential voice, and turned to me suddenly, taking a step forwards and looking at me with a lost, forlorn gaze I shall never forget, "I thought he would concede this much, after all, maybe just this; but no, where should he learn mercy, who is without any bowels of compassion? Probably it was just exactly this he had to crush in his beastly fury. Take him, scum, filth, excrement!" he shrieked, and stepped away from me again as though back to the Cross. "Take his body, you have power over that. But you'll have to put up with leaving me his soul, his sweet and precious soul, that is where you lose out and make yourself a laughing-stock — and for that I will laugh you to scorn, æons on end. Let there be eternities rolled between my place and his, yet I shall know that he is there whence you were thrown out, orts and draff that you are! The thought will be moisture on my tongue and a hosannah to mock you in my foulest cursings!"

He covered his face with his hands, turned round and leaned his forehead against the wall.

What could I say? Or do? How could I meet such words? "But my dear fellow, for heaven's sake be calm! You are beside yourself, your sufferings make you imagine preposterous things." That is the sort of thing one says, and out of reverence for the psyche, especially in the case of such a man, one does not think of the physical remedies, sedatives, bromide, and so on, even though we had them in the house.

To my imploring efforts at consolation he only responded:

"Save yourself the trouble, just cross yourself, that's what's

going on up there. Do it not only for yourself, but at the same time for me and my guilty soul. What a sin, what a crime" — he was sitting now at his desk, his temples between his fists — "that we let him come, that I let him be near me, that I feasted my eyes on him! You must know that children are tender stuff, they are receptive for poisonous influences —"

Now it was I, in very truth, who cried out and indignantly repudiated his words.

"Adrian, no!" I cried. "What are you doing, torturing yourself with absurd accusations, blaming yourself for a blind dispensation that could snatch away the dear child, perhaps too dear for this earth, wherever he chanced to be! It may rend our hearts but must not rob us of our reason. You have done nothing but loving-kindness to him. . . ."

He only waved me aside. I sat perhaps an hour with him, speaking softly now and then, and he muttered answers that I scarcely understood. Then I said I would visit the patient.

"Yes, do that," he retorted and added, hardly:

"But don't talk the way you did at first: 'Well, my lad, that's a good boy,' and so on. In the first place he won't hear you, and then it would most likely offend your humanistic taste."

I was leaving when he stopped me, calling my name, my last name, Zeitblom, which sounded hard too. And when I turned round:

"I find," he said, "that it is not to be."

"What, Adrian, is not to be?"

"The good and noble," he answered me; "what we call the human, although it is good, and noble. What human beings have fought for and stormed citadels, what the ecstasies exultantly announced — that is not to be. It will be taken back. I will take it back."

"I don't quite understand, dear man. What will you take back?"

"The Ninth Symphony," he replied. And then no more came, though I waited for it.

Dazed and grievously afflicted I went up into the fatal room. The atmosphere of the sick-chamber reigned there, clean and bare, heavy with the odours of drugs, though the windows were wide open. But the blinds were almost shut, only a crack showed. Several people were standing round Nepomuk's bed.

I put out my hand to them, my eyes already on the dying child. He lay on his side, his legs drawn up, elbows and knees together. The cheeks were very flushed; he drew a breath, then one waited long for the next. His eyes were not quite closed, but between the lashes no iris showed, only blackness, for the pupils had grown unevenly larger; they had almost swallowed up the colour. Yet it was good when one saw the mirroring black. For sometimes it was white in the crack, and then the little arms pressed closer to the sides, the grinding spasm, cruel to see but perhaps no longer felt, twisted the little limbs.

The mother was sobbing. I had squeezed her hand, I did so again. Yes, she was there, Ursel, the brown-eyed daughter of the Buchel farm, Adrian's sister; and the woebegone face of the now thirty-nine-year-old woman moved me as I saw, stronger than ever, the paternal, the old-German features of Jonathan Leverkühn. With her was her husband, to whom the wire had been sent and he had fetched her from Suderode: Johannes Schneidewein, a tall, fine-looking, simple man with a blond beard, with Nepomuk's blue eyes, with the honest and sober speech that Ursula had early caught from him, whose rhythm we had known in the timbre of Echo, our sprite.

With the others in the room, aside from Frau Schweigestill, who was moving to and fro, was the woolly-haired Kunigunde Rosenstiel. On a visit she had been allowed to make she had learned to know the little lad and treasured him passionately in her melancholy heart. She had at that time, on her typewriter with the ampersand and on the letter-paper of her inelegant firm, written a long letter to Adrian in model German describing her feelings. Now, driving Meta Nackedeys from the field, she had succeeded in relieving the Schweigestills and then Ursel Schneidewein in the care of the child; changed his ice-bag, rubbed him with spirit, tried to give him food and medicine, and at night unwillingly and seldom yielded to another her place by his bed.

The Schweigestills, Adrian, his family, Kunigunde, and I ate an almost silent meal in the Nike-saal together, one of the women rising very often to look to the patient. On Sunday morning I should have, hard as it was, to leave Pfeiffering. I still had a whole stack of Latin unseens to correct for Monday. I parted from Adrian with soothing hopes on my lips, and the

way he left me was better than the way he had received me the day before. With a sort of smile he spoke, in English, the words:

“Then to the elements. Be free, and fare thou well!”

He turned quickly away.

Nepomuk Schneidewein, Echo, the child, Adrian's last love, fell on sleep twelve hours later. His parents took the little coffin with them, back to their home.

The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus

But another and last, truly the last change of mind must be thought on, and that profoundly.

[Zeitblom's account of Adrian Leverkühn's masterwork is the spiritual zenith of the novel. This chapter is followed by one more, in which Zeitblom relates the event that culminates in the onset of Leverkühn's insanity, and by an Epilogue, written in the closing days of the war, in which he tells of Leverkühn's death and funeral in 1940. The final episode of Leverkühn's rational life is modeled closely on the original Faust narrative.]

In the early summer of 1930 the composer assembles his friends and in a broken and archaic dialect relates to them the history of his compact with the Devil. His discourse ended, he sits down at his piano before the open score of *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus*, strikes a dissonant chord, and prepares to sing, but falls senseless to the floor. The verbal descriptions of Leverkühn's compositions are an extraordinary literary accomplishment. While all of them depend upon an extra-musical content—the ideas, events, and emotions implied within the music—the reader of the entire novel feels, I am sure, that he has literally heard compositions of compelling effect and interest. It is in *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus* that the musical, and thereby the spiritual, content of the book reaches its summit. Leverkühn does more in his greatest work than “take back” the Ninth Symphony and write the lament for a world so lost that we hear “the Creator’s rueful ‘I have not willed it.’”

Thomas Mann closed *The Magic Mountain* with the question: “may it be that Love one day shall mount?” *Doctor Faustus* closes with another question, a repetition of words describing Adrian Leverkühn’s paradoxical and double break-through: “When, out of uttermost hopelessness—a miracle beyond the power of belief—will the light of hope dawn? A lonely man folds his hands and speaks: ‘God be merciful to thy poor soul, my friend, my Fatherland!’”]

FOR nearly four weeks now I have entered nothing in these records; deterred in the first place by a sort of mental exhaustion caused by reliving the scenes described in the last chapter, and secondly by the events of today, now rushing headlong on each other's heels. Foreseen as a logical sequence, and in a way longed for, they now after all excite an incredulous horror. Our unhappy nation, undermined by fear and dread, incapable of understanding, in dazed fatalism lets them pass over its head, and my spirit too, worn with old sorrow, weary with old wrong, is helplessly exposed to them as well.

Since the end of March — it is now the 25th of April in this year of destiny 1945 — our resistance in the west has been visibly disintegrating. The papers, already half-unmuzzled, register the truth. Rumour, fed by enemy announcements on the radio and stories told by fugitives, knows no censorship, but carries the individual details of swiftly spreading catastrophe about the land, into regions not yet swallowed, not yet liberated by it, and even hither into my retreat. No hold any more: everybody surrenders, everybody runs away. Our shattered, battered cities fall like ripe plums. Darmstadt, Würzburg, Frankfurt are gone; Mannheim and Cassell, even Münster and Leipzig are in foreign hands. One day the English reached Bremen, the Americans were at the gates of Upper Franconia; Nuremberg, city of the national celebrations so uplifting to unenlightened hearts, Nuremberg surrendered. The great ones of the regime, who wallowed in power, riches, and wrong, now rage and kill themselves: justice is done.

Russian corps after taking Königsberg and Vienna were free to force the Oder; they moved a million strong against the capital, lying in its rubble, already abandoned by all the government officials. Russian troops carried out with their heavy artillery the sentence long since inflicted from the air. They are now approaching the centre of Berlin. Last year the horrible man escaped with his life — by now surely only an insanely flaring and flickering existence — from the plot of desperate patriots trying to salvage the future of Germany and the last remnant of her material goods. Now he has commanded his soldiery to drown in a sea of blood the attack on Berlin and to shoot every officer who speaks of surrender. And the order

has been in considerable measure obeyed. At the same time strange radio messages in German, no longer quite sane, rove the upper air; some of them commend the population to the benevolence of the conquerors, even including the secret police, who they say have been much slandered. Others are transmitted by a "freedom movement" christened Werwolf: a band of raving-mad lads who hide in the woods and break out nightly; they have already deserved well of the Fatherland by many a gallant murder of the invaders. The fantastic mingles with the horrible: up to the very end the crudely legendary, the grim deposit of saga in the soul of the nation, is invoked, with all its familiar echoes and reverberations.

A transatlantic general has forced the population of Weimar to file past the crematories of the neighbouring concentration-camp. He declared that these citizens—who had gone in apparent righteousness about their daily concerns and sought to know nothing, although the wind brought to their noses the stench of burning human flesh—he declared that they too were guilty of the abominations on which he forced them now to turn their eyes. Was that unjust? Let them look, I look with them. In spirit I let myself be shouldered in their dazed or shuddering ranks. Germany had become a thick-walled underground torture-chamber, converted into one by a profligate dictatorship vowed to nihilism from its beginnings on. Now the torture-chamber has been broken open, open lies our shame before the eyes of the world. Foreign commissions inspect those incredible photographs everywhere displayed, and tell their countrymen that what they have seen surpasses in horribleness anything the human imagination can conceive. I say our shame. For is it mere hypochondria to say to oneself that everything German, even the German mind and spirit, German thought, the German Word, is involved in this scandalous exposure and made subject to the same distrust? Is the sense of guilt quite morbid which makes one ask oneself the question how Germany, whatever her future manifestations, can ever presume to open her mouth in human affairs?

Let us call them the sinister possibilities of human nature in general that here come to light. German human beings, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of them it is, who have perpetrated what humanity shudders at; and all that is German

now stands forth as an abomination and a warning. How will it be to belong to a land whose history witnesses this hideous default; a land self-maddened, psychologically burnt-out, which quite understandably despairs of governing itself and thinks it for the best that it become a colony of foreign powers; a nation that will have to live shut in like the ghetto Jews, because a frightfully swollen hatred round all its borders will not permit it to emerge; a nation that cannot show its face outside?

Curses, curses on the corrupters of an originally decent species of human being, law-abiding, only too docile, only all too willingly living on theory, who thus went to school to Evil! How good it is to curse—or rather how good it would be, if only the cursing came from a free and unobstructed heart! We are present at the last gasp of a blood state which, as Luther put it, “took on its shoulders” immeasurable crimes; which roared and bellowed to the ravished and reeling masses proclamations cancelling all human rights; which set up its gaudy banners for youth to march under, and they marched, with proud tread and flashing eyes, in pure and ardent faith. But a patriotism which would assert that a blood state like that was so forced, so foreign to our national character that it could not take root among us: such a patriotism would seem to me more high-minded than realistic. For was this government, in word and deed, anything but the distorted, vulgarized, besmirched symbol of a state of mind, a notion of world affairs which we must recognize as both genuine and characteristic? Indeed, must not the Christian and humane man shrink as he sees it stamped upon the features of our greatest, the mightiest embodiments of our essential Germanness? I ask—and should I not? Ah, it is no longer in question that this beaten people now standing wild-eyed in face of the void stand there just because they have failed, failed horribly in their last and uttermost attempt to find the political form suited to their particular needs.

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Yet how strangely the times, these very times in which I write, are linked with the period that forms the frame of this biography! For the last years of my hero's rational existence, the two years 1929 and 1930, after the shipwreck of his marriage

plans, the loss of his friend, the snatching away of the marvellous child — those years were part and parcel of the mounting and spreading harms which then overwhelmed the country and now are being blotted out in blood and flames.

And for Adrian Leverkühn they were years of immense and highly stimulated, one is tempted to say monstrous creative activity, which made even the sympathetic onlooker giddy. One could not help feeling that it was by way of being a compensation and atonement for the loss of human happiness and mutual love which had befallen him. I spoke of two years, but that is incorrect, since only a part of each, the second half of one and some months of the other, sufficed to produce the whole composition, his last and in a somewhat historical sense his utmost work: the symphonic cantata *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus*, the plan of which, as I have already explained, goes back to before the advent of little Nepomuk Schneidewein in Pfeiffering. To it I will now devote my poor powers.

But first I must not fail to shed some light upon the personal condition of its creator, a man now forty-four years old; to speak of his appearance and way of life as they then seemed to my always anxious and observant eye. What I should first set down is the fact — I have mentioned it earlier in these pages — that his looks, which, so long as he was smooth-shaven, had shown such a likeness to his mother, had of late considerably altered. The change was due to a dark growth of beard, mixed with grey, a sort of chin-beard, with the addition of a drooping little strip of moustache. Though much heavier on the chin, it did not leave the cheeks free; but even on the chin it was heavier at the sides than in the middle, and thus was not like an imperial. One bore with the unfamiliarity resulting from the partial covering of the features, because it was this beard — and perhaps a growing tendency he had to carry his head on one side — that gave his countenance something spiritualized and suffering, even Christlike. I could not help loving this expression, and felt that my sympathy with it was justified in that obviously it did not indicate weakness but went with an almost excessive energy and an unexceptionable state of health, which my friend could not enough celebrate. He dwelt on it in the somewhat retarded, sometimes hesitant, sometimes slightly monotonous manner of speech which I had lately noted in him and which

I liked to explain as a sign of productive absorption, of self-control and poise in the midst of a distracting whirl of ideas. The irksome physical conditions that had victimized him so long, the catarrh of the stomach, the throat trouble, the tormenting attacks of headache were all gone, his day was his own, and freedom to work in it. He himself declared his health to be perfect, magnificent; and one could read in his eyes the creative energy with which he daily arose to his task. It filled me with pride, yet again it made me fearful of relapses. His eyes, in his former state half overhung by the drooping lids, were now almost exaggeratedly wide open, and above the iris one saw a strip of white. That might perhaps alarm me, the more because there was about the widened gaze a fixity—or shall I say it was a stare?—the nature of which I puzzled over until it occurred to me that it depended on the unvarying size of the not quite round, rather irregularly lengthened pupils, as though they remained unaffected by any alteration in the lighting.

I am talking about a rigidity to some extent internal, one needed to be a very much concerned observer to perceive it. There was another, more obvious and striking manifestation of an opposite kind, noticed by our dear Jeanette Scheurl, who mentioned it to me after a visit. She need not have, of course. This was the recent habit, for instance when he was thinking, of moving his eyeballs rapidly to and fro rather far, from one side to the other, rolling them, as we say. Some people might be startled by it. If I myself found it easy—and it seems to me I did find it so—to lay such habits, eccentric enough if you like, to the enormous strain he was under; yet privately I was relieved to think that except for myself scarcely anyone saw him, and that precisely because I feared outsiders might be alarmed. In practice, any sort of social intercourse with the city was now excluded. Invitations were declined by the faithful landlady on the telephone, or even remained unanswered. Short trips on errands were given up, the last one having been made to buy toys for the dead child. Clothes that had been worn to evening parties and on public occasions hung unused in his wardrobe, his dress was the simplest everyday. Not a dressing-gown, for he never used one, even in the mornings, only when he got up in the night and sat an hour or two in his chair. But

a loose coat like a pea-jacket, closed to the throat so that he needed no tie, worn with some odd pair of checked trousers, loose and unpressed: such was at this time his habitual garb. He wore it out of doors too, for the regular, indispensable long walks he took to get the air into his lungs. One might have spoken of an unkemptness in his appearance if his natural distinction had not, on intellectual grounds, belied the statement.

For whom, indeed, should he have taken pains? He saw Jeanette Scheurl, with whom he went through certain seventeenth-century music she had brought with her (I remember a chaconne of Jacopo Melani which literally anticipates a passage in *Tristan*). From time to time he saw Rüdiger Schildknap, the like-eyed, with whom he laughed. I could not refrain from thinking desolately that only the like eyes were left, the black and the blue ones having disappeared. . . . He saw, lastly, me, when I went to spend the week-end. And that was all. Moreover, there were few hours in which he could wish for society, for not excepting Sunday (which he had never "kept holy") he worked eight hours a day, with an intermission for an afternoon rest in a darkened room. So that on my visits to Pfeiffering I was left very much to myself. As though I regretted it! I was near him, near the source of the beloved work, beloved through all my sufferings and shudderings. For a decade and a half now it has been a buried, forbidden treasure, whose resurrection may come about through the destructive liberation we now endure. There were years in which we children of the dungeon dreamed of a hymn of exultation, a *Fidelio*, a Ninth Symphony, to celebrate the dawn of a freed Germany — freed by herself. Now only this can avail us, only this will be sung from our very souls: the *Lamentation* of the son of hell, the lament of men and God, issuing from the subjective, but always broadening out and as it were laying hold on the Cosmos; the most frightful lament ever set up on this earth.

Woe, woe! A *De Profundis*, which in my zeal and love I am bound to call matchless. Yet has it not — from the point of view of creative art and musical history as well as that of individual fulfilment — a jubilant, a highly triumphant bearing upon this awe-inspiring faculty of compensation and redress? Does it not mean the "break-through," of which we so often talked when we were considering the destiny of art, its state and hour? We

spoke of it as a problem, a paradoxical possibility: the recovery, I would not say the reconstitution — and yet for the sake of exactness I will say it — of expressivism, of the highest and profoundest claim of feeling to a stage of intellectuality and formal strictness, which must be arrived at in order that we may experience a reversal of this calculated coldness and its conversion into a voice expressive of the soul and a warmth and sincerity of creature confidence. Is that not the “break-through”?

I put in the form of a question what is nothing more than the description of a condition that has its explanation in the thing itself as well as in its artistic and formal aspect. The *Lamentation*, that is — and what we have here is an abiding, inexhaustibly accentuated lament of the most painfully *Ecce-homo* kind — the *Lamentation* is expression itself; one may state boldly that all expressivism is really lament; just as music, so soon as it is conscious of itself as expression at the beginning of its modern history, becomes lament and “*lasciatemi morire*,” the lament of ariadne, to the softly echoing plaintive song of nymphs. It does not lack significance that the *Faust* cantata is stylistically so strongly and unmistakably linked with the seventeenth century and Monteverdi, whose music — again not without significance — favoured the echo-effect, sometimes to the point of being a mannerism. The echo, the giving back of the human voice as nature-sound, and the revelation of it *as* nature-sound, is essentially a lament: Nature’s melancholy “Alas!” in view of man, her effort to utter his solitary state. Conversely, the lament of the nymphs on its side is related to the echo. In Leverkühn’s last and loftiest creation, echo, favourite device of the baroque, is employed with unspeakably mournful effect.

A lament of such gigantic dimensions is, I say, of necessity an expressive work, a work of expression, and therewith it is a work of liberation; just as the earlier music, to which it links itself across the centuries, sought to be a liberation of expression. Only that the dialectic process — by which, at the stage of development that this work occupies, is consummated by the change from the strictest constraint to the free language of feeling, the birth of freedom from bondage — the dialectic process appears as endlessly more complicated in its logic, endlessly more miraculous and amazing than at the time of the madri-

galists. Here I will remind the reader of a conversation I had with Adrian on a long-ago day, the day of his sister's wedding at Buchel, as we walked round the Cow Trough. He developed for me — under pressure of a headache — his idea of the "strict style," derived from the way in which, as in the lied "*O lieb Mädel, wie schlecht bist du*," melody and harmony are determined by the permutation of a fundamental five-note motif, the symbolic letters h, e, a, e, e-flat. He showed me the "magic square" of a style of technique which yet developed the extreme of variety out of identical material and in which there is no longer anything unthematic, anything that could not prove itself to be a variation of an ever constant element. This style, this technique, he said, admitted no note, not one, which did not fulfil its thematic function in the whole structure — there was no longer any free note.

Now, have I not, when I attempted to give some idea of Leverkühn's apocalyptic oratorio, referred to the substantial identity of the most blest with the most accurst, the inner unity of the chorus of child angels and the hellish laughter of the damned? There, to the mystic horror of one sensitive to it, is realized a Utopia in form, of terrifying ingenuity, which in the *Faust* cantata becomes universal, seizes upon the whole work and, if I may so put it, causes it to be completely swallowed up by thematic thinking. This giant "lamento" (it lasts an hour and a quarter) is very certainly non-dynamic, lacking in development, without drama, in the same way that concentric rings made by a stone thrown into water spread ever farther, without drama and always the same. A mammoth variation-piece of lamentation — as such negatively related to the finale of the Ninth Symphony with its variations of exultation — broadens out in circles, each of which draws the other resistlessly after it: movements, large-scale variations, which correspond to the textual units of chapters of a book and in themselves are nothing else than series of variations. But all of them go back for the theme to a highly plastic fundamental figure of notes, which is inspired by a certain passage of the text.

We recall that in the old chap-book which tells the story of the arch-magician's life and death, sections of which Leverkühn with a few bold adaptations put together as the basis of his movements, Dr. Faustus, as his hour-glass is running out,

invites his friends and familiars, "magistros, Baccalaureos and other students," to the village of Rimlich near Wittenberg, entertains them there hospitably all day long, at night takes one more drink of "Johann's wine" with them, and then in an address both dignified and penitential announces and gives them to know his fate and that its fulfilment is now at hand. In this "*Oratio Fausti ad Studiosos*" he asks them, when they find him strangled and dead, charitably to convey his body into the earth; for he dies, he says, as a bad and as a good Christian: a good one by the power of his repentance, and because in his heart he always hopes for mercy on his soul; a bad one in so far as he knows that he is now facing a horrible end and the Devil will and must have his body. These words: "For I die as a good and as a bad Christian," form the general theme of the variations. If you count the syllables, there are twelve, and all twelve notes of the chromatic scale are set to it, with all the thinkable intervals therein. It already occurs and makes itself felt long before it is reintroduced with the text, in its place as a choral group — there is no true solo in the *Faustus* — rising up until the middle, then descending, in the spirit and inflexion of the Monteverdi *Lamento*. It is the basis of all the music — or rather, it lies almost as key behind everything and is responsible for the identity of the most varied forms — that identity which exists between the crystalline angelic choir and the hellish yelling in the *Apocalypse* and which has now become all-embracing: a formal treatment strict to the last degree, which no longer knows anything unthematic, in which the order of the basic material becomes total, and within which the idea of a fugue rather declines into an absurdity, just because there is no longer any free note. But it serves now a higher purpose; for — oh, marvel, oh, deep diabolic jest! — just by virtue of the absoluteness of the form the music is, as language, freed. In a more concrete and physical sense the work is done, indeed, before the composition even begins, and this can now go on wholly unrestrained; that is, it can give itself over to expression, which, thus lifted beyond the structural element, or within its uttermost severity, is won back again. The creator of "*Fausti Wehe-klage*" can, in the previously organized material, unhampered, untroubled by the already given structure, yield himself to subjectivity; and so this, his technically most rigid

work, a work of extreme calculation, is at the same time purely expressive. The return to Monteverdi and the style of his time is what I meant by "the reconstruction of expressiveness," of expressiveness in its first and original manifestation, expressiveness as lament.

Here marshalled and employed are all the means of expression of that emancipatory epoch of which I have already mentioned the echo-effect—especially suitable for a work wholly based on the variation-principle, and thus to some extent static, in which every transformation is itself already the echo of the previous one. It does not lack echo-like continuations, the further repetition of the closing phrase of a theme in higher pitch. There are faint reminiscences of Orphic lamentation, which make Orpheus and Faust brothers as invokers of the world of shades: as in that episode where Faust summons Helen, who is to bear him a son. There are a hundred references to the tone and spirit of the madrigal, and a whole movement, the exhortation to his friends at the meal on the last night, is written in strict madrigal form.

But precisely in the sense of résumé there are offered musical moments of the greatest conceivable possibility of expression: not as mechanical imitation or regression, of course; no, it is like a perfectly conscious control over all the "characters" of expressiveness which have ever been precipitated in the history of music, and which here, in a sort of alchemical process of distillation, have been refined to fundamental types of emotional significance, and crystallized. Here is the deep-drawn sigh at such words as: "Ah, Faustus, thou senceles, wilfull, desperate herte! Ah, ah, reason, mischief, presumption, and free will . . ." the recurrent suspensions, even though only as a rhythmical device, the chromatic melody, the awful collective silence before the beginning of a phrase, repetitions such as in that "*Lasciatemi*," the lingering-out of syllables, falling intervals, dying-away declamations—against immense contrast like the entry of the tragic chorus, *a capella* and in full force, after Faust's descent into hell, an orchestral piece in the form of grand ballet-music and galop of fantastic rhythmic variety—an overwhelming outburst of lamentation after an orgy of infernal jollity.

This wild conception of the carrying-off of Faust as a dance-

furioso recalls most of all the spirit of the *Apocalypsis cum figuris*; next to it, perhaps, the horrible — I do not hesitate to say cynical — choral scherzo, wherein “the evil spirit sets to at the gloomy Faustus with strange mocking jests and sayings” — that frightful “then silence, suffer, keepe faith, abstain; of thy ill lot to none complayne; it is too late, of Gode dispair, thy ill luck runneth everywhere.” But for the rest, Leverkühn’s late work has little in common with that of his thirties. It is stylistically purer, darker in tone as a whole and without parody, not more conservative in its facing towards the past, but mellower, more melodious; more counterpoint than polyphony — by which I mean the lesser parts for all their independence pay more heed to the main part, which often dies away in long melodic curves, and the kernel of which, out of which everything develops, is just that twelve-note idea: “For I die as a bad and as a good Christian.” Long ago I said in these pages that in *Faustus* too that letter symbol, the Hetæra-Esmeralda figure, first perceived by me, very often governs melody and harmony: that is to say, everywhere where there is reference to the bond and the vow, the promise and the blood pact.

Above all the *Faust* cantata is distinguished from the *Apocalypse* by its great orchestral interludes, which sometimes only express in general the attitude of the work to its subject, a statement, a “Thus it is.” But sometimes, like the awful ballet-music of the descent to hell, they also stand for parts of the plot. The orchestration of this horror-dance consists of nothing but wind instruments and a continuous accompaniment, which, composed of two harps, harpsichord, piano, celeste, glockenspiel, and percussion, pervades the work throughout as a sort of “continuo,” appearing again and again. Some choral pieces are accompanied only by it. To others, wind instruments, to still others strings are added; others again have a full orchestral accompaniment. Purely orchestral is the end: a symphonic adagio, into which the chorus of lament, opening powerfully after the inferno-galóp, gradually passes over — it is, as it were, the reverse of the “Ode to Joy,” the negative, equally a work of genius, of that transition of the symphony into vocal jubilation. It is the revocation.

My poor, great friend! How often, reading in this achievement of his decline, his posthumous work, which prophetically

anticipates so much destruction, have I recalled the distressful words he uttered at the death of the child. It is not to be, goodness, joy, hope, that was not to be, it would be taken back, it must be taken back! "Alas, it is not to be!" How the words stand, almost like a musical direction, above the choral and orchestral movements of "*Dr. Fausti Wehe-klag*"; how they speak in every note and accent of this "Ode to Sorrow"! He wrote it, no doubt, with his eye on Beethoven's Ninth, as its counterpart in a most melancholy sense of the word. But it is not only that it more than once formally negates the symphony, reverses it into the negative; no, for even in the religious it is negative — by which I do not at all mean it denies the religious. A work that deals with the Tempter, with apostasy, with damnation, what else could it be but a religious work? What I mean is a conversion, a proud and bitter change of heart, as I, at least, read it in the "friendly plea" of Dr. Faustus to the companions of his last hour, that they should betake themselves to bed, *sleep in peace*, and let naught trouble them. In the frame of the cantata one can scarcely help recognizing this instruction as the conscious and deliberate reversal of the "Watch with me" of Gethsemane. And again the Johann's wine, the draught drunk by the parting soul with his friends, has an altogether ritual stamp, it is conceived as another Last Supper. But linked with it is an inversion of the temptation idea, in such a way that Faust rejects as temptation the thought of being saved: not only out of formal loyalty to the pact and because it is "too late," but because with his whole soul he despises the positivism of the world for which one would save him, the lie of its godliness. This becomes clearer still and is worked out even more powerfully in the scene with the good old doctor and neighbour who invites Faust to come to see him, in order to make a pious effort to convert him. In the cantata he is clearly drawn in the character of a tempter; and the tempting of Jesus by Satan is unmistakably suggested; as unmistakably also is the "*Apagel*" by the proudly despairing "No!" uttered to false and flabby middle-class piety.

But another and last, truly the last change of mind must be thought on, and that profoundly. At the end of this work of endless lamentation, softly, above the reason and with the speaking unspokenness given to music alone, it touches the feel-

ings. I mean the closing movement of the piece, where the choir loses itself and which sounds like the lament of God over the lost state of His world, like the Creator's rueful "I have not willed it." Here, towards the end, I find that the uttermost accents of mourning are reached, the final despair achieves a voice, and — I will not say it, it would mean to disparage the uncompromising character of the work, its irremediable anguish to say that it affords, down to its very last note, any other consolation than what lies in voicing it, in simply giving sorrow words; in the fact, that is, that a voice is given the creature for its woe. No, this dark tone-poem permits up to the very end no consolation, appeasement, transfiguration. But take our artist paradox: grant that expressiveness — expression as lament — is the issue of the whole construction: then may we not parallel with it another, a religious one, and say too (though only in the lowest whisper) that out of the sheerly irremediable hope might germinate? It would be but a hope beyond hopelessness, the transcendence of despair — not betrayal to her, but the miracle that passes belief. For listen to the end, listen with me: one group of instruments after another retires, and what remains, as the work fades on the air, is the high G of a cello, the last word, the last fainting sound, slowly dying in a pianissimofermata. Then nothing more: silence, and night. But that tone which vibrates in the silence, which is no longer there, to which only the spirit hearkens, and which was the voice of mourning, is so no more. It changes its meaning; it abides as a light in the night.

